



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

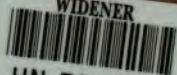
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN P1QW

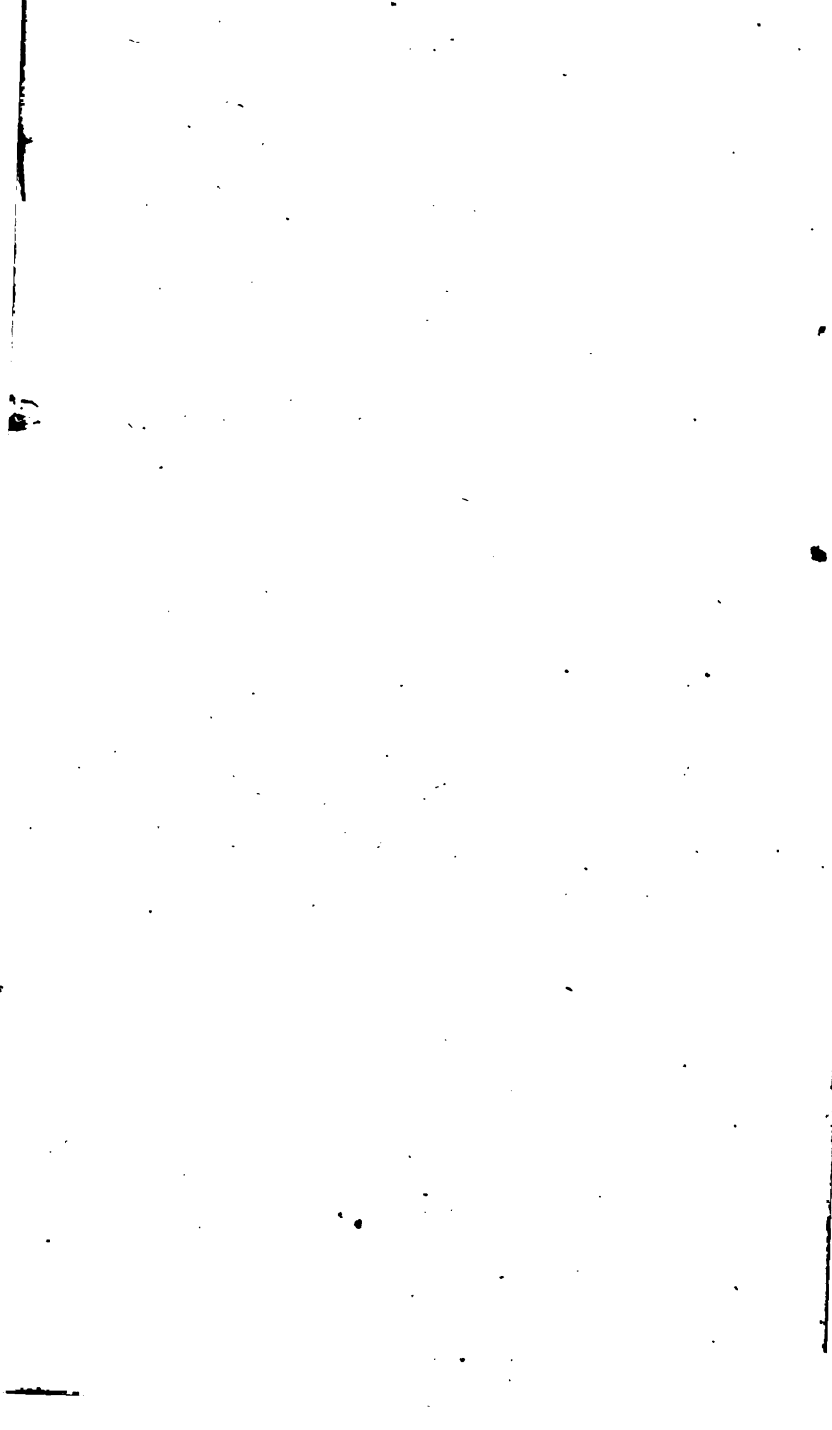
214 23. 21

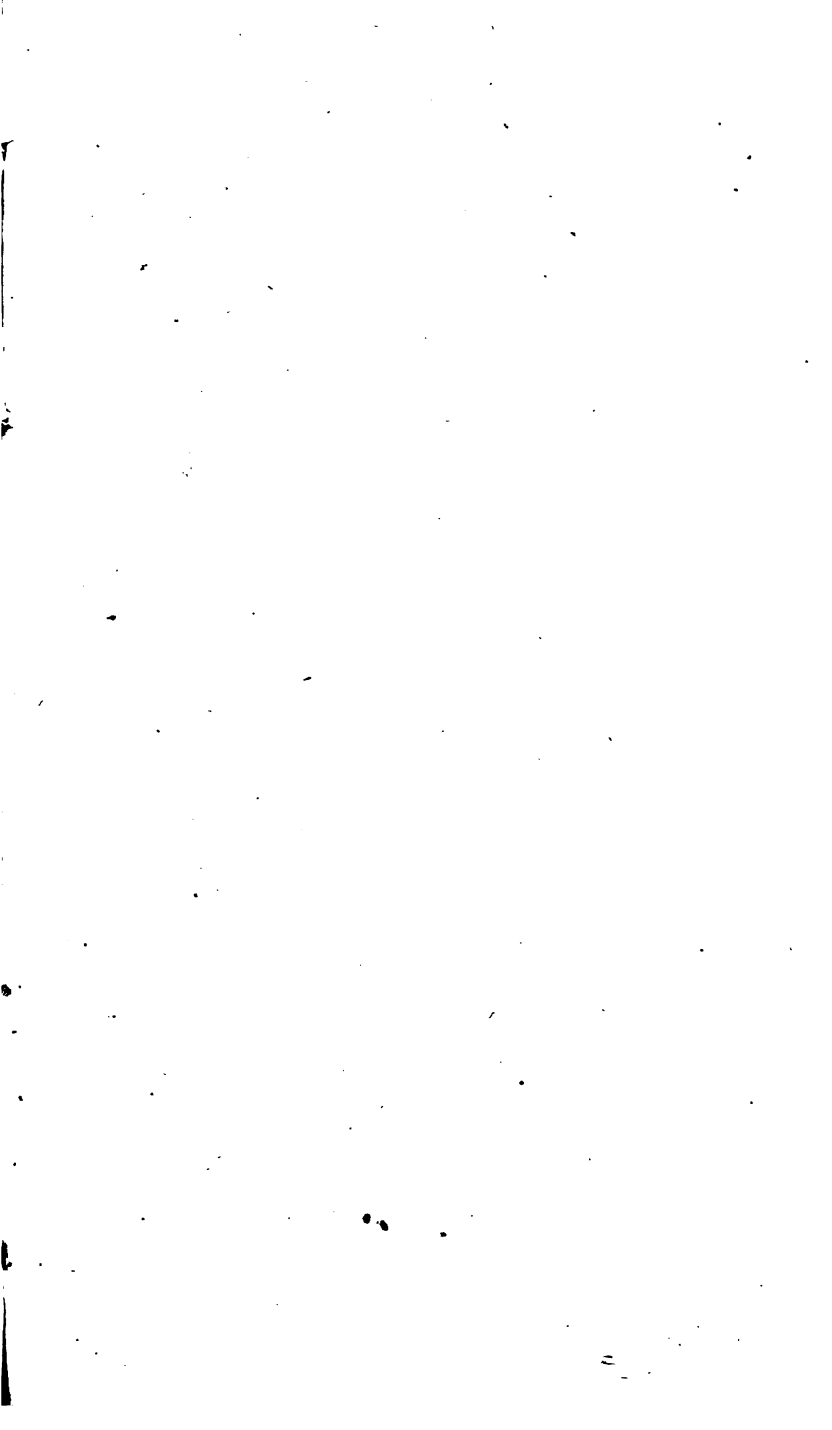
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

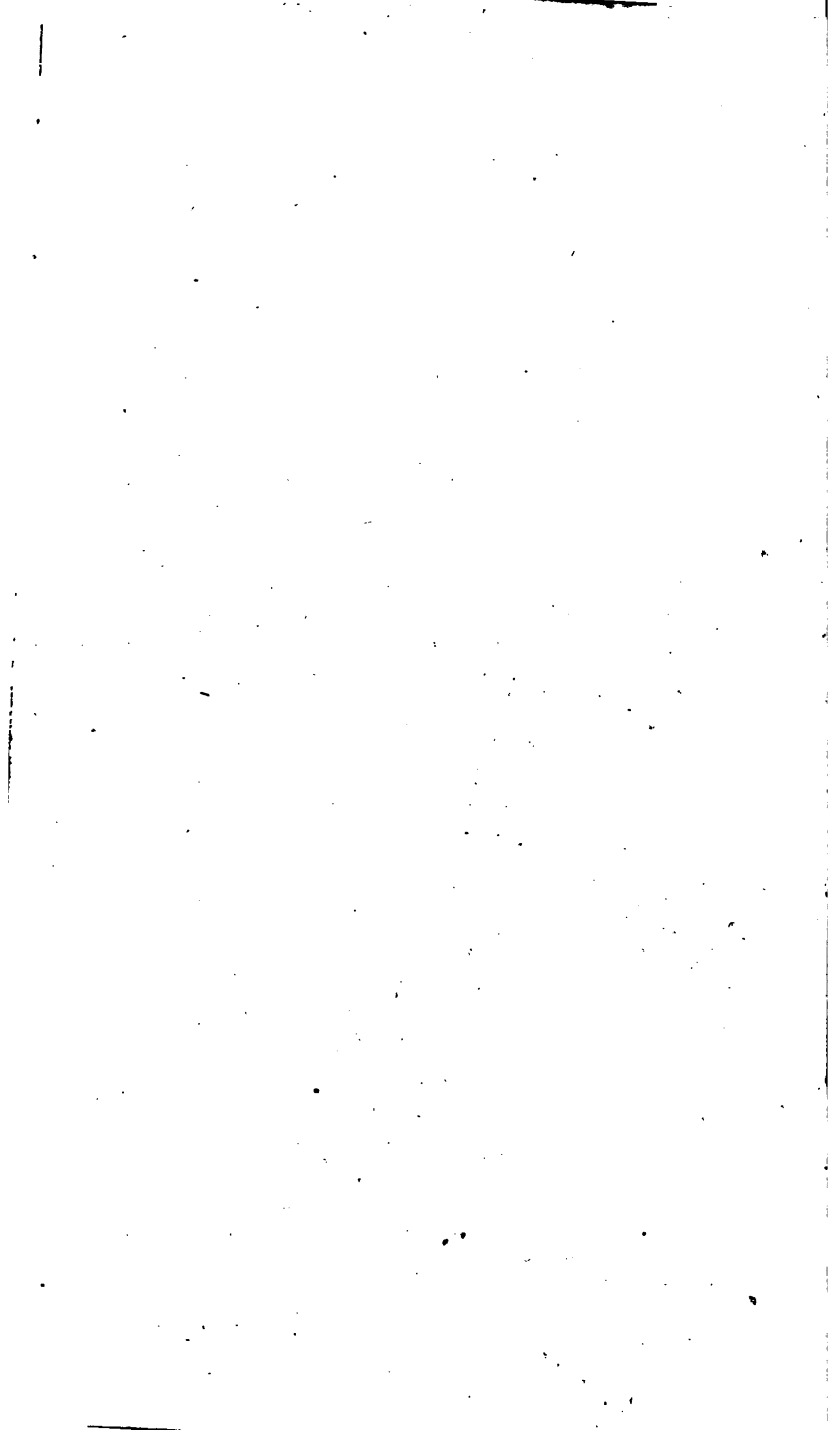


THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918







6

HAMILTON KING;

OR,

THE SMUGGLER AND THE DWARF.

BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

"TOUGH YARNS," "STORIES OF GREENWICH
HOSPITAL," &c.

PHILADELPHIA:

LEA & BLANCHARD,

SUCCESSORS TO CAREY & CO.

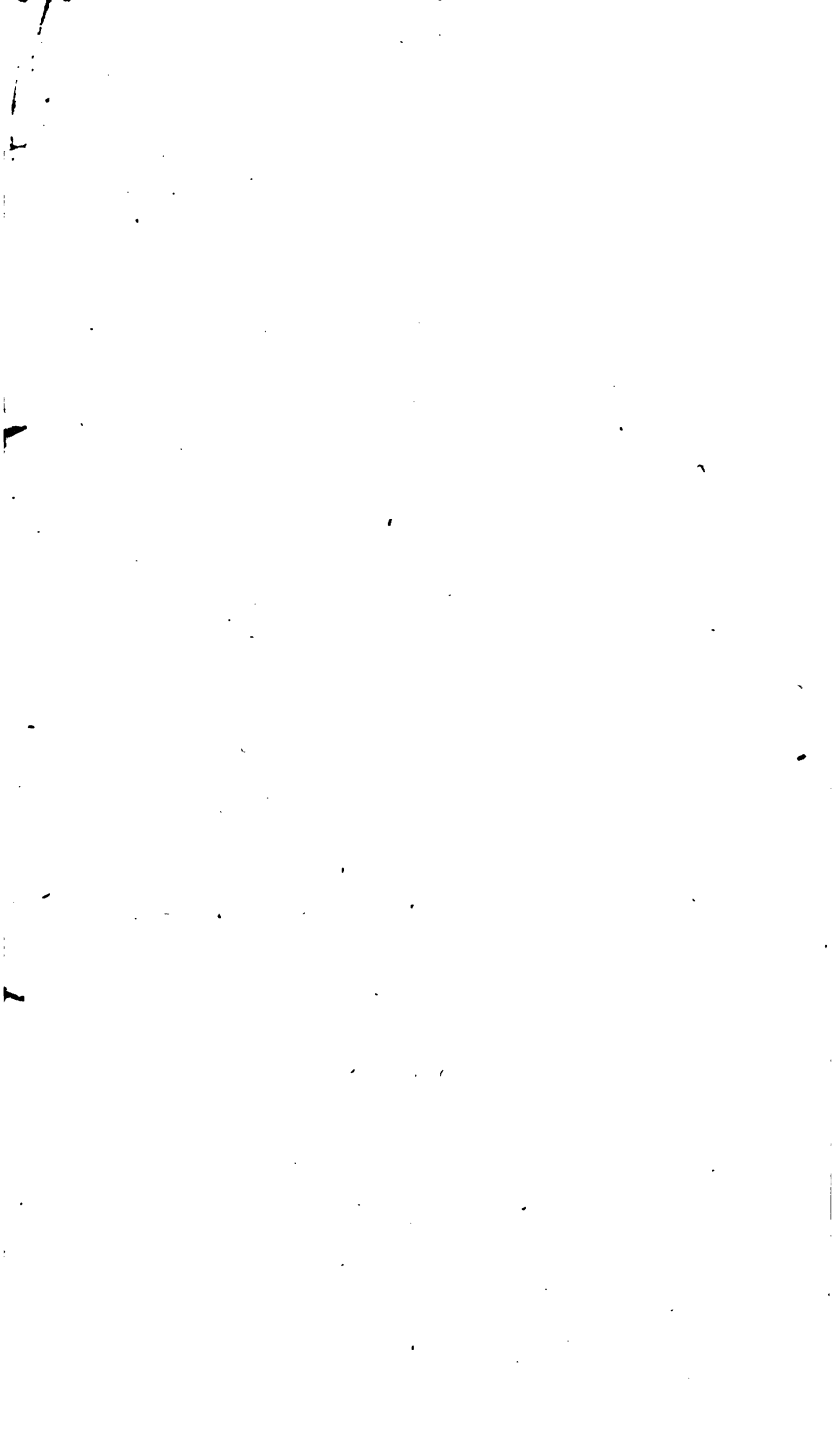
.....

1839.

21953.21

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Barker, Matthew Henry



HAMILTON KING.

CHAPTER I.

But she, as one night of her wits depriv'd,
With naught but ghastly looks him answered.
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

SPENSER.

"Oh! what shall I do?—where can I go?—will nobody help me?" were the cries of a little girl about four years old, as she stood trembling and weeping at the entrance to a piece of meadow land near the sea-port town of Weymouth. The only individual in sight was a stout-made elderly gentleman, mounted upon a superb gray horse, apparently as quiet and as playful as a lamb, for while it walked soberly and steadily along, it pricked up its ears, tossed its head, and indulged in many other pleasantries that mark high breeding.

The rider was habited in a dress that corresponded with the beau-ideal of a clerical farmer, well to do in the world, and fond of the good things of this life. He listened to the wailings of the little mourner, and as he reined in his beautiful animal to a stand-still, he exclaimed,—“Fy—fy, little girl! so young, and begging! there, go—go—go—go home; mustn’t beg; never beg; bad habit, begging.”

The girl gazed earnestly in his face for a moment or two to read its expression (for children are apt scholars in the study of the human countenance,) and finding that, though reproof was on the tongue, there yet was benevolence in the

look, she approached still nearer to the gentleman, and in mournful accents, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, mammy is dying! she is going to leave little Hammy and me; but, she says she can't die without the minister."

"What—what!" inquired the person addressed, in a tone of eagerness, "is she dying, and wants the clergyman? Run—run, little girl; run to that white house!" pointing to an elegant mansion some quarter of a mile distant, "run—run, the minister lives there."

"I've been, sir," replied the child, still crying, "but he says he can't come, sir, because he's going to read prayers at the church."

"Did you tell him your mother was dying, eh, little girl—eh?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oh yes, sir," answered the child, "I told him every thing; but he said he couldn't spare time for strolling vagrants."

"And is she so near her end, my child?" asked the gentleman as he bent his earnest attention to the girl's face, for the purpose of detecting if possible whether there was any intended imposition.

But the grief of the child was evidently unaffected as she replied, "Oh, sir; mammy says she shall never rise again. Oh, sir, she is dying—she is dying!"

"Make haste to the town, then," urged the gentleman, "run—run! or stop here, and I will ride in and send——"

"I've been to the town, sir," answered the weeping girl, "but nobody will come, and mother is dying! Oh, sir, do, pray help her, and do not let her die."

This was uttered in such wild accents of real sorrow that a tear trembled in the eye of the horseman as he solemnly responded, as if in converse with his own thoughts, "Life and death are in the hands of the King of Kings alone," and then hastily added, "well—well—well, little girl, where is she? where is your mother?" and then again communing with himself, he murmured, "And am not I a minister? an anointed minister?" his hastiness of speech returned, "Yes—yes; take me to your mother, little girl; take me to your mother. Where is she?"

"She's in the field here, sir; we've been there all night, for mother had no money to get lodgings," replied the child, running with eagerness to open the gate, through which the gentleman having passed, she again ran on before him as fast as her little legs could carry her towards a hay-stack that stood near the hedge in a corner of the meadow. On reaching it she disappeared for a moment behind it, and then again emerging, she exclaimed, "Mammy is not dead,

sir, but she cannot speak to me! Oh, do save her, sir,—do save her, for the sake of little Hammy and me!”

“Poor child!” said the gentleman, dismounting from his horse, and throwing the reins over a broken fence that had once served as a protection to the stack from cattle, he patted the neck of his proud steed, which seemed restless under such restraint, “Stand still, Gustavus!” said he, and the animal immediately obeyed. The girl eagerly watched his movements, and then, taking him by the hand, he suffered himself to be conducted to the back of the stack, where a scene presented itself that was well calculated to appal the generous sympathies of humanity, whilst it humbled the aspirings of mortal pride.

On a wide space between the hedge and the stack, a female lay extended upon a plaid cloak, with her head pillowed by some loose hay that had been collected for the purpose. She was emaciated in person, and the pallid hue of death upon her brow was unnaturally contrasted by the reddened flush of fever on the cheeks; her skin was delicately fair, and a single glance revealed that in brighter, happier times, she had been one of Nature’s most lovely flowers. Her large blue eyes were glistening and bright, but it was only that glassy appearance which is frequently the precursor of dissolution; the thin white hands were clasped upon the breast; the gold wedding-ring, mocking, by its ample dimensions, the shrunk and wasted finger on which it was placed. Her dress was that of gentility in decay, as if the fading remnants of better days supplied a last and only resource. By her side lay a remarkably fine boy about two years old, who seemed by the traces of tears upon his face to have cried himself to sleep.

To witness such a spectacle unmoved was impossible, and the visiter who now approached gave ample indication that he possessed the best feelings of the human heart. He bent down over the dying woman, and put several questions; but the melancholy satisfaction of reply was denied, as she was unable to articulate a single word. Still she was perfectly sensible, and, placing her hands together in the attitude of supplication, she looked imploringly in his face. The appeal was understood—the kind-hearted man drew an ample silk-handkerchief from his pocket, and, spreading it on the ground, he knelt down; then, taking off his hat, he placed it carefully on some clean hay, and, raising his hands in prayer, he bowed his head in silence.

A wild hysterical chuckling of grateful delight rattled in the woman’s throat as she witnessed this demonstration; she held up her own wax-like hands in token that it was comprehended. The girl knelt by her mother’s head; and

there beneath the canopy of heaven, in the temple not made with hands,—whilst the wild flowers breathed their perfume in the hedges, and the foliage looked beautiful in its early verdure,—did the hearts of the living and the dying commune with their Maker. At first the humble petition was offered up in solemn stillness; but the earnest and imploring look of the woman had a wider meaning. This, too, was understood; and in a few minutes the sonorous and deep-toned voice of the minister was heard pleading before the omnipotent Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal. His hastiness of utterance was gone; his words came forth clearly articulated,—slow, solemn, and impressive.

“Oh God, the Father of heaven! whose mercy is without bound, from thy eternal throne look down upon this my dying sister of the dust. Alleviate her bodily pain by the word of thy power; forgive all her sins through the mediation of a divine Redeemer; strengthen her faith whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as thy righteous rod has bowed her down in tribulation, so also let thy holy staff support her in the hour of dissolution, and finally bring her to thine everlasting rest.”

The minister paused; for the sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs, as well as the neighing of recognition from “Gustavus,” came upon the breeze; and, in another minute or two, a numerous and splendid cavalcade appeared upon the scene of action. Amongst them were many of the handsomest and bravest of England's pride, bearing the insignia of nobility; there were officers of the navy and the army in their rich uniforms, displaying the highest rank in both services; but every tongue was hushed—every one dismounted—every head was uncovered, when they beheld the position of the reverend minister. The woman glared at the gorgeous spectacle—it seemed to bewilder her mind; and, as if desirous of shutting out the world, with all its pomps and vanities, she closed her eyes as the prayer proceeded.

“Almighty Ruler,” continued the minister, “thy searching eye already knoweth the transgressions and the sorrows of this thy suffering creature here before thee, now trembling upon the brink of the grave; help her to call upon thee in this last trying hour for pardon and for peace, through the merits of that Saviour who was chastised for our iniquities, and who expired on the cross that we might be saved.”

A tranquil smile settled on the woman's features, and her moving lips gave indication that her heart was in earnest prayer. The minister observed it, and his utterance became

more firm and persuasive; and as the big round tears succeeded each other down his cheeks, he continued,—

“Oh! let the still small voice of supplication, though unheard by mortal ears, ascend to the footstool of thy throne. Remove the crown of thorns which the frailty of human nature may have placed upon her head, and pour upon her the healing balm of sovereign grace, to wash out every guilty stain.”

Here his voice faltered with emotion, and for several minutes his entreaties were only known to that great Being to whom they were addressed. The woman, too, seemed to be similarly engaged, whilst every soul in that assembled group acknowledged the presence of the Deity. At length the minister resumed, and concluded his prayer saying,—

“Oh God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

The female opened her eyes, and extended one hand to the oracle of peace; with the other she directed his attention to her children.

“Yes—yes,” replied he, “they shall be taken care of, my poor woman; but can nothing be done?” He beckoned to one of the numerous party, who immediately advanced, and, as if well accustomed to such operations, he felt the pulse, placed his hand upon the heart, examined the pupil of the eye, and then shook his head.—“Is there no hope, doctor?” inquired the still kneeling minister.

“No, sire,” returned the physician—“none. All in your majesty’s dominions could not save her.”

The question and rejoinder, though spoken only in whispers, was not unheard by the female; it seemed to rally life back to its stronghold. She involuntarily, and without help, sat upright; a gaze of intense eagerness was bent upon the monarch’s countenance; the last effort of expiring nature was put forth, and, grasping the sovereign’s arm, she exclaimed, “My king—my husband—my children!” Her latest breath departed with the words; her grasp relaxed, and she fell backward—a corpse.

During the foregoing proceeding the girl remained a silent but weeping spectator; but when she saw her mother fall, and became convinced that she was dead, she threw her little arms round her neck, laid her head upon the bosom on which she had so often hung in infancy, whilst her piercing shrieks rung wildly through the air, and awakened the sleeping boy, who rubbed his drowsy eyes, smiled playfully as he beheld the prancing horses and the glittering uniforms—then turning to the dead he hid his face in the cloak.

The king arose from his kneeling position, gave directions

to his attendants relative to the body of the departed, and ordered inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any relatives or friends in existence to whose bounty and care the survivors might lay claim.

"And what is to be done with the children in the mean time, sire?" asked the confidential servant who had received the instructions.

"Let them be taken care of, and provided for," replied the monarch, looking with kindly feelings of benevolence on the bereaved; "the queen will decide the rest. Yes, yes, yes, *must* show the poor things to Charlotte."

The royal cavalcade remounted and withdrew from a scene in which the King of Terrors had shown his sovereignty before the greatest monarch in the universe, and princes had received an important moral lesson on the instability of human life.

And what is death?—a fearful mystery that is ever before us! Youth, manhood, beauty,—all that is brave and honourable, all that is great and good, fall before the tyrant; and those who have loved and cherished the living, turn with dread and disgust from the corpse, thrusting it hastily from their sight as a loathsome thing. There is a chilling horror in listening to the groaning of the screws as they confine the coffin-lid over features that are well remembered in the heart, and over motionless hands that once were pressed with the ardency of warm affection. And what is life?—the soldier and sailor traffic in it at a few pence a day!

In about an hour a hearse arrived at the spot, in which the body was deposited, and the children followed in a close carriage which had been sent for the purpose by the worthy physician, the girl weeping as if her heart would break; the boy, unconscious of his loss, delighted with the novelty of his situation as the melancholy procession passed through the assembled crowds, who had gleaned some circumstances connected with the occurrence from persons in his majesty's suite, and had thronged together through curiosity to witness the spectacle, as well as to express their admiration of the paternal solicitude of their royal master.

Admirable are those inquisitions in England which so promptly investigate the causes of sudden death; and though it must be admitted that in numerous instances the presiding officers were extremely illiterate men, yet they generally possessed plain common sense and sterling honesty. A coroner's jury was summoned; the supremacy of the law was established by the sovereign making his deposition; the

children were questioned; but nothing could be elicited except from the girl, who stated that she had lived in a pretty cottage with her parents, had been turned out from it, and her father taken away,—she had crossed a wide pond of water with her mother,—had travelled on foot many days, till they reached a great town, and went to the king's house, but finding he was not there, they had again set out;—her mother had sickened on the road the evening previously to her dissolution; destitute of money to procure lodging or food, she had laid her on her death-bed,—the child had gathered hay for her pillow,—the night was passed beneath the canopy of heaven, and the last consolations of religion had been administered by the royal defender of the faith.

There was no clue as to whence they came, or the purport of their journey, except the following letter, written in a bold free hand, which was found in the pocket of the woman: the direction was torn off, but the other part was untouched.

“DEAREST, DEAREST ELLEN,

“My hard-hearted brother is inexorable: he has closed every avenue of communication with my father, who but little imagines the wretched situation of his unhappy son. On you, then, Ellen, I must rely to put in practice the scheme we conversed about as a last resource. Hasten to London—lose not a moment—plead for me, and endeavour to save your wretched husband from the horrible fate which now threatens him. Oh! Ellen, dearest Ellen! by the remembrance of past endearments, by your love for me and for our children, I implore you to persevere, and may the Great Being, whose wisdom is eternal, and power infinite, guard, and guide you. Do not come to me before you set out, lest suspicion should be excited, and your purpose prevented. You are now my only hope. May God bless and restore you to your loving husband.

“T. H. C.”

This was dated about three weeks previously to the woman's death; but there was the date only, and the jury, after considering the evidence, returned a verdict, “Died by the Visitation of God.”

Subsequent inquiries traced the route of the female from the neighbourhood of the metropolis. She had remained a few days in one of the villages, sickness rendering her unable to proceed; but she had made no communication respecting herself, and, though in a very unfit state, had con-

tinued her journey, till, wasted by consumption, she died, as has already been described, and after the inquest was decently interred at the royal expense.

The gracious act of his Majesty to the dying sufferer soon became known, and loud and grateful were the greetings of his loyal subjects whenever he appeared in public. The children, too, respectably attired in mourning, were objects of earnest attraction, and at length were conducted into the royal presence: but the pomp and splendour which every where displayed itself dismayed the girl, who shrank back in alarm: whilst the boy, upon whom the strangeness of the scene had no other effect than as a pleasant show, looked earnestly from face to face to try if he could discover the familiar features of a friend. At length he recognised the good-humoured countenance of the king, and hastily ran towards him, but stopped short when he beheld the stern and rather repulsive look of the lady by his side.

"See, see, Charlotte! poor thing! he recollects me—he remembers me," uttered the king, smiling; "Come, come, child; come here—pretty boy—Charlotte—pretty boy—flaxen hair."

The child thus encouraged placed himself between the monarch's knees, though not without evident awe of the queen, whose severity of aspect, however, relaxed a little when she looked upon the innocent and beautiful children who had been so untimely bereaved of a mother.

"And what sal your name be?" inquired her majesty of the shrinking girl.

"I don't want it to be any thing but what it is, ma'am," replied the child, as the tears started to her eyes.

"And what must dat be?" repeated the queen, whose imperfect English confused the girl.

"What is your name?—what, what—yes, your name?" asked the king, "don't be frightened,—there, then, there,—the queen wants to know your name?"

"My name, sir?" reiterated the girl, courtesying, "my name, sir, is Ellen:—Nelly, they used to call me at the cottage."

"Ellen, eh?" repeated her majesty, with some degree of unintentional harshness; "and what sal be de name for your broder?"

"What you please, ma'am," answered the girl, "but we always called him at home, Hammy."

"Hammy—Hammy?" said the king, "what can that mean—what, what, eh? Hampstead or Hammersmith? droll name, Charlotte, to baptize a child—very droll."

"Have you discover no other name?" inquired the queen as she extended her hand to the girl.

"No, Charlotte,—no, no,—none, none," replied the monarch; "Hammy—Hammy," (the boy looked up and smiled,) "strange name,—comical name."

"I presume, your majesty, that it is an abbreviation of Hamilton," said a fine handsome young man, who stood at the sovereign's elbow, "and as your majesty would probably like to give him a surname, I would venture to suggest that of King—Hamilton King," and a knowing look at one of the attendants plainly manifested the intended joke of the speaker.

"Good—good!—very good!" said the easily pleased monarch, "let it be King,—Hamilton King;—I can make it so, I suppose? Yes, yes, yes, it shall be King,—quick wit of George's, Charlotte, very quick."

"But what say your majesty propose to be done mid 'em?" inquired the queen, in an under tone; "we cannot afford de moosh expense; had it not been the best ting to send 'em to de workhouse."

"Fy, fy, Charlotte!" returned the king in the same low voice, and laying his hand gently on her arm; "What, what,—what would my people say?—No, no, Charlotte, they are a sort of God-send—mustn't,—no, no, mustn't let them go to the workhouse." He then added in a whisper, "Can do it cheap, Charlotte,—can do it cheap,—public institutions,—capital schools;" then raising his voice, "Yes, yes, must take care of them—poor things!"

His royal consort seemed more appeased by this explanation, and in a few minutes afterwards the children were removed and placed under the superintendence of a female whose husband, a sergeant in the regulars, was at that period abroad with his regiment on foreign service. The circumstance of their being protégées of the king and queen, induced great numbers of the nobility and others to visit them. The person they were with finding it extremely profitable to show them off to the best advantage, certainly did her duty and was kind and motherly; she had only one child of her own, a boy about the age of Ellen, and the constant contact with persons of education and rank had a very powerful influence on the manners and conduct of the youngsters. Mrs. Jones took a neat little residence about a mile from the town; it was a pleasant five minutes' carriage jaunt, and during the season she found by her exchequer that the speculation told well.

The healthiness of the situation, combined with the sea air, rendered the children hardy, and his majesty, whilst on the coast, took frequent opportunities of stealing away from the courtiers to pass a pleasant hour of retirement within the humble residence of the sergeant's wife. Nor was Mrs.

Jones a little proud of the honour. She was a buxom, fresh-coloured woman, tall and stout, and her behaviour was just of that cast of character that was respectful without being obsequious: she was neither over-intrusive, nor under-diffident, and the king found himself perfectly at ease in a quiet sort of home, in which it was a positive stipulation that he should only be known as "the gentleman."

Twelve months rolled away; the children grew in strength, and did ample credit to the care and attention of their foster parent, who became much attached to her young charge. The royal family again visited Weymouth, and his majesty expressed himself greatly pleased at their healthy appearance. Once more Mrs. Jones profited by the attendance of the rich and powerful (for all the courtiers must smile on those whom monarchs deign to favour; but somehow or other the queen rather discountenanced the thing, and whispers, nods, and shrugs (oh! how many characters have been assassinated by a nod, a shrug, or a wink of the eye,) hinted that the royal lady was jealous of the buxom Mrs. Jones, whilst insinuations equally groundless were thrown out that his majesty gave his consort cause for the torturing feeling. Thus far went scandal; but the fact was the queen never in her life cherished so detestable a guest as jealousy; hers was not the nature for so strong a passion, and the only reason for her disapproval arose from fear of expense, although Mrs. Jones had received but little from royal bounty, (except occasionally a present privately from the king,) the nobility who frequently honoured her residence with their presence, generally leaving ample donations for the pretty children and their bonny nurse. As for the sovereign himself, his fidelity to his royal spouse is too well known to call for any refutation of the reports that were in circulation relative to his intimacy with the sergeant's wife.

Autumn came in due season, and, towards its exit, the royal family returned to Richmond. At the close of one of those lovely afternoons that are peculiar to this time of year, the children, accompanied by Ned Jones, and a girl who attended them, had strolled to the beach, and, in happy forgetfulness, whilst racing with the mimic waves, the evening spread her darkening shadows upon the face of the waters; but every thing looked so beautiful and serene, tinged with the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, that danger was unthought of. There was a light breeze from the south-east; the vessels in the offing were gliding smoothly along, their white sails scarcely slumbering in repose, whilst the rattling of windlass pawls, and the "heave-oich-yo" of the seamen gave indications that such as were lying at anchor were heaving in their cables to get under way.

At this time an approaching boat attracted the attention of the juvenile party on the beach; it was propelled by four stout men, whilst a fifth, who seemed rather superior to the others, steered; in a few minutes its nose was on the shore, the men jumped out, and hauled her up higher from the water. They were a reckless looking set, dressed in thick flushing jackets, much longer than those usually worn by seamen, with trousers of the same material.

"Are you correct as to the place?" inquired the man who appeared to be the superior.

"Is it meself as 'ud be desaved, then?" responded one of the crew in strong Irish accentuation. "Fait, and it's the raal place, any how, be token as I know every inch o' the ground!"

"Whereabouts is the house we are to go to?" asked the first; "this, I think, will be a very good time to effect our purpose."

"Divel the better!" assented the other. "As for the house, it's no great way off, barring the distance. D'yer see yon glim there, right away among the green trees?"

"I do," returned the first, looking in the direction which the other pointed out with his extended hand.

"You do; very good! but dat's not it," uttered the Hibernian, with perfect self-command.

"D—n! do you mean to trifle with me, fellow!" exclaimed the superior, with impatient warmth.

"Thrife, eh? is it thrifling you mane?" returned the second; "small call there is for thrifling, any how!" He caught sight of the children as Ellen turned away with the servant, and, grasping the arm of the steersman, he added in a low voice, "The divel's offspring has the divel's luck! that's them, and not a living sowl within hail."

"Come, Hammy," said Helen as she walked on, "let us go home; it's getting dark. Come, Ned! Oh, Fanny, I do not like those men. I am afraid," and she ran forward away from her companions.

"After the young 'un in chase, Teddy!" exclaimed the superior as he seized both boys, and the person addressed immediately pursued the child, who, with the servant, was loudly shrieking for help, and making off as fast as possible. Figures were seen moving in the distance, and Teddy, fearful of being taken, put about, and returned with all speed to the boat, to which the two boys had already been conveyed, and in an instant she was launched afloat, and dancing upon the waters.

"Out oars, and give way, my lads!" commanded the steersman, who resumed the tiller. "Stretch out with a strong and steady stroke; we shall soon be beyond their

sight, and may defy them. But, how came you to lose the girl, Teddy?"

"Bekase I was afraid o' losing meself," replied Teddy; "but, what's the odds? you've got a pair of 'em; and two children's two children all the world over."

"But these are two boys, and I wanted a boy and girl," uttered the other; "nor do I know which of the two is the one most wanted."

"Are you clane sure they're both boys?" inquired Teddy; "I must have stronger evidence than mere matther of fact for the truth on it."

"They are indeed both boys, Teddy," asserted the steersman; "You may take my word for it. However, there is no help for it now: we must be content with the young cocks, and make out the best tale we can for the hen."

"Och, can't yer jeest say there *is* a boy and a girl?" argued Teddy, persuasively.

"But that would very soon be detected," said the steersman; "our employer knows a boy from a girl, I should think!"

"Detected is it? and what of that?" reasoned the other; "you take him a boy and a girl; he finds out the girl's a boy; but, that's his business, and not yours, for, how can you help the girl being a boy, seeing as it's none o' your consarn any how."

"No—no; we must relate every particular, Teddy," said the steersman, "and leave others to decide upon the course they will pursue. These fellows, I suppose, don't understand what we're saying."

"Divel a ha'porth!" returned Teddy; "there's not a sowl among 'em that ever hard more than their mother tongue in their lives, barring a bit of a do at a pathern or a wayke."

The children in the boat, had at first whimpered and cried; but, being assured they were only going a little way for a ride, and would very soon be landed again, they became pacified, and enjoyed what was to them a pleasant treat. The men bent sturdily to their oars; the buoyant boat flew through the clear, smooth element, tracking her way with a brilliancy, that showed itself more and more bright as the sombre shades continued to fall with increasing darkness.

"There's the signal, Teddy," said the steersman, as he slightly altered his course; "two lights at equal heights; they're gone again, but I can see the vessel. Tell the men to pull."

In an uncouth dialect the Hibernian addressed his comrades, who replied in a language equally barbarous, and re-

newed their exertions, so as in the course of a few minutes to get near enough to a beautiful cutter to answer the hail. They then swept up alongside, and found her lying with the tack of her mainsail triced up, her gaff-topsail lowered, and her fore-sheet to windward, but still not lying dead-to, as steerage-way was kept upon her.

"Well, Peterson, have you succeeded?" inquired a voice from the gangway. "You have not been gone two hours, and I fear by the despatch you have made, your scheme has failed." One of the children spoke. "Ha ha! all's right, is it? I hear the prattlers; bring them carefully on deck. Faith, Teddy, but you're the very broth of a boy!"

"An' that's what meself thinks, barring mistakes," replied the other, as he gently raised young Hamilton in his arms, and lifted him up the cutter's side, the person who had steered the boat performing the same office for Ned Jones. The boys were taken down into the cabin; every occurrence narrated; sweatmeats were produced; fatigue and sea-air soon operated on their senses, and in a short time they were both sound asleep in a snug little bed-place in the captain's state-room. In the interval sail was made upon the cutter; the breeze freshened, and the lively craft, yielding to its power, dashed along through ripple and spray at the rate of eight knots an hour.

CHAPTER II.

“Then from beneath those gem-like springs,
 With music, whose magic utterings
 May ne’er by mortal lips be told,
 Leapt water-sylphids, to unfold
 Their glittering gossamer wings.”

WHEN Ellen reached the habitation of Mrs. Jones, she was too hurried and exhausted to speak; nor was Fanny, the servant, much better, so that all that could be made out from their incoherent expressions was, that a man had run after them.

“Is that all?” said the sergeant’s wife; “a pretty thing to make so much fuss about; pray where is Ned and Hammy?”

“We left them on the beach, ma’am,” said Fanny; “we left them both together.”

“And is that the care you take of children?” exclaimed Mrs. Jones; “you abominable hussey, to run away and leave two helpless innocents alone upon the beach.”

“They were at the boat, ma’am,” uttered the servant, crying. “Miss Ellen screamed and ran away, and the man ran after her, and—”

“You ran too, I suppose,” chimed in Mrs. Jones; “but come, away with you, and look for the children—away, I say,” and she drove the girl out.

Some time elapsed, and they did not return; Mrs. Jones, therefore, equipped herself and sallied forth; but she knew not what direction to take. An hour passed, and neither the servant nor the boys making their appearance, the agony of the poor woman became extreme. She summoned some of the nearest neighbours, and, with Ellen as a guide, they set out for the place where she had left her brother and Ned; but nothing was to be seen but the ocean fading from sight in the distant haze, and nothing heard but the wash of the

waters upon the shingly shore. Then did all the mother burst forth from the heart of the sergeant's wife, for she felt bereaved of her child—her only child, and loud and bitter wailings were borne upon the breeze. She was conveyed home in a state bordering on madness, to find that no tidings had been heard of the lost ones.

All night did the search continue; but, as the reader must be aware, it was unavailing, and a general opinion prevailed that the little fellows were drowned, for none supposed that a few seamen in a boat would have carried such infants away; indeed, such a notion was considered too preposterous to be entertained, and anxious looks, as well as anxious inquiries, were daily made, under the expectation that their little bodies would be washed up upon the beach.

Months rolled away, and still there were no tidings. Communications had been forwarded to his majesty, and orders were promptly issued to investigate the business. Large rewards were offered for information, but no light whatever was thrown upon the subject, and the wretched mother was brought to the very brink of the grave, whilst poor Ellen pined for her brother and playmate till she shrunk away almost to a skeleton.

Such was the posture of affairs at the return of summer; but the monarch did not this year come upon the coast, and though many of the nobility made short visits, yet few entered the abode of the disconsolate Mrs. Jones. Amongst those few, however, was Lady Alicia Gordon, a widow in the prime of life, who had lived in comparative seclusion since the demise of her husband some ten years previously, that she might devote the whole of her attention to an only daughter, who promised fair to be the ornament and delight of her declining years.

Suitors Lady Alicia had had many, for she was still handsome, and her manners were well known to be peculiarly affectionate and engaging. Dazzling offers were made, but maternal solicitude prevailed over all, and her days were given to her child. The family mansion was a noble one, in the most delightful part of the county of Kent; and though she never closed her doors to visitors, yet no inducement could urge her to join in the busy doings of the gay world. Splendour and magnificence were not encouraged as essentials to her title and wealth; but hospitality was exercised as an indispensable requisite to an old English baronial hall.

Lady Alicia was a native of Ireland, full of warm feelings and benevolence, alive to suffering in others, for she had keenly experienced it herself, and at all times ready to pour the balm of consolation on the wounded mind, or to bind up the broken spirit that shrunk from contact with society.

During the life-time of her husband she had experienced but a small share of happiness; for, though he was a man of splendid attainments, yet early habits and early associates had taken too deep root in his heart to be eradicated. It is true that, when first married, his propensities slumbered in the tranquil composure of new and innocent enjoyments; but they awoke with fresh vigour, and were renewed with more ardour as the novelty of wedded life wore off.

And yet in early youth Lady Alicia had not only tasted, but had absolutely banqueted on innocent pleasures. She was the tenderly and ardently beloved of an anxious and affectionate mother; the idolized of a fond father; every rational wish of her heart was gratified almost as soon as it had birth, and she was surrounded by those who made it their own happiness to render it to her.

Sir Phelim O'Toole was a rough but frank-hearted baronet of the old Irish school, priding himself upon his descent from the ancient kings of Ireland, and keeping up a sort of feudal state amongst his tenants and dependants, and the numerous class of self-attached retainers who stuck to their master with all the tenacity of a burr to a Scotchman's plaid. His estate was large, his tenantry numerous—but his returns were very trifling; for, somehow or other, the pleasant notion had been established of a sort of community of property, and that, too, in a manner the most characteristic of the general practices of the country, viz. that the tenants and hangers-on should contribute nothing—their landlord every thing; and this, in many instances, was acted upon to the very letter.

Surrounded by whole troops of domestics, who seemed to have no other earthly occupation than that of attending on "the young mistress, Alicia might have become a wild girl of the mountains, in the neighbourhood in which she lived, had not her mother been a woman of education, whose understanding was cultivated and fertile, and whose judgment was regulated by prudence and taste. She beheld with a parent's delight the unfolding loveliness of her daughter; and whilst she encouraged those hardy exercises which gave health and strength to the body, she also imparted suitable instruction to afford right principles and firmness to the mind. Nor was she deficient in those accomplishments which, though only of an ornamental nature, add grace and beauty to the possessor.

Sir Phelim was ardently attached to the pleasures of the chase. He was a bold and fearless rider, was never found at the tail of a hunt, nor known to shrink from his bottle in the after-dinner indulgences of the table. Political squabbles were his aversion, and he looked upon the profession, as

well as the professors, of the law as necessary evils, to be endured rather than tolerated. The sight of a lawyer operated upon his mind in much the same way as the sight of a shark stirs up the abhorrence of the seaman; he longed to hook him, and cut off his tail. Still he was not—he could not be insensible to the agitations and tumults which distracted the country of his birth; and whilst he deeply regretted the outrages and excesses into which his countrymen plunged, he found it impossible to exclude the conviction that they had been goaded into acts of desperation by oppression or wanton cruelty. He saw men appointed to govern and command, who neither knew nor cared to gain a knowledge of the general disposition and temper of Irishmen; and even the hand of conciliation held a whip or a sword by way of intimidation.

These things were not concealed from Lady Q'Toole or her daughter. Practical proofs were almost daily presented either to their sight or to their hearing; and in several instances, where ruin had threatened to overwhelm some unfortunate family, the head of which had been denounced as a suspicious character, inimical to the government, the ladies interceded with Sir Phelim—not to protect, for that was impossible to the extent of open protection—but to conceal them from the parties who were sent to apprehend them. This, together with their constant kindness in the hour of adversity or peril, as well as a readiness to promote all the national pastimes, rendered “the ladthy and the young misthress” objects of worship to the fishermen and peasantry, and praises and blessings were showered upon their heads wherever they appeared,

Castle Toole was situated near a wild part of the coast, at no great distance from Bantry Bay, in the county of Cork. The inhabitants of the district were, generally speaking, of the lower orders, amongst whom great wretchedness at times prevailed; and they were not unfrequently driven by famine to a state of destitution and misery of which no adequate description can be given, nor can the heart that never witnessed such a spectacle possibly conceive the extreme of suffering to which their fellow-creatures are often reduced.

It has been said that much of this may be attributed to the utter dislike which the Irish cherish for any kind of compulsory labour; for, though they will voluntarily undergo almost any fatigue if it suits with their humour or purpose, yet they hold in abhorrence every thing like work which their own immediate wants or absolute necessity would force upon them. Now, although there may be, and no doubt is, a great deal of truth in this view of the subject, yet it must be admitted that there are many, very many ex-

ceptions; and persons who have never visited Ireland, may form some estimate of the value of the argument from having witnessed the conduct of the Irish reapers who visit England during harvest-time. The patience and industry with which they toil, the little food they require (and that, too, of the humblest description,) and their indifference as to lodgings, have always been a source of surprise, not unfrequently of commiseration, and sometimes of abuse and contumely, amongst English labourers; and if farther evidence was wanting of their not shrinking from excessive toil, it may be obtained on inspecting the most heavy and laborious occupations in which strength and perseverance are required; for there will Irishmen be found. The paviour, the bricklayer's labourer, the stonemason, and many other callings which need great muscular power, belong almost exclusively to the Irish.

Still it must be confessed that Pat does not love work for its own sake; and really there are very few of the descendants of Adam, whether white, black, brown, or copper colour, that do. However, those in the neighbourhood of Castle Toole thoroughly hated it; and Sir Phelim having a handsome fortune, independent of his land, they seemed to think themselves privileged to enjoy all they could get; nor would the baronet allow of any such thing as racking or driving of tenants if of tolerably good character, though the rent remained in long arrears, and the lettings were capable of considerable improvement. It is true his cattle and sheep were in constant security, except now and then a stray lamb disappeared by accident, without any clue to the course of its wandering; and his game was well preserved, though the wild residents of the mountains had their huts plentifully supplied with fat hares and plump partridges.

And who were the residents of the mountains?—a race of hardy desperadoes, suspended between heaven and earth, as a type of what they might expect if caught in the clutches of those who were designated the instruments of the law, but were too often principals in long-meditated vengeance. The mountaineers were the half-men, half-demons, who carried on that bane and curse to Ireland's prosperity—the illicit distilleries. They were the manufacturers of what the Indians have very aptly styled by the name of "fire-water"—the makers of ardent spirits that never wetted the gauger's stick.

At a few miles distant from Castle Toole stood a fine old venerable building, sacred to antiquity and the family of the O'Conner's, who had made it their home, generation after generation, till it descended to Mr. Terence O'Conner—a young man about one-and-twenty years of age, of handsome

person and pleasing address. He, too, was fond of the chase, and a frequent guest at Castle Toole; but, unlike Sir Phelim, he was a rigid master, a stern exactor of every due; and though no acts of unlawful oppression could be laid to his charge, yet his adherence to legalized claims, encouraged a whole host of harpies, who not only increased the distresses of the tenants, but also preyed upon the landlord. He was a sworn enemy to "potheen," and readily assisted the soldiery in hunting out the mountain stills. To factions and combinations he was equally hostile; and the opposer of unjust extortion, as well as the resister of the demands of the law, were ranked as rebels, and treated accordingly. Yet, notwithstanding all these characteristics, which rendered him unpopular amongst the lower orders, there was a noble-minded and fearless generosity about him that excited universal admiration.

Alicia was in her fifteenth year when O'Connor, struck by her beauty, and fascinated by her manners, made a proposal to Sir Phelim for the hand of his daughter. He pointed out in forcible and expressive language the advantages of the match, as uniting the two estates. He spoke energetically of the power and influence to be attained by a junction between the O'Connors and the O'Tooles; in short, he introduced every topic but one, and that one happened to be the nearest and dearest to Sir Phelim's heart—the happiness of his child.

But the baronet, distressed at the idea of giving pain by a direct refusal of the suit, listened with patience to all the young man had to urge, and then, without raising or depressing his expectations, he merely replied that such an affair required deliberation. He would consult with his lady, and send early information of the result. With this O'Connor was satisfied, and shortly after left the castle, indulging a conviction that Alicia would become his wife, for "who could resist so admirable a proposal as he had made."

A short time, however, served to convince O'Connor that he had calculated in error; a communication was forwarded, acknowledging the advantages of such an alliance, but pleading the extreme youth of Miss Alicia as being incompatible with the performance of those onerous duties which a change of life would necessarily impose upon her. Sir Phelim, in the kindness of his nature, had worded his letter so as not to wound the young man's self-love; but, nevertheless, O'Connor considered the rejection an insult, for which, though he could not openly demand satisfaction, he yet determined to resent, and therefore, he discontinued his visits to the castle, and became more rigorous in what he conceived to be his duties.

Some few months afterwards Terence O'Connor was united to a young and beautiful girl of the plebeian order, possessed of no accomplishments but those which Nature had lavishly bestowed, but blessed with a tender and affectionate heart, that amply compensated for want of polished education; in fact, she was almost a perfect contrast to her husband, for, whilst he was proud, imperious, and ungovernable in his rage, she was humility, gentleness, and a personification of meekness itself. O'Connor persisted in his rigorous severity to his tenants and domestics, whilst the lawyers were constantly complaining that his lady defeated all their purposes, and prevented them from carrying forward process to execution. O'Connor would frown, and sometimes storm: but he passionately loved his wife, and her sweet smile very soon made him forget the sour aspects of the legal gentlemen. Her "O'Connor, dear! and sure you're not angry with your Kathleen?" drove from his mind the harsh croakings of the lawyers.

And a fortunate circumstance for the O'Connor was it that he yielded more to his ardent attachment for his wife than to the pleadings and remonstrances of legal cormorants. Rebellion had grown strong in Ireland, and, though not so openly avowed in the district of O'Connor Hall as it was in other parts of the island, yet the Levellers were so rapid in their movements when revenge was their object, that they traversed the kingdom with incredible speed, and blazing piles and devastated homes marked their infuriated presence before a suspicion was excited that they were near at hand. O'Connor had been singled out as a victim, but the fact came to the knowledge of his wife, and at much risk she prevailed upon the leaders to exercise forbearance.

It was a trying period. An expedition was already prepared in France for the invasion of Ireland, and the dreaded Thurot, with his cruisers, had made his appearance on the coast. The lower orders, suspecting that the English government was about to pass an act of Union, and deprive them of their parliament, were ripe for revolt. The Catholic priests, jealous at the increasing influence and power of the Protestant clergy, stirred up the angry feelings of their flocks, and prompted them to resistance. O'Connor had been denounced as an enemy to his country, and the denunciation was the prelude to a speedy act of aggression. Mrs. O'Connor was sitting nursing her boy—her first-born—at the same time bidding fair shortly to become a second time a mother, and, crouched on the hearth before her, was the nurse who had tended her in her infancy, and was now performing the same office for her child.

"What ails you, Biddy; and you always cheerful, now to

be croaking, and groaning, and swaying about like the branch of an old tree in a storm," said the lady.

"And small 'ud be the gale to rend away the branch," uttered the woman, mournfully, "but, oh, ma vourneen! the storm may be a-brewing over the ould roof-tree; and the beautiful flowers, and the young leaves may perish with the aged bough!"

Mrs. O'Connor was too well acquainted with the nature and disposition of her countrywoman not to know that there was a meaning in the language of her nurse far beyond what the mere words conveyed; nor was she ignorant that persons in her condition were bound by terrible oaths not to reveal what might casually come to their knowledge, which even the affection which Biddy had for the young mistress could not overcome, though the lady supposed she might, by a little management, ascertain wherein the danger existed. "And where would be the storm, Biddy," said she, "on such a heavenly shining day as this, with the boy crowing and laughing with delight?" and she held up her infant to the nurse's view.

"An' what is the day, ma cushla? and what is the shining sun?" uttered the woman mournfully, but energetically. "The brightest day may have the blackest night; the gowlden sun of noon may set as red as blood! och hone! och hone!"

"There is danger at hand, Biddy, and I know it," said Mrs. O'Connor, firmly. "You may tell me or not, woman, if 'tis your pleasure. You may see the rapparees burning and plundering, ay, murdering, and be silent, if it's a vow. But, what can wash away the guilt of concealing all this beforehand, and—"

"Them as sees danger will thry to keep out of harem's way!" exclaimed the nurse. "Didn't these ould hands carry yer when your limbs had no help of their own? Didn't I sprinkle you daily with the wather of the blessed well? Oh, it's there I'd wish you to be this very night of all others, and may be its cooling dthrops can quench fire."

"I will go, Biddy; I will do your bidding," uttered Mrs. O'Connor, vaguely, but not inaptly, catching up her meaning. "But, dare I to be there alone?"

"And where would I be but with my child?" said the woman, more pacified. "May the blessed saints defend ma Kathleen deelish, for it's herself will need it afore the morn."

Thus apprized, and only thus apprized, Mrs. O'Connor hastened to Castle Toole, where she made known her errand, and, in sympathy for her distress, as well as trusting to the known gallantry of the Irish character, Lady O'Toole

determined upon accompanying Kathleen to the holy well; Sir Phelim, however, promising to be in the neighbourhood that he might afford assistance, if it was required. What the danger was that threatened remained a mystery, for Bridget kept a sullen silence on the subject, nor could any inducement, persuasion, or threat, get her to be more communicative.

Mr. O'Connor was absent from the hall on magisterial duty, and suspicions were excited that he had been enticed away for some sinister purpose; still every thing was so tranquil in the neighbourhood, and so little had the spirit of disaffection been observed in the district, that but for the undoubted intelligence of the person from whom the warning had been received, the whole might have been deemed the visionary wandering of a disordered mind, or the work of some designing speculator in human misery.

Evening began to throw its long dusky shadows over the face of nature when the ladies arrived at the entrance of the small cavern, whose rocky roof was arched over the holy well. It was a wild romantic spot, surrounded with masses of rock, between the interstices of which a shrubbery of firs and larch had arisen, and their dark forms appeared in the twilight gloom like mourners of another day amidst grave-stones of former ages. All was as silent as the tomb, and a deep tinge of superstition coloured the thoughts and feelings of the females. They turned to look for Bridget, but she was gone, and an idea of treachery crossed their minds; her absence, however, did not continue long, and though she declined satisfying inquiries as to the cause, the ladies were relieved from the pain of supposing her inimical to their welfare. "Come in here," said she, leading the way into the cavern, "and may the blessed speerit that hovers over the wathers put the cross betwixt you and harem," and stooping down she wetted the tips of her fingers and sprinkled it on her companions.

"Where all this is to terminate," said Lady O'Toole, "I really do not know, nor can I even conjecture. Are your foes to be spiritual or temporal, Bridget?"

"An your ladyship 'll find that out," returned the nurse somewhat piqued at the question. "Sure this is no place to make a mockery in, and the wathers thrubbled by them as no eyes can see."

The ladies looked upon the clear cold element, and beheld a sudden commotion on its surface, something resembling that which would have been caused by the rapid turning of a large fish, but it soon swelled away and became perfectly calm again. Still the hour, the gloom, the occa-

sion, united with certain predelictions in favour of superstition, with which human nature is more or less allied, operated powerfully upon the females, especially Kathleen, who had been brought up in the very heart of local prejudices and ancient legends.

The cavern they were in was about ten or twelve feet square,—the well, (which was a sort of natural basin, somewhat resembling a bath, and often used for that purpose,) occupied the middle: it was in the form of a right-angled parallelogram, and there were steps to descend into it, down which, when the water was tranquil, a visiter would not hesitate to go, for so extremely clear was the pure element that it could not be seen till the foot or some other cause disturbed it. At the far extremity of the cavern was a rustic altar with benches on each side, cut from the solid rock, and upon this altar those who used the waters were accustomed to leave their offerings. A low door-way in the near corner to the left led into a small apartment where the priest at his visitation (for this was a station,) retired to robe himself and shrive the penitents. Moss and lichen grew in rich profusion on the rugged walls, and when the wind was high, a hollow moaning sound was heard, like the low wailings of melancholy and despair. Of course, the peasantry ascribed it to supernatural causes, and few could be found hardy enough to shelter here during a storm. A ring of iron fixed firmly on the wall over one of the benches was a peculiar object of attention and devotion, and at the visitations was polished bright, and decorated with flowers.

"And what is there in particular about this place, Bridget?" inquired Lady O'Toole, affecting a composure she certainly did not enjoy. "Have we been brought here to meet fays and banshees!—Is it the resort of good folk, or of some peculiar spirit that presides over the hallowed spring?"

"And it's thrue for you, my lady," replied Bridget with solemnity, "in regard o' that same, though it's not good to talk of the speerit an it forenent you, ounly not to be seen by morthal sight! Oh, mavourneen," added she, addressing Mrs. O'Connor, and rocking herself to and fro, "and may be it's your friend she'll be and sthoph the 'ruction.—Och, hone, what have I said now, and in the prisence too?"

"It is the spirit of a female, then," said Lady O'Toole, smiling. My dear Mrs. O'Connor, though I do not give much credence to such supernatural visitations to this troubled earth, yet I respect the opinions and even weaknesses of others too much to turn them into ridicule, especially as I think they may have a beneficial influence to restrain the mind from planning and executing evil, particularly amongst

the uninformed of our poorer neighbours. But the idea of a beatified spirit quitting the mansions of blessedness to hover over this chilling fluid is absurd, even supposing permission could be obtained for such a purpose."

"Oh, my lady, you must not doubt,—indeed you must not," returned the beautiful being by her side, somewhat horrified at the bold language she had heard in such a sacred place. "Was there not the pool of Bethesda, and don't the virtues of this well hale the sick,—even the priests' vestments are not more holy."

"That the icy frigidness of the waters are excellent in some diseases I will admit," said Lady O'Toole; "but that is a mere common occurrence of nature, and requires no spiritual auxiliary beyond the blessing of Providence."

"And will you deny the existence of invisible friends?" eagerly inquired Kathleen; "they are always surrounding us, the very air we breathe is peopled with spirits."

"And that, I suppose, accounts for the frequent inebriation of our countrymen," responded Lady O'Toole, laughing at her own conceit; "they are drawn in with the breath, and muddle the poor fellows' heads."

"You may say your say, my lady," uttered Bridget with stern emphasis; "but there's small wit and less judgment in offending them whose help you may need this very night,—it's little one gets by turning friends into foes."

"I should deeply regret if any thoughtlessness of mine should have such an effect, Bridget;" returned Lady O'Toole in a conciliatory tone; "but come, nurse, cannot you tell us something of the legend of this holy well and its patron saint? How long we shall have to remain here I do not know, but as you are probably acquainted with the whole of the story it would serve to while away the time."

"It's not long your ladyship will have to wait," replied the woman, as she extended her arm and pointed towards the entrance of the cave; "the shine of the red hand is now in the heavens,—why?"

"It is only the gorgeous gleams of the setting sun," said Lady O'Toole, as she gazed on the flush of crimson on the western horizon.

"An' it has set on them who'll never see its rising," groaned the nurse; "they're lighting their brands, and roofs will blaze, and walls be laid waste, and the blood of those who made the fire on the hearth-stone will quench the embers of their desolated home."

The redness grew more fierce, and the ladies became aware that it could only proceed from the reflection of an extensive conflagration. "It is a fire!" said Lady O'Toole;

"how, Bridget, are the marauders abroad, and we away from our families? Mrs. O'Connor, dear, let us return."

She essayed to quit the cavern, but the tall gaunt figure of the nurse blocked up the narrow passage between the rocky wall and the water. "You pass not this way, my lady!—An' what have *you* to fear?—Sure the O'Tooles are well knownt to them all,—Sir Phelim a born gintleman as discourages the *rookawn* they've brought upon the counthry by their false commother. What sthranger ever stood upon the castle bridge and was sent away with ounly the wather of the ditch for his draught? What victim ever entered the castle walls and was sent to the donjon-keep with the cowl stone floor for his bed, and bread and tears for his mate and dthink? Hundred mille-fas has been the word at Castle Toole,—why? There's no *darslurkers* of the law to prey upon the *pinkeens* of poor sowls whom heaven save from harem; the bite and the sup, and that too of the best, was never refused by yer, and you a born lady of the Mile-sian breed, what have you to fear?"

"But there is fire somewhere, Bridget," exclaimed Lady O'Toole, still striving to pass her; "and under such circumstances our post is at our own threshold."

"And lave my darlin' o' the world to face them as she will not care to meet," murmured Bridget, resisting the attempts of her ladyship to escape. "It's here, my lady, that you and yourn are safest: no one will injure the hair of an O'Toole's head—why? It's them as has the love and dacent respect of the people."

Mrs. O'Connor, placing implicit reliance on the guidance and directions of her nurse, remained a passive spectator, though the words of Bridget, "face them as she will not care to meet," sent an unusual thrill through her heart, and flushed her cheeks with crimson. That something extraordinary was about to take place she was now fully sensible; and a vague suspicion of the real truth crossed her mind. A deep sigh escaped her, which was either echoed in the cavern, or responded to by some one near at hand. All three heard it, but as there was nothing to be seen, Bridget attributed it to the sympathy of the patroness of the well, and augured favourably to her darling's cause.

"The sound came from yon recess," said her ladyship, as she again placed herself by the side of Mrs. O'Connor.

"It was no mortal tongue that uttered it then," said Bridget. "The blessed lady sees our sthrait, and it's herself as 'ull show us pity."

"But what is it that we have to dread, Bridget?" again inquired Lady O'Toole. "If it is mere personal security

that is sought to be obtained, I trust Mrs. O'Connor is superior to apprehensions of harm to herself whilst those whom she loves are in danger."

A sigh deeper than the former was heard, evidently issuing from some one in the inner apartment, whilst at the same moment there came upon the breeze the sound from the tread of heavy footsteps, and the rustling noise of many persons moving in one mass.

"'Tis a warning she's giving us," uttered Bridget in a whisper; "whether for weal or wo myself doesn't know. But they are coming—they are coming; and now, my darlin', the blessed saints be between you and harem."

There was still a glimmering of dubious light in the cavern, whilst outside every object was perceptible, though dimly seen. In a few minutes a body of armed men, their faces blackened, and their cottamores bound round them, filled up the space at the entrance to the holy well, but none ventured to advance beneath the roof. The white dresses of the ladies seemed to startle them, and not a few fell upon their knees in terror. Lady O'Toole wished to take advantage of this by presenting herself to their notice; but the giant strength of the nurse prevented her design, by holding her ladyship in a grip that was irresistible. The men had the appearance of a wild, lawless set; some were armed with muskets, others with pistols or old swords, whilst the larger portion carried bludgeons, pitchforks, and one or two with scythe-blades. Foremost amongst them was a tall athletic, Herculean figure, who seemed to hold the rest in something like control.

"An' what is it you'd be afther doing, then, Mike Hagan?" uttered Bridget in a deep sepulchral voice, as she addressed the leader. "What is it makes you here with them bloody hands, and that divel's face? Where's the father that begot you, and the mother who suffered the labour-pains when you was born?—Will not the iron frame on the gibbet, or the cowl'd sods of the aarth warn you to forbear?"

"No, niver!" replied the man with stern determination, as he stamped his foot proudly and heavily on the ground. "An' what should I take warning for, you limmer—why? It's vengeance what I sake, and its vengeance that I'll have;—and what for not? Who was it hung the owld man's body in the iern frame you spake of?—Who was it sint the mother to her cowl'd grave? Answer me that! It's meself as 'ud swape 'em from the face of the yarth as did it;" and he swung his heavy cutlass around him in corresponding action; "it's meself as 'ud never lave a beam of their homes till they were in black ashes, and scattered by the wild winds;—it's meself as 'ud sodden the turf with the blood of

their childther, and sow salt upon the land where there should be green corn."

"Thru for you, Mike Hagan," uttered Bridget, with a groan that seemed to burst from her very heart. "You have had the blast upon yer, and revenge is swate to the oppressed. But would you, Mike—would you smite the un-offending with your enemy?—would you desthroy the smiling babe in its innocence, or ould age in its dotage—Why?"

"An' who thought of Mike and them as owned him when the bloody hand was stretched out agin his kith and kin?" exclaimed the man in a tone of reckless bitterness. "But, musha, it's bad luck there is in talking to women. Come, lads; let's on," and be prepared to depart.

"Your mother was a woman, Mike Hagan," quickly responded Bridget, who evidently wished to detain him for some time; "and a purty woman too, when Larry first led her afore the praste."

"An' what was she when the iern coulther was undher her bare feet, and it white with fierce heat, to make her tell where her husband was concealed? And what was she when they put the torture upon her to force out a confession of crimes he had never committed?"

"A woman, Mike—a true women sthill!" answered Bridget, in a tone and manner that was calculated to win upon his rugged nature. "Yes, Mike, a lanna, she was sthill a woman; for she suffered all they could put upon her afore she would bethray the man who owned her."

"Arrah, let it alone, you limmer!" said the man, in a voice where present gratification struggled with lacerated remembrance of the past. "It's coaxing us you'd be, you desaver. Come, lads, come along, let's purshue our way; he's not here we're saking for."

"And where is it you'd be going to, Mike Hagan?" uttered the nurse; "and what is it you would sake in this lone place? Sure it won't be the blessing of our lady ye'd be axing for; an' it isn't for the good o' pace you'd purshue your way." The men appeared impatient, and Hagan beckoned them on. "Sthop, lads, sthop. Is it O'Conner Hall you'd be firing on this holy night?—is it the darlin' of your hearts, young Kathleen deelish, as you want under your tiger claws, and he not to the fore. Mike Hagan, forbear, I say. You know what a fierce woman will do for her child, and do not let me curse you. Sthop, men!" for they continued moving on; "sthop, I command—I enthreat—" she wrung her hands in agony. "Oh! sainted speerit of this holy place, stay their murtherous hands!"

The prayer had scarcely been uttered, the van of the party had disappeared, and the rear was just lingering on the

space in front, when a young man of slight make, and habited in respectable attire, presented himself in the doorway of the cavern, and in a loud voice shouted, "Halt!" Whether he had sprung from the small apartment, or had suddenly placed himself there from without, was problematical to the ladies; but there he was, and the command he had issued was instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER III.

"You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own.
You knew me unaltered by years or by distance,
Devoted to love, and to friendship alone.

"You knew—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures,
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours."

BYRON.

WHATEVER effect might, or might not be produced amongst the group in the cavern, certain it is, that Bridget hailed the presence of the young man with irrepressible delight and gratitude. "Our blessed lady be praised!" said she, devoutly crossing herself. "An' it's his ownself too! Oh, my darlin' avourneen! it's safe you'll be, and him to the fore! Spake to him, a-cushla! Smooth him down like a lamb, and do not rouse the lion of his natur."

Mrs. O'Connor, thus directed, pressed forward, and stood with her arms crossed upon her beating bosom, and her head low drooping, as if she feared to raise her eyes, before the young man, who, from the prompt obedience to his commands, was evidently the leader of the outlaws.

"And what is it you would have with me, Katherine Macgennis?" said he with harshness, as he drew himself proudly erect.

"Dermot," replied she, without looking up, and with faltering voice, "Dermot, your own heart told you what I want afore you asked the question."

"And what if it did?" replied the other, still retaining his position and manner: "am I to become your suitor, and bend, and crouch before you like a lashed dog, that I may ascertain your wishes?"

"No, Dermot—no! I do not ask or require such a thing," said the trembling lady imploringly. "But must you—will you bring down unutterable misery on the head of the companion of your childhood? Can you make her home a desolation? herself a widow? her offspring fatherless? No, Dermot, it is not in your nature; you dare not do it."

Had Mrs. O'Connor omitted the closing part of her appeal, it might, in the earnest yet plaintive manner that it was uttered, have had some effect on the young man's mind. But the word "dare," to him whose career had latterly been lawless, seemed to imply a suspicion that he wanted courage to perform his wicked design. "Not dare!" said he, in a tone of resolute defiance. "What is there that Dermot Delaney dare not do? and who are you that supplicate the man who 'dare' not execute his will?"

"Oh, Dermot, why will you mistake my meaning?" responded Mrs. O'Connor-beseechingly; "sure I intended no reflection on your personal courage, or your extensive power. It's the remembrance of old times that I meant as would not let you do the evil deed."

"Old times is it you're speaking of?" responded Delaney, in a tone of bitterness. "Now, by the vestments, if the very recollection of former days does not urge me on to more deadly hate! The fever-blistered wretch, expiring with burning heat, has his agonies increased by the remembrance of cool streams and shady bowers, especially when no drop of water will ever again moisten his parched and withering tongue. The visions of past enjoyments do but heighten the madness of the wretch who will never taste them more! Woman, you plead in vain!"

"An' what 'ud we be halting here for, captain?" asked Mike Hagan, who had come into the rear to communicate with his chief; but, seeing Mrs. O'Connor standing before him, he added, "Ah, bad luck to the petticoats! it's meself thinks the divel wears them to kiver his crooked bastely shanks."

"Pace, ye scornee!" said Bridget, with peculiar emphasis; "an' give place to your betthers. Dermot, you have been my pet, my darlin'; these ould arms have held yer both, one on one shoulder, and the other on the other,—Kathleen and you! Ye smiled and prattled face to face in infancy; ye grew up hand in hand, the pride and beauty of the valley; ye lived—ye loved—together, in the blossoming of youth; ye—"

"D—n, woman!" shouted the man in a tone of voice almost amounting to a scream, "would you probe the wound still deeper? would you press the searing-iron on the scorched and blistered heart? Where is she now? and who was it that for the gain of filthy lucre looked cowlidly on, and

scorned the lad they had formerly encouraged? Who was it that took—hell, no!—not took, but rent her heart from mine? And, do you think I'll not have my revenge when it is securely within my grasp?"

"An' shure we will!" exclaimed Hagan; "an' why not?" He caught sight of Lady O'Toole, who stood farther back in the recess. "There's two of yer as I knows, but who's the third ye've got stowed away in the hole?"

When Hagan made his first appearance in front of the cavern, Lady O'Toole was too much agitated to take any especial notice of him, though his voice seemed familiar to her ear; but Bridget's remarks, and Mike's rejoinders, had filled up the lapse of memory, and she now well remembered that on one trying occasion, she had rendered him a most essential service. The recollection was sudden, and might well have seemed the result of inspiration. Without a moment's hesitation she stood forward, and, assuming the manner, and even the idiom of those before her, she uttered, "And it's who am I, Mike Hagan? Is it you who would be asking who I am? Where was you, Mike Hagan, when the soldiers were loading their firelocks in the wood to take your life? And who was it that risked her own to save you from dying the death of a traitor?"

"It's thrue for you, my lady, an' I know you now," replied the man, abashed, but not subdued. "For yourself and yourn, my heart's blood is at your command; but, who was it that hunted me into the wood with his bagles, and led the sodgers there? who was it that helped to bind me to the tree, and tould the red-back slaves to load? Shure 'twas the O'Connor; he who stowle away our captain's bride. The dioul be wid him, and fetch his sowl this night!"

"Have I the honour of being in the presence of Lady O'Toole?" said the leader, as he respectfully uncovered his head. "May every blessing and every happiness be showered upon you!" his voice faltered almost to feminine softness. "May your days be many and prosperous; for it's you, my lady, and them belonging to you, as is friends to my unfortunate countrymen. My curses rest upon their enemies!"

"Then to you will I address myself, young man, said her ladyship, resuming all her natural dignity. "I am well aware of your lawless purpose in being in this neighbourhood. Your person has now become familiar to me; your companion there I am well acquainted with; and, though it is my pride to shield the defenceless, and protect the innocent, I will not on any consideration, spare the wilfully guilty."

"Your threats are worse than useless," said Bridget, deprecatingly; "and the boys there forenent you—do you think,

my lady, they are like the king's throopers, to be marched and wheeled about like slaves? Oh! spake softly to Dermot, an' it's himself 'ull listen to your requests."

"Well, then," said Lady O'Toole, changing her mode of address to one of supplication, "I will solemnly exhort and implore you to forbear your meditated injury."

"I cannot, my lady, it is now too late," returned Delaney; "the men are wild and impatient; they have, at my desire, travelled more than sixty miles, almost without sustenance, to wreak this vengeance for me, and to teach the proud oppressor that the strong arm can reach him from afar."

"But they will act in obedience to your will, Captain Delaney," argued her ladyship persuasively; "you have only to speak the word—"

"And lose their confidence for ever after!" interrupted Dermot, in a tone of remonstrance; "they are now my safeguard—my protection; but what would they be, should they find their chief, like a whipped school-boy, abandoning his enterprise because a woman weeps? No, my lady, it cannot be done, and we must on!"

"Go then, sir; hasten to the consummation of your hellish rage," said Lady O'Toole, with startling energy; "satisfy the wolfish cravings of your desperate band; and when your infernal purpose is accomplished, return to your home, with the gratification of knowing that the woman you once loved—"

"Once loved!" shrieked Delaney, as he struck his clenched hand with violence on his forehead—"once loved, did you say? It's herè her image is!" and he smote heavily with his open palm upon his breast; "here—stamped, and for ever—ay, burnt into my heart's very core! May hell's hottest ashes be heaped on him who blasted all my hopes of happiness! Once loved!—my soul can never know another!"

"And yet, you would perpetrate an act of—of vill—; that is, I mean revenge upon a woman whom you love!" urged her ladyship; "you would involve a household in destruction, and the principal sufferers must be Mrs. O'Connor and her child!"

"Mille dioul!" exclaimed the chief fiercely, as if stung with sudden phrensy, "why do you spake that hated name to me—to me, who loved her as Kathleen Macgennis?—Her child, too?"—and his wild laugh rung horribly through the cavern—"March, boys!—on!" and he essayed to depart.

At this moment Mrs. O'Connor dropped on her knees before him, and caught his arm.—"No, Dermot!" said she, "you must not, shall not, do this thing! Would you have

my curse for ever ringing in your ears—the curse of her you loved? I became a wife to save my parents from ruin; and, now I am a mother, would you make me desperate? You do not love me; it is false; you have never loved me!”

Delaney looked down upon the beautiful woman who was pleading at his feet, and better feelings stole over him as he gazed. “A wife!—a mother!” repeated he; “but who is there now to cheer *my* desolated home? No wife will ever greet me there—no child will bear my outlawed name to posterity.”

“Have better hopes, my friend,” said Lady O’Toole with soothing kindness; “you are yet young; the human mind is not so fixed as that despair should hold her seat for ever. Withdraw your armed force; return to your allegiance to your sovereign; become a useful and honourable member of society—”

“A wife—a mother, Kathleen, and you not mine!” said Dermot, in a voice of melancholy musing, though sweetly harmonious; and her ladyship became aware that her excellent advice had been unheard and unheeded, as the mind of the individual addressed was absorbed in other contemplations. “Kathleen!”—and his voice shook with emotion as he passed his hand over her pale cheek—“you said a wife—a mother!”

“Boderation! are we to march?” shouted Hagan. “How do you know but this is all a fetch, to save time and bring the peelers upon us?”

“Pace, you ne’er-do-well!” exclaimed Bridget; “if treachery had been meant, I need not have been here.”

The chief, however, heard them not; his heart was bowed down by powerful and oppressive emotion; big, scalding tears came dropping from his eyes, and fell upon the face of her who knelt humbly before him; his limbs trembled—his pulse throbbed—and a few more persuasive words from the lips of Mrs. O’Connor, his purpose would have changed. But at this moment, a loud shout resounded in the van of his party; the report of musketry, and the whistling of bullets, as they pierced the bushes and rung against the rocks, was heard. Delaney sprang forward as if bitten by an adder; all his energies revived in an instant as he stood proudly erect. “We are betrayed!” exclaimed he to Hagan. “Bring the men in amongst the rocks,” he then shouted in the native tongue, and dashed onwards to the front.

Then arose yells, and shrieks, and groans, mingling in wild confusion with the shouts of combatants and rattling volleys of musketry; whilst the darkness was lightened up by bright flashes from the guns. The females shrank back within the cavern in terror and affright; nor were they sen-

sible, till he spoke, that a new comer had joined companionship in the person of Sir Phelim O'Toole. A cry of delight escaped from her ladyship as she clung to her husband; but the feeling of pleasure was instantly subdued when she called to mind the great peril he was in.

"How has all this happened?" inquired the agitated lady; "we should have prevailed on the rebel chief to go back but for this outbreak; what is it, Sir Phelim, and what has caused it?"

"The rashness of O'Connor," replied Sir Phelim. "It was as we suspected: he had been enticed away, but soon became aware of the trick. It excited his suspicion, and he procured a body of police and soldiery to return with him to the hall. On their way the fire from the burning of several haggards attracted their attention, and Terence, thinking he was bound, in his magisterial capacity, to render assistance, was hastening towards the conflagration. I fell in with him a short distance hence, and gave him an intimation that he had better march to the defence of the hall. He resolutely refused, and I then felt bound to tell him the peril to which he and all of us would be exposed if he persisted. Nothing, however, could stop him; he would advance; it was a point of duty with him. The parties met, and are now engaged in deadly strife."

"Oh! Dermot, Dermot! you will be avenged this night; and I—what will become of me?" groaned Mrs. O'Connor. "But my husband is in danger," continued she with more firmness, "and it's by his side I ought to be. My friends are brought into trouble through my unhappy fate; but here, my lady, you will be safe, and I must seek O'Connor."

"My dear creature," said the kind-hearted baronet, "any attempt to reach him would be worse than madness; the bullets are flying in all directions; a chance blow might cut you down; even the sight of you would but inflame the villains more, and urge them to greater desperation."

"Rest quiet, madam," said Bridget, who addressed her young mistress with deferential respect in the presence of a man of rank and title. "Shure, and Sir Phelim knows best what's properest to be done."

"But they will meet! Bridget; oh, Sir Phelim, they will come face to face, and murder will be done!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Connor. "If I was there I might prevent it."

The baronet was ignorant as to what the allusion was pointed at. He knew but little of Mrs. O'Connor's early history, but when Lady O'Toole explained the circumstance of the rebel chief having been formerly a lover of Kathleen, from whom she had been separated by her parents because the O'Connor match was one of greater advantage to them—

selves, as well as to their child, as far as station in society and wealth were concerned, Sir Phelim keenly felt the very awkward situation in which they were placed, and he determined not to quit the females, but to become their protector against all foes.

"Indeed—indeed I cannot remain, my lady!" mournfully uttered Mrs. O'Connor, as she attempted to depart, but was stopped by Sir Phelim and the nurse. "Oh, this is cruel kindness," added she, "and Dermot will have no compunctious visitings of pity."

"Dermot may himself be worsted," said the baronet, as he drew her back within the cavern. "But, hark, the fight is rolling backward on us; even here you are not safe. Quick! quick! in to the priest's room; no shot can reach you there. I will guard the entrance. In quick, I say!" and he almost rudely pushed them into the inner apartment, where they were involved in the very blackness of darkness; the two ladies firmly clinging to each other, and Bridget on her knees, uttering "och honess!"

The ground on which the parties met was broken and uneven, so that those who were on horseback were compelled to dismount, and as the passes were narrow and tortuous, the firing was kept up in a sort of tirade, personal contact seldom occurring; yet it was not less bloody, and the wild howl that frequently arose added horror to the battle.

Backward indeed rolled the contest, for the rebels, by command of Dermot, were retreating amidst the rocky fastnesses, and, whilst sheltering themselves amongst the barriers, they dealt destruction to their assailants; in fact, it was just the sort of warfare that suited the insurgents, giving them a decided superiority over the troops, who were more accustomed to the open plains. Almost every interstice amongst the confused and irregular mass of rocks was occupied by one or more of the rebel band, whose death-dealing instruments laid many a stout heart low, never to beat with the cares or enjoyments, the pains or the pleasures of life again.

But still the soldiers persevered, and treading over the bodies of their slain comrades, they boldly continued the attack, stretching many a stout fellow on the ground, never to rise again. No quarter was given; the conflict was one of desperation; and Mr. O'Connor on his side, and Dermot, with his second, Mike Hagan, were constantly seen moving rapidly in every direction, to encourage and support their several partisans.

It was in the open area or space in front of the cavern that the two leaders met, and there was a sufficient glim-

mering of light to render mutual recognition immediate. If, however, any doubt had arisen through the density of the evening gloom as it fell upon the landscape, that doubt was soon removed by a sudden blaze that ascended high amongst the trees from the exploded cartridges having ignited the dry grass and stunted shrubs, that had been profusely heaped together in certain places by the eddy winds as they whirled amongst the rocks. The whole place was illumined, and the red glare falling on the combatants, gave them the appearance of demons insatiate for slaughter.

"O'Connor, you villain!" shouted Delaney, as he threw himself in front of his rival, "there is no one to plead for you now," and he aimed a blow with his up-raised sabre, which would have instantly deprived the magistrate of his life, but for the timely succour of a stout gigantic figure, who rushed between them, and brought his bludgeon with accurate precision to the guard. But the sword of Dermot severed it in two, as if it had been a mere twig, though without harming the man, who with a bound and a spring had retreated out of the way.

"Take back your villain, and with it the name of rebel, you rapparee!" exclaimed O'Connor, as he levelled his pistol at the other's heart,—the trigger clashed,—there was a bright flash, a report, the whistling of a ball, but when the smoke partially cleared, Delaney stood uninjured, Mike Hagan having very opportunely knocked up the muzzle exactly at the right instant of time, to prevent its doing execution.

"Hurroo!" bellowed Mike as he sprang towards the man who had saved O'Connor; "Is it yerself, Larry Laffan, you thafe of the world!" and Larry's skull rattled again beneath the stroke of Mike's stick. The blow, however, seemed to produce but little effect beyond a short stagger, and Laffan having supplied himself with a *twig* to suit him, resolutely returned to the affray.

"An' it's hurroo again, Mike Hagan!" roared Larry, as he placed himself in hostile array against his antagonist. "Shure an' I know your thafe's face, in spite of the divel's colour you've shaded over it! Faix, an' ye'll be black enough there when you get the rope round your neck."

Then did these two giants address themselves to the encounter, and never were gladiators better matched. Both had cutlasses, but they preferred the genuine shilaleagh as the most national and natural to them. The very ground shook under them as they bounded and sprang upon each other, and the air rang again with their wild shouts, and the rattling of the sticks.

In the mean while the two principals had become engaged

with the sword, and as both were perfect masters of the weapon, an obstinate combat ensued. The fire continued to blaze with greater fierceness, so as to throw a stronger light upon the spectacle. The noise of the musketry ceased, except a random-shot now and then in the distance. The insurgents had gathered round the arena to witness the double fight, whilst the wily sergeant of the soldiers cautiously and silently withdrew his men from the imminent peril into which the ardent zeal of O'Connor had brought them, though by so doing he left the haughty magistrate to shift for himself.

Delaney and O'Connor, Larry and Mike, placed in juxtaposition, carried on the war; but Hagan kept diminishing the distance between the separate parties, and at every bound he continued to approach nearer to O'Connor, who had quite enough to do to attend to his own immediate opponent. It was just at this interval that Mrs. O'Connor could no longer be confined by Sir Phelim O'Toole, and she rushed out upon the scene of strife at the very moment when Mike Hagan, his eye keenly fixed on Larry, but confident that his point was gained, made a sudden and tremendous sweep with his bludgeon, performing a complete revolution with his body, and inflicting a heavy blow on the neck of the magistrate, that sent him instantly to the earth. Dermot, in the blindness of his hate and revenge, would have followed up this advantage; he raised his sword to plunge it in the heart of the prostrate man, but the fallen body was covered by that of his wife, and Delaney's impetuosity had nearly thrust the weapon into the bosom of her whom he still most passionately loved.

A fierce shout of applause and defiance rose wildly in the air from the insurgents, who now became aware that the enemy had left them, and murmurings arose "the pass—the pass!" Larry Laffan stood patiently abiding the scoffing and occasional blows that were levelled at him; his spirit seemed to be conquered as he beheld the body of his chief, and he felt certain that he had now no one to back him. Mike Hagan addressed Delaney in Irish; it had an electric effect upon him, for, putting a whistle to his lips, he sounded its shrill notes, and all of his followers who had survived the conflict were immediately gathered round him. In a short, but apparently, by his gestures, forcible speech, he spoke to them in their own tongue, and at the conclusion Sir Phelim and the females were made prisoners, whilst two of the party raised O'Connor on their shoulders to carry him off.

"Believe me, Sir Phelim, no harm is meant you," said Delaney, with fervour; "my folly and rashness have brought these lads into trouble,—some of our comrades—rest their

sowls—must remain behind—more's the pity, but we must hasten hence. It is not far you'll go, Sir Phelim—and you, Kathleen," added he, as he approached her, "never will you have molestation from Dermot again,—never! As for him," and a scowl of contempt passed across his features, "his time's not yet come. I will have a heavier, deeper revenge than taking his life, though you have saved him, Miss Macgennis." He then, with his prisoners safely guarded, proceeded to take the lead, and shouted "March, boys!—Keep close order!"

The light from the fires faded away as the band, receding from the spot, wound their devious path in narrow passages between lofty rocks, that sometimes overhung their heads so as to exclude a sight of the heavens, where the stars were shining in all their brilliancy and glory. Mrs. O'Connor walked by the side of her husband's body, her heart almost bursting, whilst Delaney kept near her, though he forbore to disturb her grief.

"I had hoped better things of you, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "I have heard your name spoken of as a thrue pathriot for Ireland. But this is not thrue pathriotism; and what can you do should these misguided men be taken,—what can you do to save them?—You may have left wounded comrades, whose lives will become forfeited to outraged laws."

"It grieves me to hear the censure of one who is so well known as owld Ireland's friend," returned the outlaw; "but what is there left for the proscribed but to dare his foes, or quit his counthry. I've suffered, Sir Phelim,—but it is principally for these," and he waved his hand towards his followers, "that I draw the sword. As for the wounded, they have been taken care of. A thrue Irishman will never abandon a friend in distress."

"I trust you will never attempt again to destroy the peace of a harmless woman, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "As for my being now detained, although an outrage, yet I know the cause,—but should your scheme fail, what then do you propose to do?"

"No injury to you or yours, Sir Phelim," returned the outlaw. "I have enough already to atone for.—Curses be on them as forced me to it! But I must trust to your aid, Sir Phelim, to negotiate—. The fellow there," and he pointed to O'Connor, "is only stunned a bit, though Mike's argument will not be very soon driven from his head. The ladies are safe, all are safe; and you would not see more Irish blood staining its native soil? the officer commanding, be he who he may, does not know our present intents; nor, in-

deed, can I fully answer for the boys, if once they are thoroughly incensed. You know their nature, sir, and——"

"I perfectly comprehend your meaning, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet, interrupting him, "and on condition that you pledge yourself never to molest Mrs. O'Connor or her husband again, I will comply."

"Lave out the man, sir, and I instantly agree," replied Dermot. "It is he, and the likes of him, that have brought me to this desperate condition. He has been my bane—my curse,—a broken-hearted mother dragged untimely to her burial,—a desolated heart,—a solitary home,—mille dioul, and I yet live to bear it!"

"I can make no deductions in my terms," said Sir Phelim, firmly, and with decision. "Promise me you will never again personally injure Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, nor harm any thing belonging to them, and I think I may ensure your safe retreat; otherwise I am ready to brave the worst, though it may fall on those whom I esteem dearest and best."

"For myself, sir, I am regardless as to consequences," returned Delaney, in a reckless tone; "but for these," again he waved his hand, "though victory is sure, yet numbers must perish, and not a throoper would be left alive to carry back the intelligence of defeat. I will leave the conditions to yourself, Sir Phelim."

"Your promise, then?" uttered the baronet, as he suddenly stopped and grasped Delaney by the arm.

"My oath upon it!" replied the outlaw, as he made the sign of the cross with his thumb and finger, and pressed it to his lips.

"Enough!" exclaimed the baronet, as he again pursued his way, with Lady O'Toole leaning on his arm.

Apart from these and side by side, walked Mike Hagan and Larry Laffan, like twin Goliaths overtopping the heads of their neighbours. Near them, and within ear-shot, came Bridget Macarthy the nurse, full of anxious fears for her darlin Kathleen, and well knowing the peril they had yet to encounter, for she was unacquainted with the arrangement entered into between Delaney and Sir Phelim O'Toole.

"An' purty news for the owld mother it ull be, Larry Laffan," said Mike Hagan, with mingling feelings of emotion and contempt. "An' much she'll be pleased when she hears that her own boy (Larry was nearly seven feet in altitude) has lent himself to do the bidding of his country's enemies—why?—An' joyous it will make the lasseen in the valley when she's tould that the lad of her heart has become a thafe-o'-the-world of a dthriver—why?"

"An' where is the use o' starvin', Mike Hagan," replied

the other, somewhat mournfully. "I've a good set o' tath and a keen stomick, Mike, and divel a bite or a sup could I get to apase my hunger, for no one would give me work, bekase I come from a proclaimed district, shure."

"In regard o' the work it may be throe, or it may not be throe, Larry Laffan," rejoined Mike, perseveringly; "but for the bite and the sup it's a lie jist!—for the bite and the sup are never denied yer at Castle Toole!—Long life to Sir Phelim, and may the blessed saints guard her ladyship's bed. It's sowld yourself to O'Connor you have, and left the owld woman to die alone in her cottage, with sthrangers to close her eyes, and sthrangers to make her wake."

The Irish are proverbial for their filial affection, especially to their aged parents; and Larry Laffan, rough as was his nature, felt the holy distilment in his heart. The picture of his early home, and the girl he had plighted troth with, rose before his imagination. "An' will you spake pace to her, Mike?" said he.

"An' what would his words be at a second-hand, Larry Laffan, seeing as it's not the voice of her son she harde?" uttered Bridget, persuasively. "Go back to her, Larry, and comfort her owld heart in the chilling winther of its age. Lave the furaners and their laws, and rethurn to your own counthry, Larry. Why, shure, and it's a quiet conscience as ye'll get, and not false oaths and wicked shuits to murder the poor."

"Nor broken heads and bruised limbs," chimed in Mike, "barring in the way of love at a pathern or a fair—an he the second best at the shtick of any man in the province."

The report of a musket right in their front, and the whistling of a bullet close above their heads, gave intimation that farther progress would be contested. They were, in fact, about to emerge from the pass into the open plain, and as only two could go out abreast, a quick and well-directed fire was calculated to produce great destruction amongst the insurgents. The sergeant, when he withdrew his men from amidst the rocks, had sent a part of them to defend O'Connor Hall, should the rebels proceed thither; whilst with the rest he made a rapid *detour* to the entrance of the pass, naturally concluding that if they retreated in that direction they would be almost entirely at his disposal. Delaney, however, commanded a halt, and with that quickness of thought which characterized him, he directed all his men who had fire-arms to climb the rocks in the best way they could, but not to fire till they received his orders. In a very short space of time, although the difficulties of ascent seemed almost insurmountable, the rebels had accomplished their task; and crouching down on the summit, they com-

pletely held the soldiers under their guns, though the darkness prevented their numbers being ascertained.

"There will be no necessity for negotiation, Sir Phelim," said Dermot, proudly. "Do you and the ladies retire within the pass—the first turn, and you are safe. Those fellows must be taught how to respect us; our contract's at an end."

"Is that honourable, Mr. Delaney?" asked the baronet; "had the force opposed to you been superior to yours, would you have considered the contract void?"

"The conditions, Sir Phelim—the conditions," returned Delaney, energetically. "I cannot, in my conscience keep them as it respects the man. He may pursue me, persecute me, and am I to be passive? For her, I swear she shall ever be safe from me;—for him, I will do him no personal harm, unless in self-defence. Are you content with that?"

The baronet was speedily apprized, by the skilful manoeuvre of the outlaw, that the troops were entirely at his mercy, and, willing and desirous to prevent bloodshed, he acceded to the terms. But the difficulty was in communicating with the sergeant, as there could not be a doubt that, whoever presented themselves outside the gorge, would instantly meet their death. As a proof of this, Delaney suspended a cottamore at the end of a pole, and thrusting it out, it was instantly pierced with balls, and a shout arose from the soldiers as the fancied rebel fell.

"Mike Hagan!" shouted Delaney to Mike, who, with Larry by his side, was seated on the summit of a rock.

"An' it's here I am to the fore," answered Mike, looking down, but retaining such a position that his old companion and antagonist could take no advantage of him.

"Fire a single shot over them throopers, and then let all the men shout—d'ye mind," said Delaney.

"I do," replied Mike; and then calling to the people in their own tongue, he repeated the orders:—"Padreen Cahill, send a bullet out yonder, and don't touch any body."

"Divil a bit of a body will I touch," replied the man, as he presented his piece right in the very centre of the soldiers, and fired. Then arose a loud shout from the rocks; and the sergeant became aware, by the fall of one of his men, how much his position was exposed, whilst, at the same time, he wondered at the forbearance of the rebels. A volley, however, was fired upwards by the incensed soldiers, who were maddened at the death of their comrade; and this drew down a scattering fire from the insurgents in return.

"All hope of conciliation is at an end, Sir Phelim," said Delaney; "men like mine cannot always be kept under

conthroul. The soldiers, however, will retreat directly, and my word shall not be held the less sacred for not having had occasion to use your promised interference."

"I am satisfied, Mr. Delaney," returned the baronet; "but let me beg of you to stay the work of slaughter."

"They must be driven off, Sir Phelim," urged the outlaw; "my men shall not purshue them, unless they attempt to follow us. I bid you farewell, sir, for we must part here.—Katherine!" and he turned to Mrs. O'Connor, whilst his voice underwent a change—"Katherine! this is my last adieu in this world!" He took her passive hand, pressed it to his lips, and suddenly burst away.

As Delaney had anticipated, the sergeant found that his ground was no longer tenable; the bugle sounded the retreat; the soldiers rapidly withdrew; and the insurgents falling in, in regular order on the plain, marched off till they were lost sight of in the darkness—and with them went Larry Laffan, the driver.

CHAPTER IV.

"All memory is a trance,
In which love is the fondest of the dreams—
Or, let us change the image—in the shrine
Of the veiled soul there is a lyre whose themes
Are vowed to love—the feelings are its strings.

E. L. BULWER.

MR. O'CONNOR (who had been placed sitting on the ground with his back against a rock, and his head supported by his wife) gave manifestations of returning consciousness. Had the blow been much heavier it must have dislocated his neck, and probably would have done so as it was, but for the thick well-padded collar of his coat. At all events it produced insensibility as far as outward objects were concerned, and the sickening sensation and dizziness it caused, as perception was restored, rendered him unable to move, or to articulate for some considerable time.

Happily the soldiers who had repaired to O'Connor Hall made such representations that some of the domestics hastened to the holy well, and meeting with the sergeant and his retreating party, as well also being joined by a re-enforce-

ment, who had been drawn towards the place by the firing and the blaze which illumined the sky, they repaired to the cavern, and finding it empty they traversed the defile, and eventually came upon Sir Phelim and the ladies. A rude litter of tree boughs and stakes was quickly put together, and whilst a few remained to guard Mr. O'Connor to his home, the rest set out in pursuit of the rebels.

Many weeks rolled over the head of the magistrate, during which he was unable to quit his chamber; but his rigour was increased rather than relaxed, and his deputies were more active than ever, though in their personal encounters they sadly missed their champion Larry Laffan. Towards his wife his manners had assumed a harshness she had never experienced from him before; in fact he felt sore, though he was too proud to own it, that she should have met his rival at the holy well; he fancied that her solicitations for his safety had humbled him before Delaney, and wounded pride rendered him churlish and despotic. With the family at Castle Toole he would hold no communication or correspondence, and Sir Phelim, after two or three attempts at neighbourly conciliation, found it necessary out of respect to himself to desist.

The effects of the rencontre with the rebels was not long in producing its full and pernicious influences on Mrs. O'Connor;—premature labour came on, and after a dangerous period she brought into the world a second son,—she lived but to look upon her child,—a cold shudder passed over her frame, and her spirit winged its flight to the pure realms of immortality and peace.

Although Mr. O'Connor had somewhat changed in his usual kindness to his wife, he had nevertheless loved her most passionately, and when her decease was announced, it deprived him for a time of reason. He had never contemplated such a thing as her death, and its suddenness came like the lightning's searing flash to his heart and brain. For months he was in a state of moody melancholy, and when this was conquered by the skilful management and attention of the physician, he continued inconsolable for the loss he had sustained; no visitors were ever invited to the hall,—no convivial parties ever beheld him at the festive board,—he shunned society, though he still continued his active duties as a magistrate, and at the commencement of a new reign he was elevated to the dignity and title of a baronet, as a reward for his unwearied exertions—some asserted persecutions—against suspicious characters, that is, the poor wretches who, by the conversion of land from a state of pasturage to that of tillage, were deprived not only of their work, but even of their habitations. The commons were

enclosed contrary to solemn engagements, and thus another source of subsistence was cut off from them, and being, according to the historian, "provoked to resentment, and joined by numbers whom idleness had driven into vice and disorder, these unhappy people assembled together at night, and began to take the redress of grievances into their own hands. Beginning with the demolishing of the fences of the common lands, they thence obtained the name of Levellers, but were afterwards distinguished by that of Whiteboys, from the practice of wearing white shirts over their common apparel."

The royal troops were very active against the Whiteboys, and the lord lieutenant had issued positive commands that no officer should be absent from his regiment, as was then too much the practice, for commissions in the army were at that time looked upon as a sort of aristocratical sinecures. The outrage in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, together with some subsequent violence, was the cause of a numerous body of horse and foot being posted in the district, and as Castle Toole was never closed to the rites of hospitality, numbers of the aspirants to military honours were frequent in their visits; nor was the beauty of Miss Alicia less cause of attraction than the hearty welcomes of her indulgent parents.

Alicia had now turned her eighteenth year,—lovely as nature could well make her,—warm-hearted to the extreme of generosity, for it was friendship and affection that kept the flame alive,—attached to her country, and sensible of the wrongs of her rash fellow subjects, she became the idol of the lower orders, though the young sprigs of nobility who had been accustomed to butterfly it round the vice regal chair were shocked at her democratic notions, and at the humanity she practised towards her suffering neighbours, whose cause she made her own.

Amongst the young officers were the Honourable Augustus Frederick Gordon, a lieutenant of dragoons, and second son to the Earl of Gordon, Viscount Gordon, and Baron Farley, a peer of the realm by his second title, and one of the Privy Council, a stanch Whig in politics, inclining more to liberality than the usual run of the caste. Possessed of high aristocratical notions, he hoped and desired that his sons might form matrimonial alliances calculated to extend their influence, and to secure their own prosperity in future. But the sons were mortal; Lord Farley, the eldest, had married a rich citizen's daughter, and was looked upon as lost to the fashionable world, which considered him wrecked to all intents and purposes, though the rock on which he had struck was a golden one.

The noble earl, foiled in his hopes by his eldest son, turned with more eager expectation to his second, who was entirely dependent on his father for the maintenance of his present rank and the prospects of his future advancement, which the more fortunate elder brother was not. He was an extremely good-looking young man, though the cynics pronounced him more showy than handsome; his manners were prepossessing and engaging; his accomplishments and quickness of intellect far beyond the usual attainments of the scions of nobility; his temper was doubtful, but there was an easy carelessness of disposition that often rendered him the dupe of designing knaves, who tempted, and led him into error; he was generous and humane, and could enter into all the enjoyments of life, whether they were to be found beneath the gilded dome of a regal mansion, or partaken of under the straw thatch of a peasant's cottage; he was kind and charitable to the poor—the advocate of the oppressed; in short, he was the very individual to make an impression on a young female of Alicia's temperament, and she was the personification of the *belle* ideal he had formed of the being whom his very soul could love.

So much for his good qualities—now for his bad; he was an inveterate gambler, subject to sudden fits of moroseness or passion, which, though they did not last long, were terrible whilst upon him, and made him dreaded by all who witnessed them, or experienced their effects. As a social companion, he at once assumed the manners and habits of those with whom chance or circumstances had located him for the time being; and whether it was the solemn divan of antiquated, but coroneted spinsters, dealing out scandal with the cards, or jolly good toppers in a tap-room, who destroyed their bodies by swallowing spirits—whether in the senate (for he was an M. P. for one of his father's rotten boroughs) or in the cockpit, shaking hands with noble peers, or “tipping his mawley” to some ignoble boxer—he was never at a loss.

These latter imperfections were, however, unknown to Miss Alicia; she had seen only the bright side of the picture, and not the reverse; he had more than once been her gratified companion in relieving poor families in distress; they seemed to be actuated by one motive, one principle, one heart, for, before he was aware of it, he passionately loved the little beauty, and, heedless as to consequences, he became every thing she could desire. But Alicia's was not a mind to be trifled with; she had a keen penetration of her own, as well as a watchful mother, whose eye and ear were constantly on the alert lest harm should befall the darling of her heart.

Tedious courtships are generally unknown in Ireland. Sir Phelim's consent to their union was obtained, provided that the noble earl would proffer no objections, and make a suitable provision for the young lieutenant. With respect to the first, the haughty peer neither assented nor dissented; he left the Honourable Augustus Frederick entirely at his own disposal; but in reference to the second, he decidedly declared his intention of withdrawing all future support in the event of his marrying out of the peerage.

Sir Phelim was nettled; the lieutenant, in making himself all things to every body, had crept into the baronet's good graces, so as to render himself somewhat essential to his enjoyments; he was a keen sportsman; never flinched from the bottle, yet was always fit to appear afterwards in the society of the ladies; he told a clever story, could sing an excellent song, showed himself a good judge of horses and dogs, and yet conducted himself with so much deferential respect, that his remarks seemed to emanate more from Sir Phelim himself than from the gay dragon.

With Lady O'Toole he was equally a favourite, for he was well acquainted with all the pleasant modes of gaining a lady's esteem; in fact, what would have taken others years of anxious toil and study to acquire, was in him perfect nature—a sort of Crichton for good or evil. But Alicia idolized him; her heart was never formed for cool, calculating speculation as to wealth or rank; she saw only the man as he appeared in all his shining and remarkable qualities before her; she loved him with all the intensity of a young and artless Irishwoman, and she would have perished had he betrayed and left her,

What was to be done? The Honourable Augustus Frederick, with the most perfect candour, revealed his situation to the baronet, who was piqued by the slight the peer had put upon the descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland. The noble earl had talked of his aristocratic station, but the baronet dashed his blood for placing it in competition with the royal current that flowed in the veins of the O'Tooles.

"And what's to be done in this affair, Mr. Gordon?" inquired Sir Phelim, as the two gentlemen sat over the bottle, after the departure of the ladies from the dinner table. "I would speak with all due respect of the noble earl, your father—fill your glass, Augustus, and pass the wine back—yes, with every respect, but my little darleen shall go begging to no peer of the realm—no, nor even to his sacred majesty either, God bless him, though he's a young and gracious king as well might wish to have such a beautiful bride for his queen, and she with royal blood in her veins."

"I fully comprehend the difficulty of my situation, sir," responded the Honourable Augustus Frederick, as he filled his glass; "but I assure you, sir, that every thing which honour and affection can dictate, it shall be my earnest study to perform."

"No one doubts you, Mr. Gordon; at least, no one in Castle Toole," rejoined the baronet, as he held up his glass between his eye and the wax-light. "But, sir—drink your wine, Augustus, and fill again, for we mustn't be long absent from the ladies, and the decanter is only half empty—I was saying, sir," he paused for a minute, and then continued: "D— it, I don't know what I was saying or going to say. It's a work of delicacy, young gentleman, and during dinner, whilst I was dismembering the goose, a thought crossed me—not the merry-thought, you wag, for I see your grin;—no, no, but an idea came over my mind that you should go to London and see your father—" and the baronet paused.

"Any thing you may be pleased to direct, Sir Phelim, shall meet with prompt obedience," said the young officer; "my future happiness is in your hands."

"Yes—yes, you shall see your noble father," said Sir Phelim; "and if a personal interview has no effect—if he is still inexorable—" the baronet stopped and mused.

"I throw myself upon your mercy, sir," uttered the dragon, to whom suspense seemed agony. "Your decision must make me either happy or miserable through the residue of my days."

"And is it make you miserable I would?" said the kind-hearted baronet. "Not I, my boy. But it is a delicate affair. My daughter shall be forced into no man's family. Thank God! her blood is more than noble; and as she is to be my heiress, why her fortune, let alone her beauty and accomplishments, need not be put up to auction. Still it is her happiness I have most at heart—don't sip your wine, Augustus, but empty your glass, and fill again: I am waiting for the bottle—I was saying it is her happiness I have most at heart; and if the earl refuses, I'll get you removed to some other station."

"Indeed! what is it you can mean, Sir Phelim?" exclaimed the young man, in evident alarm. "Would you fix my earthly doom in wretchedness?—would you force me away?"

"For a few months, Augustus—only for a few months, to test the interval," replied the kind-hearted baronet. "Both of you are young—too young for an immediate union. And who knows what may happen in the mean time?"

"True, sir, very true," responded the officer, looking rue-

ful enough; "no one can tell. My regiment may be ordered abroad; Miss Alicia, perhaps—yet no, I will not wrong her nature by one ungenerous thought—I will be obedient to command, Sir Phelim. Dispose of me as you please."

"Well, be a good lad during your probation—the wine stands with you—and we shall see what the end of it will be."

"I trust I shall not be altogether excluded from your hospitable mansion, Sir Phelim," said the lieutenant, deprecatingly. "I hope I may sometimes—"

"The gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you," returned the baronet. "But come, fill a bumper; we're rather below the mark. Let us drink 'the ladies.'" The command was complied with enthusiastically by the young officer, after which Sir Phelim continued: "I was saying the gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you as long as you continue to retain my friendship, but you must not come too often. Attend strictly to your military duties. I am somewhat known to Lord Halifax, and — but times will change. Your father's commands must be obeyed; it is your duty to obey them, nor will I sanction any thing like disobedience. There, don't look so melancholy; we'll take the field early in the morning, and renew the conversation as we ride home. By the bye, 'his lordship' is getting quite stubborn."

"Do you mean the earl or the horse, sir?" inquired Augustus, with a look of arch demureness.

"I mean the horse, to be sure—the horse, you wag!" returned Sir Phelim, laughing as he refilled his glass. "You shall ride him for me to-morrow. Now, fill your glass—come, no flinching." The young man obeyed. "And now the decanter is empty, we'll adjourn to the ladies."

That evening was passed in more anxiety and sadness than Alicia had ever experienced before. She was sincerely, devotedly attached to the young officer; and though her pride was sensibly hurt at the earl's uncourteous conduct, yet no blame whatever could be imputed to the Honourable Augustus Frederick. Still she was rather nettled that the lieutenant should have so readily acquiesced in the proposal of her father for his departure from the neighbourhood of the castle.

The hounds met the following morning. The muster was numerous and respectable; a fox was soon found, and away they went in full cry to enjoy that exhilarating exercise which is the delight of the hunter. The Honourable Augustus Frederick, according to agreement the evening before, was mounted on "his lordship," a self-willed beast,

that required good management, but in other respects a capital horse for strength and spirit. Now, whether the lieutenant's thoughts were otherwise occupied, or from whatever cause it sprung, certain it is that he attended but little to the sport, and still less to his animal, who, with the natural instinct peculiar to the hunter, was speedily made sensible of the fact, and at the earliest opportunity took advantage of it by pitching his rider over his head into a broad deep dyke that the dragoon wished him to cross without the aid of a bridge. Had he merely fallen into the water, the cold-bath might have had a beneficial effect upon his spirits, so as to revive him from his lethargy; but unfortunately there was a part of a gate sticking in the clay bottom, and upon this the young lieutenant descended, dislocating his shoulder, and fracturing two of his ribs.

Sir Phelim's sport for the day was ended—the matter was too serious to be left to the direction of others. A carriage was promptly procured, and the Honourable Augustus Frederick was conveyed back to the castle in a dangerous state, to the great alarm of Lady O'Toole, and the severe grief of Miss Alicia. Surgeons had been immediately sent for, and of course they were instant in their attendance, for noble ribs require greater promptitude than those of plebeians. The bones were well set; quiet and care insisted upon, with a due portion of medicine regularly administered.

A communication was forwarded to the earl, acquainting him with the occurrence, and the Irish blood of the ancient kings of Ireland was again inflamed by an assertion of the aristocratic father, that his son had done it on purpose, and commanding the lieutenant to quit Ireland as soon as he was in a fit condition to be removed; leave of absence having been obtained for that express purpose. As a matter of course, this order did not in any way tend to accelerate the gentleman's recovery. He was, however, at length pronounced out of danger—the rites of frank-hearted hospitality were freely and fully exercised. Alicia frequently visited the invalid with her mother, who had personally nursed him with great care and kindness, and the lieutenant went the length of declaring that "his lordship" was the best friend he ever had.

The time arrived when the Honourable Augustus Frederick was able to quit his apartment, and on one of those resplendent evenings when nature holds supreme dominion over the human heart, the lovers enjoyed a delicious interchange of vows, binding them to mutual affection and fidelity. The next day they parted, and the lieutenant proceeded to Dublin, from whence he crossed the water, and travelled by easy stages to London. Here he was graciously

received by the earl, who looked upon his obedience as an evidence that all farther correspondence with the O'Tooles was at an end; but when, in the course of an inquisitorial conversation, he ascertained how the facts clearly stood, his vexation, acting upon an extremely irritable temperament, threw him into an uncontrollable fit of rage; his passion burst forth like a torrent, sweeping even reason before it; he raved like a maniac, or rather like a demoniac, and in the midst of the direst denunciations, a gush of blood issued from his mouth and nostrils: he had burst an artery, and in a few hours was a corpse.

So melancholy a catastrophe operated very powerfully on the mind of the son, and brought on severe indisposition; in fact, he was reduced to the very brink of the grave, and but for the skill and unremitting assiduity of the physician, he must have sunk under his affliction. His brother, now raised to the earldom, treated him with real fraternal affection; nor was the countess wanting in those acts of kindness that evidence a feeling and benevolent heart. But there was another thing that tended materially towards his recovery, namely, the prospect of being united to Miss O'Toole; for the will of his father had made no distinction between the two brothers as to personal property, and Augustus found himself amply provided for. In fact, as soon as the proper period for mourning had expired, Castle Toole displayed a brilliancy such as had never been seen within its walls before, to celebrate the marriage of the "young mistress, having the real blood of the old kings of Ireland in her veins, with a born gentleman of the nobility of England—Hurroo!"

Glorious was the day, and Alicia, beautiful as the morning-star, when the first silvery light of early dawn surrounds it—warm, yet chaste—smiled with delight on the bridegroom of her heart. There, too, were Sir Phelim and his valued lady; the baronet's countenance fraught with honest pride and jocund glee—his wife,

"With a smile on her cheek, but a tear in her eye,"

looked with a mother's fondness on a daughter with whom she was soon to part, having intrusted her future happiness to the care and custody of another. Yet other thoughts were still actively busy: "Who would tend her with the same unwearying devotion that her maternal parent had? Who would look upon her little failings and imperfections with the same partial eye as she who nursed her in her infancy?" Hopes and fears, prayers and blessings, came

spontaneously mingling on the lips, and all the mother kindled in her bosom.

Glorious, indeed, was the day ! There were all the gentry from miles around the country ; there were the peasantry and tenantry of the neighbourhood ; and even the still-workers from the mountains assembled to do honour to the occasion. Outlaws, that had ensconced themselves for many a long and dreary month in solitary concealment, ventured forth, as if fearless of molestation during the general rejoicing ; and, in fact, there seemed to be a total cessation of hostilities in the district, the flag of truce being entwined with the banner of Hymen. All loved the O'Tooles, and all joyously united in testifying their regard on this happy event.

All ?—oh no ! not all—for there was one who sat cheerless and sad in his home of sorrow ; no beam of light breaking in upon the darkness of his heart ; no cheering ray of hope illuminating the desolation of his mind. The sun shone forth with brilliant splendour ; but the room of the moody man was darkened by the thick heavy curtains that were drawn across the windows, creating a dubious twilight in the midst of brightness, and rendering the antique furniture of the apartment fantastically mournful in the unnatural gloom. The heavens were calm and clear ; not a whisper—not a breath was heard ; no wind swept the foliage even to awaken the slumbering leaves from their dreamy rest ; the silence was profound.

The individual was young in years—but the ravages of austerity and grief were visible in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. He sat with his elbow on the table, and his forehead reclining on his open palm, as he bent his sight upon a fine old hound that crouched at his feet, and seemed to partake of his master's thoughtful melancholy ; for he looked up in his face, as if musing on events that had made such sad changes on a countenance whose expression instinct had taught him to read with accurate precision.

Numerous weapons, principally fire-arms, were handily arranged, so as to be ready for instant use ; and they marked the characteristic of suspicion in the owner's breast. At a short distance in his front, seated on a low stool, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her clenched hands firmly fixed beneath her chin to support her head, was an elderly female, whose gray hairs descended below her close cap with flowing lappets on each side, and who wore a sort of dark serge cloak or mantle over her shoulders ; whilst her looks were alternately bent upon the man, and upon his faithful animal. It was the nurse Bridget—and he whom she fronted was lord of O'Connor Hall !

Since the death of his wife, Sir Terence had lived in a state of seclusion; he expressed but small attachment for his children, who were consigned to the care of menials. Bridget had quitted the Hall to return to her native home; but she had now been summoned by the baronet, in consequence of his eldest boy having disappeared in a manner so mysterious that no clue whatever could be obtained as to the means of his removal, or whether he was living or dead. In fact, nothing whatever was known, except that he was gone; and as every probable place had been examined without avail, the mind of the unhappy man was left to its own torturing conjectures.

Bridget declared her inability to afford him information, although she professed to have been diligent in her inquiries and investigation; she had just finished her report, and was still in the presence of the baronet as above described, watching the effects that her narrative was calculated to produce.

But this is a day of rejoicing; and, therefore, we must quit the sombre shades of O'Connor Hall for the mirth and pleasure of Castle Toole. And right joyfully did the pealing sounds of revelry fill the air! Millions of welcomes were showered upon all comers; unbounded hospitality prevailed; the feast was spread with lavish profusion for both rich and poor; the sweet strains of music were responded to by the dancers;—in short, it was a jubilee of unlimited delight, and the remembrance was cherished for many years by all who shared in the happy festivities.

In a few weeks Alicia and her husband departed for England, and in London were warmly welcomed by the earl and countess. The beauty of the bride was the prevailing topic of the St. James's world; but it was decided upon by the leaders of the *ton*, that her native simplicity of mind and manners would not do for more than one season. As the lovely wild Irish girl, she was considered as no contemptible novelty, to attract an assembly; and, as a matter of consequence, invitations poured in from all quarters, the principal portion of which her husband had the good sense to decline—reserving, however, a few whose friendship, though questionable, it was nevertheless necessary to cultivate; and thus the novelty-hunters found themselves foiled.

But another and more important change took place soon afterwards in the circumstances of Alicia; for even before the season was brought to a conclusion, the young earl was seized with sudden illness in the House of Peers, and brought home more dead than alive. His disorder baffled the skill of the physicians, and was so rapid in its devastation, that

simultaneously mingling on the lips, and all the gentlemen in her house.

Glasgow, indeed, was the day! There were all the gentlemen from miles around the country; there were the peasantry and country of the neighbourhood; and even the still-unknown from the mountains assembled to do honour to the occasion. O'Connell, that had ensconced themselves for many a long and dreary month in solitary concealment, ventured forth, as if fearless of molestation during the celebration of hostilities in the district, the flag of truce being extended with the banner of Hymen. All loved the O'Tooles, and all joyously united in testifying their regard on this happy event.

All—oh not all—for there was one who sat cheering and sad in his house of sorrow; no beam of light breaking in upon the darkness of his heart; no cheering ray of hope illumining the desolation of his mind. The sun shone forth with brilliant splendour; but the room of the moody man was darkened by the thick heavy curtains that were drawn across the windows, creating a dubious twilight in the midst of brightness, and rendering the antique furniture of the apartment fantastically morbid in the unnatural gloom. The heavens were calm and clear; not a whisper—not a breath was stirring.

The minister was young in years—but the ravages of age to which he was liable in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The heavens were calm and clear; not a whisper—not a breath was stirring.

The minister was young in years—but the ravages of age to which he was liable in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The heavens were calm and clear; not a whisper—not a breath was stirring.

at the expiration of a fortnight he breathed his last in the arms of his heart-broken lady; and in another week, his crimson velvet-covered coffin was deposited in the family vault, by the side of that of his deceased father—a sad memorial of the mutability of human greatness, and an humbling lesson on the uncertainty of existence.

Thus, in a short time, the daughter of Sir Phelim O'Toole became a countess, though the title was not immediately taken, as it was by no means certain that there might not be another claimant. The question, however, was soon afterwards set at rest, and the newly-married couple took their appointed places amongst the nobility of the land.

For several months, Alicia (now Lady Gordon) felt herself supremely blest; her husband was all that her fondest desires could wish; the widowed countess became a sister and a friend; her royal favours and smiles were bestowed upon her, for the king and queen had themselves but recently entered the wedded state, and perpetual sunshine seemed to settle on her head.

But the heart of the youthful countess was more adapted to domestic enjoyments than to the glittering circle at St. James's; and though she knew herself to be the object of universal admiration, yet she shrunk from public gaze, and sighed for that delightful privacy which is so exquisitely precious to the innocent and artless mind. The earl, too, was now much oftener from her side; and when she looked back at the happy moments which she had formerly enjoyed, when he was her devoted companion at Castle Toole, she ardently longed for a renewal of what was to her a season of indescribable bliss.

At first, business alone drew the young nobleman from his home and bride, for he had obtained a diplomatic appointment of some trust, and was diligent and attentive to its duties; but old associations were revived, the novelty of wedded life was wearing off, and other pleasures had their attractions, till he gradually yielded to their seductive influences, and the passions that had never been eradicated, progressively resumed their ascendancy over his mind and actions. Still Lady Gordon, though she deeply regretted his absence, was unconscious of their being any cause for complaint; he was kind, indulgent, and affectionate, almost to a fault. She had immense wealth at her disposal; luxuries of all kinds, and of every clime, awaited her commands; but yet she sighed for the unostentatious retirement of her native Irish home, and she longed to dispense the bounties with which Heaven had been pleased to favour her, amongst the poor peasantry, who were constantly associated with the recollections of the parental roof.

But the time approached when she gave indications of becoming a mother, and for a season the earl's attentions were unremitting. Unfortunately, however, a fall destroyed his expectations, and the disappointment seemed to work so considerable a change in his manners, that Lady Gordon could not but be fully sensible of it. Alas! that there should be any of the female sex so devoid of principle as to take pleasure in withdrawing the affections from the wedded wife, though it rarely happens that they secure those affections for themselves. Yet such there are, and to the wily blandishments of a *danseuse* at the Opera House, the noble and talented Gordon became a victim.

Was he blameless in this? Certainly not; his conduct merited the severest reprehension, if not condemnation, for there was confiding and attached beauty in the person of his lovely wife, who based her earthly happiness upon the husband whom she almost worshipped; and yet, whilst she stood in the pride of fancied security, he was undermining her peace; whilst she thought herself the envy of those who suffered neglect from their partners, she was actually the object of pity to those whose situation she commiserated.

Here, then, was ruin in full operation, to work its baneful and pernicious effects on one of the fairest and most innocent of God's creation. Happily it was long concealed from her, and it was not till the period advanced for the prospect of her again becoming a mother, that the astonishing facts burst upon her; and as the avalanche with impetuous force rolls its enormous weight upon its victims, so did the horrible conviction overwhelm her reason; and when, after many months, her intellect was restored, her heart was crushed and bowed down, never to feel the elasticity of hope again.

But the young countess knew and persevered in her duty as a wife, and ultimately the earl experienced remorse at being the cause of such intense suffering. He gave up his appointment, and retired to his beautiful seat in the country, determined, if possible, to redeem the past; for he had experienced what Solomon had previously discovered, that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit." But the character which has been given of him in the early part of this chapter, on introducing him to the reader, was daily more and more exemplified; and though, at the expiration of six years from their union, the countess gave birth to a daughter, which detached him from many of his demoralizing pursuits, yet, like a wilful suicide, though he was surrounded by every thing which Providence had bestowed as blessings, he persisted in converting them into curses; and when his child had attained her fifth year, he sank into the grave, unwept and unregretted, leaving the countess a splendid for-

tune, but, in the case of her marrying, to revert to his daughter.

Lady Gordon was still beautiful, and numerous were the offers she received; but she declined them all, though one was backed by a ducal coronet. She preferred the quiet of retirement with her child, to all the fascinations of the world and the temptations of ambition. Her parents still lived, and she visited them, gladdening their hearts, and dispensing her generous bounty to the poor; but the principal portion of her time was passed in Kent, where she was universally beloved.

Her daughter grew the very counterpart of what her mother had been at the same age; but, unhappily, manifesting at times a portion of her father's unamiable propensities. These the anxious parent endeavoured to eradicate; and, as the maiden's years increased, the fond mother had the satisfaction to perceive the good results of patience and perseverance; and she looked forward with pleasure, though not unmingled with anxiety, when her child would become the stay and prop of her declining life.

Inscrutable are the ways and decrees of Omnipotence! The Creator seeth not as his creature seeth; he giveth and he taketh away, and who shall arraign his immaculate wisdom? The beautiful girl, highly accomplished, attained her sixteenth year, the pride of her mother's heart, the delight of her mother's eyes. Young as she was, the royal sailor, Prince William Henry, then in his eighteenth year, was captivated more by the sweetness of her disposition than by her loveliness, and, in the frankness of his nature, he acknowledged his regard. But death!—death was busy. Subtle disease even then was preying upon her vitals; and in less than six months she was consigned to the cold tomb of her ancestors—another evidence of the frailty of human life!

For some time Lady Gordon was inconsolable, but religion came to her aid; she kissed the rod, and bent meekly to the stroke, consoling herself, as David of old did, "Though she cannot return to me, yet I can go to her."

And now the countess was at the residence of Mrs. Jones, to comfort her under the bereaving affliction she had also sustained; but so gratified was her ladyship with the appearance and behaviour of little Ellen, that she at once proposed to adopt her as her own—it would serve to fill up the vacuum in her heart: and the sergeant's wife was invited to accompany her.

The offer was promptly communicated to the monarch; her majesty eagerly advised its acceptance; every arrangement was speedily concluded; and young Ellen, assuming

the maiden name of her benefactress, so as to prevent the prying curiosity of the domestics, was conveyed as a relation to Mendelshem Park—directions having been left at Weymouth, that should any intelligence be obtained of the lads, it was to be instantly forwarded to the noble-minded and generous countess.

CHAPTER V.

How bright to the ardent lover's eye
Is the moon in the heavens above,
When summer winds wake the balmy sigh
From flow'rs that heave their breasts on high,
And woo the breeze to their wanton love;
But dearer to me is the roaring gale,
The rolling sea, and the close-reef'd sail,
In the craft with contraband.
With pleasure we watch the signal flash,
And then through the foamy breakers dash,
And quickly our cargo land.

MS.

BUT to return to the two boys, Hamilton and Ned, whom we left spanking away over the clear waters in the lovely cutter, "Blue Bob," with all her reefs out, and squaresail and square-topsail set. She kept her course considerably to the southward of west, as if desirous of avoiding the English coast, and any straggling cruizer that might be creeping along shore.

The Blue Bob was a fine craft of one hundred and twenty tons, manned with a crew of seventy men, and carrying fourteen six-pounders, though, at this time, they were not mounted. Her captain was a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, with the traces of strong passions marked upon a countenance that would otherwise have been handsome. He was nearly six feet in height, of muscular proportions, indicating great strength and power of limb. His curling hair clustered about his forehead, and above a pair of laughing eyes, that evinced a love of good-humoured pleasantry; but there was also at times a redness in their terrific glare that told a tale of lawless inclinations to horrible revenge, when fancy or reality whispered he was injured or insulted. To the rough, straight-forward manners of the

British seaman were superadded a considerable degree of French politeness, whilst his speech evidently betrayed that his birth-place had been Ireland.

The next in command was a short, thick-set man, with a thick bull-neck, ferocious features, heightened in their repulsiveness by enormous whiskers, and fierce, sanguinary eyes, that seemed as if they would take pleasure in the sight of blood; he was every inch an Irishman of the worst breed. Junior to him was Peterson, a Guernsey man, who had passed much of his time in the three countries, England, Ireland, and France, his real name being Delcroix.

"It's a mighty pity they missed the gal!" said the first mate, as he paced the deck with his commander, rejoicing in the breeze, "for it's kill two birds with one stone we could, and the Baccah safe in his shoes——"

"To laugh at us for being fools, O'Rafferty," responded the commander, interrupting him. "But, what do you mean by being safe in his shoes?"

"Troth, an' it's small occasion ye have to ax me, Captain Feaghan, seeing as yer mightily in his confidence," returned the other: "an' there's Teddy, too;—perhaps I dunna, and perhaps I do. However, the gal's not to the fore—though he need not be towld that same,—and what matter so as you get rid of two?"

"When I want your counsel, O'Rafferty, I'll ask you for it!" said the captain, proudly, and looking down upon his second with a feeling that in any other situation would have prompted him to the bestowal of a hearty kick.

"Shure, an' yer welcome to it for all that," responded the pertinacious mate, without meaning, however, to be impertinent. "And when, captain, dear, do you propose to turn 'em adrift?"

"Turn who adrift?" inquired the superior, angrily, as he stopped short in his walk, and faced—no, he could not face,—but looked down on the individual beneath him.

"Well, then, it's meself as is puzzled intirely, any how, Captain Feaghan," responded the man, taking no notice whatever of the hostile tone he had been addressed in. "You seemed to be acquaints with the whole consarn afore we started, and now sorrow the know you knows about it, for 'turn who adrift?' axes you, and it's turn the childer adrift, ses I."

"Villain!" muttered the captain between his compressed teeth. "His mind is ever gloating upon murder." He then added louder, "that larboard squarsel-earing is not close out. Go forud, Mr. O'Rafferty, and see that they bring it chock a block!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the mate, proceeding to obey,

and mumbling, as he walked forward, "hannimandhioul! and is it 'villain' you're after calling me? By the powers, Captain Feaghan, but it's me own eye that's upon you, and, long as you are, your race may be shortened, or I dunna.—Rouse out this squarsel-earing, lads!"

The commander walked the deck, apparently much agitated. The mate did not return, but remained in conversation with some of the people near the windlass; but, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the captain hailed him to come aft, issued his orders to be called instantly should any thing heave in sight, or change take place in the weather, and then went below. The children, with their little arms encircling each other's neck, were sweetly sleeping. The young seaman held the lamp above them, and gazed earnestly upon their features. "That rascal scents blood-money," murmured he; "but not a hair of either head shall be injured, as far as life goes, whilst I have power to prevent it;" he again suspended the lamp to the beam from which it swung, wrapped himself in a thick, warm overall, and throwing himself along the cushioned lockers, was sound asleep in a moment.

Nothing material occurred till near daylight, when Ushant light showed itself just dipping on the verge of the horizon, and well open on the starboard-bow. The captain was immediately informed by Peterson (who had the watch,) and after directing him to keep for the Passage du Four, between the island and the main, he turned himself round, and again sunk into slumber. But this did not continue long; day burst forth with all its gorgeous splendour; the sun arose bright and beautiful, and clear; he shook off his sloth with his covering, and in a few minutes was on deck, piloting his craft amongst those rocky islets that just show their heads above the water, like a fin-back spouting, as the waves lashed over them, and threw the feathery spray high in air.

Onward flew the beautiful vessel, cleaving the ocean as a swallow cleaves the sky, and playing with its own peculiar element. The breeze was still fresh at south-east—the cutter hugged the shore, almost shaving the rocks, which sometimes sent their froth flakes upon her decks; but there was an eye upon her course, to which the concealed bottom of the ocean was as familiar as its surface. The square-sails are taken in, the spread yard stowed, the sheets nicely trimmed, and a single reef hauled down in the mainsail, as she stands off dead upon a wind. But now the water is comparatively smooth, though the rippling waves strike against her bows, and then dash off again in myriads of crystal gems. About she comes, her sails quivering as she

flies into the wind, then gracefully bends upon the starboard tack, and rushes with impetuous haste towards the iron-bound shore. The breakers are a-head,—they are almost at her bowsprit end—a few fathoms farther and the Blue Bob would be anatomized—but, hark! “Helm a lee!” and round she comes again, leaving the danger in her wake.

Oh, it is the seaman’s delight, thus to sport with his enemy, and prove the capabilities of his lively craft; had she missed stays, her cruises would have terminated for ever; but the captain and the people smiled with pleasure at her ready obedience to command—her sails trembled for a mere instant, “the creatur could do any thing but speak,” and away she bounded, disappointing the craggy barrier of its prey. Thus plays the pintado bird round the nose of the greedy shark—just gliding above his head, and then soaring beyond the reach of his monstrous jaws.

A bold stretch they make of it this time, and in they stand again—St. Matthew’s point is weathered, and thus they continue working to windward. The children are roused out and dressed—an ample breakfast is provided—Captain Feaghan eyes them with complacency in spite of his rough manners; the mate’s look forebodes evil—it is sanguinary—but neither the one nor the other communicate their thoughts. Upon deck they go again, the boys delighted with their holiday, and playing with the large Newfoundland dog, Neptune, who seems to think by his gambols that the children were brought on board purposely for his amusement.

“There’s a rock a-head, sir, a little open on the weather bow,” shouts one of the men from forward.

“Very well,” returned the captain, aloud, and then muttered, “It’s the Cock above water, close at it, my boy,” to the man at the helm; “we mustn’t go to leeward of the Gallic cock at all events; luff you, my lad, luff.”

“Luff it is, sir,” replied the helmsman, as he inclined the tiller almost imperceptibly to the lee-side; but the cutter felt even that slight deviation of her rudder, and she boldly sprang to the wind.

“You’ll hardly weather it, sir,” said Peterson, as he elevated himself upon the windlass; “it’s dead a-head as ever it can be.”

“I *will* go to windward of it, by ——!” returned the reckless man, “or Blue Bob shall see which is hardest. Mind your helm, lad; luff to the breeze.”

A sudden puff heeled the vessel over, and her increased impetus seemed hurrying her to destruction; but the skilful helmsman again pressed the tiller to leeward, and the cutter once more sprang to it gallantly, opening the rock a

short handspike's length on the lee-bow. The puff was past, the sails were lifting, the rock was scarcely eighty fathoms distant, every eye was fixed upon it with breathless attention; yet there stood the reckless captain, apparently unconcerned. The cutter was dashing on, but the rock did not open away from her bows an inch: a few minutes would decide their fate, supposing the commander was fool-hardy enough to risk their lives, and he manifested no indication of changing his declared purpose. The men gazed alternately from the captain to the foamy breakers—for both seemed mad, when down came the puff again; instant advantage was taken of it. "Give her the helm, boy!—luff you may!" shouted the captain. The order was promptly obeyed; the beautiful craft, as if conscious of her danger, tried to avoid it. There was now no space to go to leeward; their lee-bow was actually in the white foam of the recoiling waters. Had the wind dropped, it appeared as if her fate must then have been sealed; but the breeze held on. The rock was abeam; a biscuit might have been pitched from the deck on to its summit; the vessel trembled, as if sensible of her situation; another minute, and she was again in the clear blue water; the Cock was weathered and passed, and the laughing captain resuming his walk, exclaimed: "I knew Blue Bob could do it, or else be made fire-wood of. I was never mistaken yet."

Had Feaghan no motive for this? The mysterious communings of the men, the reverential look with which they eye their commander—the demoniac curl of contempt upon the mate's lip indicate that he had; and his own fearless glance of pride which he threw around him, evinced that his purpose had been fully accomplished. He had calculated upon that which the others had not, a strong weather-tide, and the promptitude of the cutter in answering her helm. The people, fond of the marvellous, and influenced by superstition, attributed their safety to some superhuman power possessed by their daring chief.

"There's an English man-of-war brig, with her colours flying, in Bertheaume roads, sir," shouted Peterson from forward.

"Clear away the ensign-halliards at the peak, and hoist ours," was Feaghan's response.

"What flag are we to show, sir?" inquired Peterson in an under-tone, as he came aft to the taffrail, where the captain was executing his own orders.

"Dutch, Peterson—Dutch, by all manner of means," returned his smiling commander. "Show 'em the stern and steady Van Tromp; our Irish lads will easily pass for Hollanders if you keep 'em clear of the whisky."

Up went the Dutch ensign, blowing out gaily from the gaff-end. The cutter made a long reach into Bertheaume roads, and then stood out again towards those numerous black rocks which stretch out a mile or two from the Camaret land, leaving, however, a narrow passage between them and the shore. But she does not approach them; the entrance to Brest is well opened; the castle on its craggy basis is well in sight; the tide is running in like a sluice; the dangerous Mingon in mid-channel is passed; the Gullet is gained; the town, as if running down a hill, is in full view; preparations are made for bringing up; the jib and gaff-topsail are taken in; the tack of the mainsail is triced up; the foresail halliards are let go, and the rattling hanks descend the stay as the canvass falls in folds below: the helm is clapped hard down; the cutter shoots up head to wind; the buoy is streamed; the vessel has lost her way; the anchor is let go; the range of the cable smokes out of the hawse-hole as she drops astern; a proper scope is given, and Blue Bob is proudly and saucily riding in the midst of the navy of France, and in one of the finest and safest ports in Europe.

Captain Feaghan received the officer on guard with phlegmatic politeness, invited him to partake of some excellent schiedam, and kept up a rather long conversation in French (the officer not understanding *Dutch*,) and soon after his departure the commander went on shore.

"Well, my boy," said Peterson to one of the children, who stood by himself, whilst the other, full of life and glee, was racing with the noble dog along the deck; "well, my boy, and what is your name?"

"Ned Jones," replied the lad, somewhat morosely eyeing the inquirer; "and I want to go back to my mother."

"But your brother doesn't want to go back," said Peterson, "and I suppose he loves his mother as much as you do?"

"He's not my brother; and he's got no mother to go back to," responded the boy. "Hammy's happy any where, so that he's not put in a passion."

"And then, I dare say, he's a very terrible fellow," returned the other. "But, what is his name, if he's not your brother?"

"I told you his name was Hammy," rejoined Ned; "he never had any other except what the gentleman gave him."

"And, pray what was that which the gentleman gave him?" inquired Peterson.

"You're mighty inquisitive, Musther Petherson!" said the chief mate, who had overheard the conversation. "May-

be Captain Feaghan, and them as I know, wouldn't trouble themselves to thank you for it."

Peterson gave his superior a peculiar look of defiance, whilst his tongue was curbed by deferential respect for the other's rank. "I am merely speaking to them, Mr. O'Rafferty," said he; "but I can discontinue that, if it is your desire."

"By no manes in life," returned the mate, as he scowled upon the Guernseyman; "let 'em have a merry time, as their hours are numbered."

Peterson, though he heard the last remark, took no direct notice of it; but stopping Hamilton as he ran aft with the dog, he asked, "Well, Hammy, and do you like Neptune?"

"That I do," replied the laughing boy; he is so good-tempered. And, I like you; but I don't like him," pointing to the mate, "he looks so ill-natured and cross."

"An' may be there's more thruth in that than you think for, ye brat!" uttered O'Rafferty, with a ferocious look of anger at the boy. "Small blame to you for finding out that I'm not a sae sick girl, though but little's the experience you have yet had as to the fact. And," turning to Ned, "don't you take a fancy to like me, eather!"

"I should like you," returned Ned, "if you wouldn't speak so rough and angry, and if you would take me back to my mother."

"Oh, never mind, Ned," exclaimed Hamilton, throwing his arm round his companion's neck. "We shall soon go back, and then what a fine story we shall have to tell nurse and Ellen! but I should like to take Neptune with me," and his other arm was entwined round the shaggy neck of the fondling animal.

"Ay, ay, my darlin'," said the mate, "ye'll just go back when the cows come home; and that'll be niver, may be." The boys looked ruefully on hearing this declaration. "It's meself as knows how many blue beans make five atwixt the skipper, an' one who shall be nameless. Five hunder's five hunder all the world over, barring that it's more in Ireland than any where else. An' it's Mr. Morgan O'Rafferty here to the fore, as manes to have his share of it, any how; for, dead or alive, sorrow the scurragh of it can he touch without my sartificate that both on 'em are disposed of."

"You are making very strange allusions," said Peterson; "and, though they are in some measure enigmatical to me, yet they might hercafter be construed into certain admissions if repeated to any one else."

"Oh, don't mintion it—niggermatical are they?" rejoined the mate. "Well, then, it's meself as doesn't care a dudeen

o' baccy about it; the money's mine, and some of it will come to you, safe enough."

"I know nothing of what you are hinting at," said Peterson, sternly. "I have obeyed orders, as in duty bound, and I respect Captain Feaghan, who has, on all occasions, behaved extremely well to me."

"Exstramely well, no doubt on it," growled the mate; "an' the divel may swear him to his good behaviour. But it's small disthance that I'd trust him with five hunder pounds, and part of it in my own pocket—that is, ought to be as Morgan O'Rafferty's share."

"The children will remain uninjured by the captain, I'm very confident, if your allusions point at them," said Peterson, warmly; "he wouldn't hurt a hair of their heads."

"Whisht, ye know-nothing! arrah, whisht!" uttered the other, in a tone of ridicule and contempt. "Vestment oaths are not owld songs, or custom-house swearing. I say it must and shall be done!"

"What?" exclaimed Peterson, with sudden vehemence, and looking his superior full in the face. "What must and shall be done?"

"Catch a weasel asleep, ye omadhaum!" returned the mate, in anger. "How long have ye been a father-confessor? an' afore the deed's done, too!"

"Come, come, Mr. O'Rafferty, there can be no good in our quarrelling upon such a subject," said Peterson, good-humouredly desiring to put an end to the dispute. "I'm certain, notwithstanding all you have said, that it is not in your nature to hurt or do harm to such innocents."

"An' them so fond of me, too," bitterly responded the mate. "You forgot that, Petherson!" He turned to Ned, who had remained unmoved, though Hamilton had resumed his play. "An' so you don't like the looks of me, eh?"

"No, I don't," boldly answered the boy; "I like Neptune better," and he clung round the neck of the fine animal, who wagged his bushy tail, and looked the picture of delight.

"Out o' that, ye baste!" exclaimed the mate, giving the dog a brutal kick. "Go forud, sir! an' you to be prefferred before a Christian?"

The creature gave a short moaning howl of complaint, looked in the brute's face, and then, hanging down his head, and dropping his tail, he promptly obeyed. Ned's face crimsoned with passion; Peterson seemed vexed; but Hamilton, who had been making Neptune fetch and carry a boat's tiller that he had picked up about the decks, and still held it in his hand, struck the mate as sharp a blow as his strength

would admit across the shins. "You're a baste yourself," said he, "and that's for you!"

"Hannimandhioul!" shrieked the mate, with the acuteness of the pain; and catching up the youngster who had caused it, with a sudden fling he precipitated him into the sea, before Peterson, who seemed instantly aware of his intent, could seize hold of him to prevent it. A shrill, piercing cry of terror and anguish rang wildly in the air as the body descended into the yielding waters. Peterson, in the emergency of the moment, had grappled with the mate, who turned upon him with desperate fury, so that he could not disengage himself to leap to the rescue of the child; and there the mates struggled, whilst the people thronged the sides, and gazed upon the catastrophe. But, though O'Rafferty was the stoutest and the strongest man, yet Peterson had superior skill and science. He pressed firmly against his antagonist, apparently to throw him backwards. The mate sternly and powerfully resisted, when, in an instant, Peterson yielded, and sprang back, and his murderous opponent—overbalanced by his own pressure, which, instead of meeting resistance, was accelerated forward—lay stretched upon the deck.

"Jump in the boat—save the boy—for the love of Heaven, save him," shouted Peterson, as he ran to the taffrail and beheld the dog Neptune paddling up astern with the child clinging to his neck, whilst he held his head above water by retaining the lad's curly hair in his mouth. Neptune had, in fact, witnessed the whole transaction; he heard the plunge as Hamilton fell heavily into the stream, and with one bound he cleared the gangway rails, and swam to the rescue of his little playmate. The boat shoved off—both were picked up and brought on board—the boys scarcely sensible—the animal, shaking his rough coat, seemed delighted with the approbation he received, frequently ran to the side and to the stern, and looked over upon the rippling tide to see if there was farther occasion for his services.

The mate had been somewhat stunned by his fall, and, though almost immediately raised up by some of the men, he did not recover entire consciousness till Hamilton and his preserver had been brought back in safety, and then, with that startling revival of energy which pugilists at times evince when all hopes of their coming to the scratch are gone, he sprang up from his recumbent position—reeled a pace or two—gave a peculiar kind of howl that drew together, in an instant, all the wild Irish amongst the crew—caught hold of a handspike, and, with maddened rage, prepared to rush upon the man who had done him so much dishonour. Nor was Peterson wholly unsupported, for several

of the people, execrating the conduct of the mate, and expecting that his fury would prompt him to some infernal deed, had come aft and rallied round the second officer, with a determination to protect him. Amongst these was old Graves, the boatswain, a native of Folkstone, in Kent, a man of dauntless courage when it was called into action—a thorough cutter and lugger seaman (for he had never sailed in any other craft)—intrepid in the midst of danger—a very devil in the way of his profession—yet at other times as harmless and as playful as a junior school-boy.

“Muster Rapartee,” exclaimed the boatswain, “I’ll thank you to keep the peace, sir; and you—(to the Irish backers of the mate)—you conger-eaters, away forud every soul of you, and don’t come athwart the hawse of owld Tom Graves!”

“To the divel I pitch ’em,” shouted the mate, who stood a little before the starboard gangway, making ready with his barbarians for a desperate rush on the opposing party, who, with Peterson and Tom Graves at their head, had assembled on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, having an open hatchway and a sky-light intervening between them and the expected assailants. “Huroosh!” again shouted the mate, and was answered with a similar cry from his adherents, as they flourished their weapons above their heads and bounded from the deck. “Your sowls to glory, have at ’em, then,” added he, and with one spring he cleared the hatchway to cope with Peterson, but was instantly knocked back again, and tumbled down below by a blow from Captain Feaghan.

“Down—down, ye scoundrels,” exclaimed the young commander, as he laid on them without mercy; “is this the way my authority is respected? my property taken care of? Down, ye villains. Graves, Peterson, heave the rascals overboard!”

The mysterious appearance of their captain at so critical a moment, and the summary punishment he had inflicted on the mate, at once decided the affair; the men slunk quickly away below, the decks were speedily cleared, contusions and broken heads were dressed, and Peterson related to his commander the events that had occurred.

The boys had been taken below directly, Hamilton had returned on board, and, by the exertions of the steward, the latter was now quite revived, though still labouring under great alarm. Neptune received sundry friendly intimations of his master’s approval, and followed him into the cabin, where he laid himself quietly down at the feet of the terrified boys.

But Feaghan spoke kindly to them, and produced toys and

cakes from his pockets, as also a quantity he had brought in the boat. Novelty and amusement soon drove away remembrance of the past; they were encouraged to play, and, with Neptune to assist them, they were not long before they were again enjoying themselves in all the thoughtless mirth of childhood.

"A boat from the French frigate, sir," said Peterson at the cabin door, and Captain Feaghan immediately ascended to the deck, of which an officer and a party of armed men had taken possession.

"Are you in want of help, captain?" inquired the lieutenant: "we saw symptoms of mutiny, and are now ready to tender assistance."

"It was an affair of but little moment," returned the captain of the cutter; "a mere quarrel, and was quelled the instant I came on board. But," and he bowed with well-affected elegance, "a word or two from you, monsieur, might have a sensible effect upon them. Shall I order the fellows on deck?"

"You do me too much honour," said the officer, returning the salutation with compound interest. "Do they understand the French language? In that case I will speak to them."

"Most of them do, monsieur," replied Feaghan, "and those who do not, shall have it translated to them." He turned to Peterson, and commanded him to "send every soul on deck directly."

The order was promptly obeyed; the men came sneaking from below, and ranged themselves abaft, many displaying bandaged heads; and, as soon as Graves had made his report, the officer mounted the sky-light and called the marines to his side. Feaghan beckoned to Teddy, and in a whisper requested him to translate the French lieutenant's speech into pure Irish. Teddy stared for a moment, as not a word of French did he know any thing about; but a wink from his commander and a word or two from Peterson (who felt really alarmed lest the reckless humour of his captain should be seen through by the Frenchman) put him up to the thing, and he took his station. The following speech was then delivered, and progressively translated:—

"Gentlemen, citizens,—or, I beg pardon, subjects of the King of Holland," exclaimed the officer, throwing out his right foot and giving a graceful flourish with his hand.

"You tundering thaves o' the world, as loves whisky and Hollands," roared Teddy, imitating the actions of his principal.

OFFICER. — "Obedience to superiors and tranquillity

amongst yourselves are, as you must well know, essential to the well-being of every community, great or small."

TEDDY.—"May the divel fetch every mother's son of you as ever says of your chief, 'black's the white of his eye.'"

OFFICER.—"Standing here as I do, the representative of *la Grande Monarque* (here he took off an enormous cocked hat, and made a reverential bow,) and supported by his invincible navy, I should be doing nothing more than my duty were I to send you all to *prison*."

TEDDY.—"You brute bastes, as makes no more of a peaceable craft than you would of *Noah's Ark*," (here Teddy took off his hat and bowed)—"bad manners to every sowl of you as deserves to be sent double ironed to *Dublin jail*."

OFFICER.—"In consideration, however, of the intercession of your captain, I shall not at this time proceed to extremity; but should you offend again whilst in the port of Brest, you must expect no mercy to be shown you, but be executed for mutineers."

Captain Feaghan whispered to the lieutenant, who whispered to the sergeant of marines, who whispered to the corporal, and so on till it passed along the line.

TEDDY.—"It's hanging's too good for such a set of rapscallion mutineers; but if you don't promise never to do so again, and down on your marrow-bones and cry for mercy, I'll shoot every sowl of you, like dead dogs."

Feaghan waved his hand—there was a rattling of muskets amongst that terrible-looking band of moustachioed marines—they brought their firelocks to the recover—to the present, and down dropped "the boys" on their knees, jabbering for mercy. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and Peterson felt the utmost difficulty to refrain from laughing, whilst Feaghan, who inwardly enjoyed the sport, preserved the gravity of a judge. But even his countenance was sadly tried, when, just at this eventful crisis, Neptune came bounding up the companion-ladder with an immense counsellor's wig (which the children had found in one of the lockers) tied upon his head, and, placing himself in front of the kneeling men, he raised himself erect and began to beg.

"Pauvre bête," exclaimed the lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders, "c'est nature, monsieur;" and then, laughingly, added, "il est un chien de mer. Fort bien, vous avez mon pardon."

"Send them below, Teddy," whispered Feaghan, and then, waving his hand, the marines came to the recover and shouldered arms.

"The officer of the King of France forgives you," said

Teddy, "in consideration of your counsellor; so jump below, ye rapparees, and make small stowage o' yourselves."

A second bidding was not required; the decks were cleared in an instant. Peterson removed the wig from the dog's head, whilst his master complimented the lieutenant on his eloquence, and begged his acceptance of a silver snuff-box as a memorial of his esteem. The marines were treated to some good Hollands gin, and they all parted the best friends in the world.

O'Rafferty, in his fall, had dislocated his shoulder; he was conveyed to his bed, in a little state-room on the larboard side of the cabin, to the great terror of the children, who dreaded being in his neighbourhood, and were permitted to go on deck, where, with Neptune dressed up in the old wig and the playthings brought from the shore, all painful recollections were soon subdued.

"A fine day's work you've made of it, Mister O'Rafferty," said the captain, as he seated himself on the lockers abaft in the cabin. "And well licked you've got for your pains. Will you never leave the brandy alone? must you be continually burning up your liver and muddling what little brains you have with liquor? Suppose you had drowned the boy? a pretty figure-head that of yours would have looked carved off by the axe of the guillotine. You would have belonged to another sort of cutter then."

"You may make your sport of them as is down, Captain Feaghan," groaned the mate; but I want the doctor; so I'll thank you to send me ashore, sir, where I can —"

"Play me some scurvy trick or other, eh, O'Rafferty?" said the captain, interrupting him. "No, no—I shall be off in the morning, and then, if you still wish to remain, I can put you on board the frigate; they have a skilful surgeon, and you will be well taken care of there."

This was uttered in an off-hand, careless sort of way, so that an uninitiated listener might have construed the offer into a manifestation of kindness. But not so the mate; the words were scarcely uttered when he vociferated, "For the love of Christ, Captain Feaghan, don't do that—the French frigate! Then, by the seven crosses, they'd make a Dutchman of me whether or no, and she going to sail round the world to the Aste Ingees!"

"I left it to your own choice, Mr. O'Rafferty," returned the captain, quietly, but at the same time fully sensible that his hint had taken due effect, the frigate being in want of hands, and the officers not over scrupulous in the manner of obtaining them, as few good seamen would volunteer for so long a voyage—to the French settlements in the East

Indies. "I do not want to send you away, but as you wish for excellent surgical care—"

"Oh, oh!" groaned the mate, "the Lord save us from harme; I'm all obadience, Captain Feaghan, and sick and sorry I am for offending yer—why?"

"The infernal old hypocrite!" muttered the captain to himself, and then uttered audibly, "Now, O'Rafferty, you talk like a sensible man; the surgeon shall come on board to you and splice your timber—that is, if there's no necessity for docking it;" (the mate uttered a deep groan,) "and then, when the anchor's a trip in the morning, we'll have a shore boat ready to land you, should it be required, or should you feel so inclined."

"Two boats alongside with goods, sir," said Peterson, at the cabin door; "there's wet and dry, sir."

"Very well," returned the captain, "tell Graves to clear the hold and take in, and set a gang to mount and fit the guns as they're hoisted up; I shall be on deck directly. And now, Mr. O'Rafferty," continued he to the mate, as he took hold of a tumbler of grog the steward presented him with, "I shall leave you to your meditations—here's wishing you a speedy restoration to health, and a better mind to enjoy it." He swallowed the grog, and ascended to the deck.

Here all was activity and bustle; on the larboard side laid a boat filled with four-gallon casks, whose staves were beautifully white, and every cask was already slung with nicely fitted slings, leaving sufficient becket in the middle for a good stout fist. To hand these in and stow them away in the hold occupied very little time, and no sooner was one boat cleared than another supplied her place, and this continued for several hours; every cask that was handed in being connected with a long line in the same tier by means of a piece of three-inch rope, to each end of which a heavy weight and a small grapnel was attached, for the purpose of securing them in a known position, should they be compelled in a storm, or by any other untoward event, to throw them overboard. In this work Tom Graves was in his glory; his eye seemed to measure the stowage with all the accuracy of a two-foot rule; he knew the exact space required for every cask, and the precise spot in which it ought to be placed. Carefully did he examine every pair of slings, and with his own hands did he raft them together by secure seizings, every now and then swallowing a dram from a tub, the head of which had been purposely knocked in. On the starboard side, two or three boats succeeded each other, being laden with small bales, that Peterson took under his charge and stowed away abaft and forward, each bale, like

the casks, being carefully slung, and of just sufficient weight for two to be carried by one man. The cutter had plenty of hands, and, as every one was actively employed, by evening the cargo was completed; the guns were mounted, and a surgeon having seen to the injuries O'Rafferty had sustained, Feaghan determined at once to put to sea. He settled his affairs ashore whilst the mainsail was being hoisted and the cable heaved in. The merry song of the seamen rung through the harbour as they sweated up the jib purchase. The captain returned on board—the anchor was weighed, and Blue Bob, gracefully making his best bow to the “invincible navy” of “*la grande Monarque*,” rattled past Point d’Espagnol, and, hugging the weather shore till he had cleared the Fillets, up went the square-sails, the sheets were eased off, and away he went nearly dead before it for the outside of Ushant.

CHAPTER VI.

“Go along—go along, Bob.”

It was a beautiful autumnal evening—the red glare of the setting sun still lingered in the west, whilst over the land to the eastward night had already commenced its reign, though the dark craggy ridges were clearly distinguishable, standing out in bold relief from the lighter sky. The breeze was fresh—the rippling tide, now again flowing in, set strongly against the cutter, and, being adverse to the wind, a short sea, bubbling and breaking and tossing its many-pointed crests in mimic fury, dashed against her bows or washed along her bends, as, pressed beneath her canvass, she breasted the opposing current. High on her starboard hand did the roaring breakers foam over the “black rocks,” and distinctly visible was the milk-white surge that rose loftily in the air, as if lashing the uneven surface into greater rage.

The cutter's commander stood leaning against the companion, apparently looking at the tumult of those ever-restless waters; but there was an air of abstraction and a deep shade of melancholy on his handsome countenance. The watch had been called, the decks were all clear, and every rope coiled down in its proper place, ready in a moment for the least emergency. Look-outs were stationed at each

cat-head—the man at the helm watched the alterations of the compass with a seaman's eye, whilst Tom Graves, with untiring zeal, paced to-and-fro, fully sensible of the importance of his charge as officer on duty, for Peterson had turned in. The boatswain, however, took no notice of his commander, who remained undisturbed and unmoved, though the rocks were passed, St. Matthew's tower lost sight of, and Ushant light opened broad away on the starboard bow.

It was, indeed, a lovely night, warm yet clear, and overhead the stars, in all their brilliancy and splendour, spoke of other systems and of other worlds, as in harmonious order they shone with their own unborrowed lustre—a book of nature, whose glorious page was constantly unfolded to the study of the unlettered seaman. This is the period for meditation; the eye as well as the mind has ample scope to range around where sky and ocean meet in one vast circle, whose line is clearly defined by the horizon. On land, even from the summit of the loftiest mountain, there is something to break the curve and give an idea of terrestrial distance beyond it; but, upon the wide waters, to find yourself the centre of an immense circumference which is every where united, and to witness the rising, meridian altitude, and declension of the heavenly bodies in the immensity of space—oh, this—this it is that assures us, that though man is fearfully and wonderfully made, yet the mechanism of the human frame is as nothing compared with that stupendous machinery which rolls the globe in its diurnal motion, and whirls it with such amazing rapidity through its annual revolution round its primary. It is from the vessel's deck that these thoughts are cherished with a true feeling of the sublime and a conviction of the truth.

Was Captain Feaghan thus occupied?—who can read the human heart? Yet there he still remained till Ushant light, from a beam, shone vividly down on the cutter's sails, giving them an unnatural and spectral appearance. No one broke in upon his moody reveries; the steward had several times approached him, but, struck by the fixedness of his gaze, had again retreated. Tom Graves, in issuing the necessary orders, spoke in a subdued tone; the men silently contemplated the strangeness of their chief, and huddled together to give vent to their imagination in whispers; there was no whistling of the wind, for the vessel was yielding to its power; all that broke the stillness was the wash of waters as she ploughed the furrowed course, and threw aside the waves that rose to impede her way.

Midnight arrived, and Feaghan retained his position unmoved and apparently immovable; the other watch was called, but he gave no heed to it, Peterson relieved the

boatswain, and they conversed together in an under-tone at the gangway, as the veteran Graves directed attention to the captain. Ushant light drew away upon the quarter, diminishing to an insignificant size, and a clear horizon was before them. Suddenly the captain started. "Who touched me?" he exclaimed, with wildness in his manner, as he glared around him, but no one was near; he looked down, and, crouching at his feet, saw his faithful dog, who had rubbed against his master's hand. "Thou art a kind friend, Nep," said he; "thou hast aroused me from a fearful dream," and he shuddered, as if recollecting some imminent peril from which he had just recoiled. The animal rose up and fondled the man whose voice was the voice of kindness. "Good creature," continued Feaghan, patting his bushy neck, "I understand your meaning, and will attend to it;" he then inquired, in a louder voice, "Who has the watch?"

"It is I, sir—Peterson," replied the Guernseyman, as he approached and stood respectfully before his commander.

"How's this—I thought 'twas Graves who had the first watch," said Feaghan; "Ay, ay, I recollect it now—say no more. Peterson, you acted with insubordination to-day in striking the mate; and yet I cannot blame you, but still the affair must not be suffered to go farther. The enterprise on which we are engaged is a lawless and a desperate one, and it will not do to make an enemy of one whom our own interests tell us it is best to keep as a friend. O'Rafferty is, in a considerable degree, useful to us; he knows all the coves and bays along the coast better than any other man on board, as well as every cave and mountain pass on shore. I know them too, but we cannot always act together, nor is it possible for me to be in more places than one. Besides, there is a certain bond between us which cannot well be dissevered, or else we had parted long ago, for I detest his murderous propensities. It will personally oblige me, Peterson, if you will think no more about your quarrel with O'Rafferty; and if he extends his hand, give yours in return." Peterson was about to speak, but Feaghan interrupted him. "I know what you would say—those children are not safe if left to his barbarous nature; yet, Peterson, both I and O'Rafferty are under solemn engagements to destroy them, at least one of them, since the girl has escaped." The second mate started, and gave his chief a look of horror; but he did not seem to heed it, for he went on. "That fool would execute the commission to the very letter—not in compliance with his oath, for he would swear any thing, but to satisfy his wolfish appetite for human slaughter. And what would be the result? The hunch-backed villain who employed us would at all times have our lives and destinies

within his power. The deed once done, he would laugh at our claim for the reward, and threaten us with the law as murderers. How stands it now? I have his secret—O'Rafferty has not: the boy alive, and there is a sword constantly suspended over him, so that fear of disclosure will bend him to my every purpose; he has hitherto been my employer—but now I become his master. Do you comprehend me?"

"I do not know the secret, sir," replied Peterson; "but I think I understand the drift of your meaning."

"Ay, ay, 'tis clear enough," rejoined the captain; "the secret must rest with me till—we are better acquainted, Peterson. Remember, sir, I have spoken to you in confidence; there must be no betrayal. Good night, Peterson; let there be a good look-out and steady steering—the course for the present, nor-nor-west; set Ushant light before it disappears. We have thirty leagues to run before we shall make Scilly; and as she is slipping through it at least seven knots, with an increasing breeze—But what is the use of present calculation?—Come, Nep." He patted the dog's head, and commenced his descent.—"Call me, Peterson, should any thing occur; you will find me on the lockers. And, Peterson, think of what I have said; let us have no animosity; seamen, and especially seamen in our service, should be above it. Good night!"

Daylight broke upon them as they came within the fair-way of the British Channel. The breeze had freshened, and there was a misty haze upon the waters, although the sky above was clear. The watch was again relieved; Peterson, in resigning charge, pointed out to Graves several strangers that were in sight, and, with canvass packed upon them from the deck to the trucks, they were running with the wind on their larboard quarters, and making the best of their speed in their outward-bound voyage. There was a schooner on the lee-bow, close-hauled on the starboard tack, crossing the cutter's course. He saw nothing, however, as he said, "either to suspect or to fear."

Old Tom inspected his sails, to see if they were nicely trimmed, occasionally passing a few words with Teddy, and then tried to make out the strangers through his glass. "That's a Smyrnamun," said he, looking at a brig with squarer yards than usual in merchant vessels; "she's well manned and armed against them thieves o' pirates, the Algerines; a valuable cargo she'll bring back, if so be as she escapes. Yon's an Ingeemun," directing his glass to a large ship, whose bright sides and painted ports were clearly defined as the light of the morning broke upon them; "she'll be for China, to fetch home sowshong and hyson, and gun.

powder to blow up the women-kind. And that is," looking at a smaller ship, whose well varnished sheer glistening as the rising sun appeared above the horizon, "that is a South-seamun, going on a whaling voyage, with light goods for the fur trade, and hard shot for them as interferes with him. And there bows a sober Dutchman for Saint Ubes; and yonder goes a West Ingeemun, to bring back sugar for the Chinamun's tea, and some rum for the ladies;—and," directing his attention to the schooner, that had now opened a little out on the cutter's starboard bow,—“and that is—eh! let me see.” His gaze became intently fixed for a minute; he then walked forward and steadied his glass on the bulwark, as he renewed his earnest look for a longer period. “That is,” said he, suddenly springing up and slapping his hand upon his thigh,—“then I’m blowed if it arn’t the Spider!”

Without a moment's delay, Graves descended to the cabin, and aroused his commander. One touch was sufficient; he sprang from the lockers as the boatswain exclaimed, “Spider in sight, sir!”

“Kill it then,” returned the captain; “we’re no fly to be caught in its web.” He rubbed his eyes. “Oh! daylight, eh? What’s the news, Graves?”

“Muster Anderson’s crossing our hawse in the Spider, sir,” returned the boatswain; “and though he makes believe not to see us, he’s too many owld hands aboard not to know the cut of our jib.”

“If he’s ahead, Graves, you must be aware that we are end-on to him,” returned the commander; “and it’s no easy task to make out the identity of a craft under such circumstances.”

“I don’t calculate much about ‘dentity,’ sir,” responded Tom; “but I’m thinking he can make out the *dent* he made in our square topsel last run, though it be well patched with my own palm and needle.”

“What tack is he on, Graves?” inquired Feaghan. “But never mind; jump on deck, old boy, and I’ll be alongside of you in an instant.” He reseated himself as the boatswain disappeared. “That — fellow, Anderson, has already crowed and used his spurs; but I must clip his wings,” ruminated the captain. “If I shorten sail and haul to the wind, I know I can beat him dead in four or five hours; if I run, he sails nearly as well as the cutter, going free, and an unlucky shot may carry away a spar, so as to bring us fairly alongside of each other.” He paused. “And what then? He carries fourteen guns—and so do I; his men will fight for prize-money—mine, with a hangman’s noose before

their eyes. It will not do to work back; we must try our luck." He ascended to the deck.

"There she is, sir," said Graves, directing the attention of the captain to the schooner, that, notwithstanding the stiff breeze, was making but slow progress through the water.

Feaghan raised the glass to his eye; one moment's look served to convince him. "It is the Spider, Graves; turn the hands out directly."

The Spider, a man-of-war schooner, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, who had rendered himself remarkable, and even dreaded, by his active hostility against smugglers, was dragging on under a press of canvass, though making but little headway, apparently regardless of the cutter, or any thing except standing in for the Land's End. This, however, did not deceive Feaghan, who was well assured that he was both seen and known, and the schooner, by some practical manœuvre, was deadening her way, so as to draw him down. "Starboard, lad!" said he to the steersman; "keep her away another point, and mind your helm.—Trim sails, Mr. Peterson; and every man to his station; see all clear for jibeing."

The alteration in the course was not unobserved by the schooner, who edged a little off the wind for a few minutes, and then wore short round on the opposite tack. "The fool!" said Feaghan, "does he fancy that I'm asleep!—Steward, give the men a dram.—Teddy, bend on the Dutch ensign abaft.—Graves, see your guns all clear, and don't be sparing of the shot, sir. These fellows will be knocking holes in some of the tubs; but we'll try their mettle and rate of sailing for all that. You know the Spider well; can Bob spare her any canvass?"

Old Tom deliberated for a few seconds, and then, with a knowing look, replied, "I think he might, sir; but, if I may be so bowld as to speak my mind, I'd bother him."

"It would be worth a trial, Graves," said the captain; "but Anderson is too clear-headed to be easily taken in. Our cargo is too valuable to be played with; yet I will not haul my wind."

"Even if you were so determined, it would be running out of one fire into another, sir," said Peterson, who had been scanning the horizon astern; "there's the man-of-war brig, that was in Bertheaume Roads, away on the weather quarter, and a signal from the schooner would bring her down."

"There it goes, then," said Feaghan, as a wreath of smoke curled for a few seconds amongst the Spider's sails, and the report of a gun came faintly on the ear; "if he does

not see the signal, I think the sound will hardly reach him right in the wind's eye."

"But he does see it, sir," exclaimed Peterson; he's bearing up; his yards are squared; they're rigging out the stud-densel-booms. But a stern-chase is a long chase, and so he'll find it."

"Right, Peterson," returned the commander; "he does not at present give me a moment's concern. Now then! see all clear for shortening sail; but keep every thing ready to crack on her again the moment I give the word. There must be no delay—no hesitation. Send a couple of hands aloft, as if to take in the topsel; get another pull at the jib-purchase, and secure it to the mast-head by the chain.—Graves, quick with half-a-dozen men, to clear away these stern-ports; and the aftmost guns must be shifted into them, directly the helm is put up. Ay, ay, there comes a shot, dancing across the water.—Steward!" (the man approached) "see to the children, and put them in a place of safety with the dog. Hoist Van Tromp abaft, and stand by, my boys."

The vessels were now rapidly nearing each other—the schooner, on the larboard tack, obliquely crossing the cutter's fore-foot, and firing her larboard bow-guns without effect. The position was favourable to the former, for the cutter was nearly dead before it; and a slight variation in her course to starboard would have rendered it necessary to jibe, which Feaghan appeared desirous of avoiding; whilst, if he hauled more up to port, his lee-guns would be so low, that he would not be able to bring them to bear. Still every moment became more and more precious; they were nearly within hail.—"Port, lad—port!" said Feaghan; "gather in the main-sheet abaft; shorten sail."

Down came the squaresail; the topsail fluttered in the breeze, and was gathered in folds upon the yard. The vessel, obedient to her helm, wore round to the starboard tack, flew up to meet the wind, and her canvass lifted as she closed with it; whilst Feaghan, with a countenance on which was produced cool determination mingled with anxiety, kept his eye keenly fixed upon his opponent. "That's a tub of Nantes in Father Fogarty's pocket!" said he, rubbing his hands with eager delight, as he saw the schooner on his lee bow heave about; and no sooner was she head to wind, than his voice, though low, was distinctly heard fore-and-aft by his ready men, "Make sail, lads; hard up with the helm, and meet her in time—sway away forud. Hurrah! my boys—well behaved! we've done the old 'un like sons of thunder."

The lively vessel responded to control, and again flew off before it, though not with the same rapidity as that in which

she had luffed up; and this brought the adversaries almost within jumping-distance of each other. The squaresail and topsail were again spread, as if by the effects of a magician's wand; the schooner had not yet gathered way, when Blue Bob passed close under her stern, pouring in a raking broadside, and making every shot tell as it swept her decks. "Mind your helm, lad," exclaimed Feaghan; "steer her small; there—steady, so; nor-nor-west again. Well-behaved with those stern-guns, my boys!" He ran aft to render some aid, and beheld the commander of the schooner standing at his own lee-gangway. Immediately, he sprang upon the taffrail; his hat was raised, and he saluted the lieutenant with a mock gravity that was inimitable. A volley from the marines was the response; but Feaghan looked proudly around him, as he retained his position apparently uninjured. In a minute or two he descended from his exposed situation; his step was firm; his look was undaunted; not a feature of his face betrayed the slightest suffering or pain; but, calling the second mate to his side, he said in a half-whisper, "that's all one get's for being over-civil, Peterson; those infernal rascals have riddled me! I have three balls in or through my body; how many more, I know not. But whatever happens, Peterson, should the command devolve on you, do not give her away. There—take no notice of what I have said. Steady, boy—steady! Get a pull of the main-guy there, forud. Keep the mainsail from lifting by the lee, my man. The schooner is paying off! Tom—Tom Graves, try the range of those stern-chasers; take a steady aim, and expend some of his gear—a yard or a topmast; King George has plenty more in his dock-yards."

The lieutenant of the schooner was greatly enraged at finding himself outwitted, and, for the moment, his anger deprived him of that cool judgment which is so requisite in cases of emergency. But this soon vanished; sail was made upon the Spider, and she endeavoured to keep upon the cutter's quarter, so as to bring her bow-gun to bear. The Blue Bob, however, had got nearly two cables' length start of the schooner, and, as their rate of sailing was about equal, they kept up their relative distance with scarcely any alteration. Old Tom had several times pitched the iron at the Spider, and the holes in her sails plainly indicated that his aim was good, though no spar had as yet been touched. On the other hand, the cutter's canvass was something like Paddy's main-lug, when, in a squall, he cut a piece out of the middle to let the wind blow through: there were not a few ribands flying away, for the schooner's bow-gun was cleverly performing its duty.

"Had you not better go below, sir?" said Peterson to his

commander; "the blood is running down your fingers; let me see if I can do any thing for you."

"Thank you, Peterson—thank you," returned Feaghan; "gun-shot wounds seldom bleed much. There's a fellow in the thick part of my arm, brought up all standing, pretty close to the bone, I think;" and he showed the hole in his rough jacket through which the ball had passed. "The visit of another was only momentary—he gave me a hint just here," pointing to the fleshy muscles an inch or two above the hip-bone; "and, as I perceive, by the sally-port he's made abaft, he was in too much of a hurry to stop—the place gives me great pain; but really I haven't time to think about it. The third is in my thigh; so that, you see, there is no great danger. Steady, boy; mind your helm, and be —— to you!" He turned round in anger; the steersman was stretched upon the deck a corpse, a shot having literally smashed his head to atoms.

Peterson ran to the tiller, and immediately rectified the deviation which this fatal occurrence had caused in the cutter's course; and though the whole had passed in a very short time, yet it enabled the schooner to gain upon the chase. "Poor Miller!" said Feaghan, looking at the fallen man, and throwing a boat's sail over the quivering body, "you've had no lingering pains, any how.—See to your gun, Tom Graves!" shouted he, with vehemence; "all this noise made, and so little work done—Hark!" (a cheer came down upon the breeze,) "the fellows are laughing at you. There goes that infernal bow-gun again!" (a crash was heard aloft)—"and, by ——! they've knocked away our topmast."

A stern expression of revengeful feelings passed over the features of Captain Feaghan, as he saw the shattered stump of his mast just above the cap, both square-topsail, and gaff-topsail hanging down before the squaresail. Another loud cheer came from the schooner; and there were some dastard hearts in the Blue Bob that began to quake under the fear of capture. Not so with the captain—not so with the mates. O'Rafferty had listened to the firing undisturbed; he had been aware that more than one or two lives had been lost, yet it produced but little excitement in his breast; but when he heard the crashing of the spars, and became aware that the vessel which he loved was injured, he immediately left his bed, and, though with only his trousers on, he ascended the companion at the very instant that the shouts of the Spider's crew came down upon the blast.

"Your souls to blazes," roared the mate, as he ran aft to the chase gun, which had just been reloaded; "let a clear eye and a steady hand come. Out o' that, Tom Graves, and

give me the match; he's coming up with us hand over hand."

And so the schooner was, for the breeze had increased to little short of a gale, and the cutter soon felt the loss of her canvass—the squaresail had been rent by the falling mast, and the Spider, plunging the boiling foam that roared and hissed under her bows, was carrying on and rapidly diminishing their distance, so that there seemed no alternative but to fight or surrender. It often happens, however, that a fresh eye along the sight of a gun will do more in one minute than the practice of a previous hour, and such was the case now. O'Rafferty, with scarcely an effort, just watched the rise of the cutter's stern, then ranged his rapid scrutiny from the muzzle of the six-pounder towards the Spider; the match was applied with the rapidity of lightning; the smoke abaft obscured his immediate sight, but a shout from forward told him execution had been done, and the exclamation, "His foreyard's gone right in the slings!" informed him of the extent. The schooner's squaresail and topsail were rendered useless, and they were once more placed upon something like an equality in the progress which they made, though Blue Bob enjoyed a small advantage.

"Bear a hand, lads—up with the spare topmast," shouted Feaghan; "get out the small squaresel and shift it. Look smart, my boys—aloft, and show those man-of-war's men what clever topmen you'd make. Try your range again, O'Rafferty; the Spider's cook will thank you for a supply of chips."

O'Rafferty did try, but without avail, except to cut away a rope or two, and work daylight through his sails. Tom Graves was busily employed getting the spare topmast rigged; and, in a space of time that would seem almost incredible, both topsails were again set, and Blue Bob was walking off from the Spider almost two foot to one. But the royal cruiser was not idle; the foreyard was shifted, and once more, under a cloud of canvass, she held her own with the cutter. Firing had ceased for some time, when above the haze, which had greatly thickened on the surface of the water, St. Agnes lighthouse showed itself a conspicuous object to direct their course—it bore north-north-east, or pretty well open on the starboard bow.

Captain Feaghan had permitted Peterson to see to his wounds; that in the side was roughly dressed, the ball extracted from the thigh, but that in the arm could not be moved. The children and Neptune were released from their confinement, and a substantial meal set out in the cabin. All traces of animosity had subsided between the mates, for

the Spider had reunited them by a bond which admitted of no errors or mistakes.

"We shall have a gale before sun-down," said Feaghan, as he seated himself at the table and pulled the chair of Hamilton close to his side.

"Don't you think the cutter is pressed now, sir?" said Peterson, in a tone of deferential inquiry.

"Not yet—not yet," returned the commander, "though it certainly will be wise to ease our lofty spars before long. Blue Bob will tell us when his head's too low, depend upon it. We've a long run yet, and, if nothing crosses us, shall make the Cape about daybreak to-morrow. Well, Hammy, and are you frightened?"

"No!" replied the boy; "only I don't like to be shut down in a dark place. Why didn't you let me come up to see you fight?"

"And did you want to come up too, Ned?" said the captain; "did you want to see us fight?"

"No," responded Ned, "I don't like fighting, no more don't Neptune; he crouched down in the corner every time you fired the cannons."

"Ah, Nep's a coward," said Hamilton, boldly; "he was afraid of being shot, and yet he's a dear good dog in the water. Are you going to fight again?"

"That must depend upon others, and not upon me," answered Feaghan, as he helped the children to food.

"And what did they fight you for?" inquired Ned. "What had you done to them to make them try and kill you?"

"Why, my boy, we've a commission from the Pope of Rome to freight ourselves with parish churches if we can hoist them aboard," replied the captain; "but as we've no stowage for the steeples, we are obliged to content ourselves with a cargo of holy-stones and hand-bibles."

"And did they want to take them from you?" asked Hammy, in the innocency of his heart.

"They did, my boy," replied Feaghan; "but you know it would be wicked to part with the property of the priesthood—we mustn't make enemies of the parsons."

"There's a cutter retching out from under the land, sir," said Tom Graves, as he stood hat in hand at the cabin door; "and to my thinking, sir, she looks very much like the —"

"Dolphin!" exclaimed the captain, hurriedly interrupting him. "Oh, there can be no doubt about it; when a fellow's luck is down upon him he never gets it singly. Has the schooner caught sight of him yet?"

"Yes, sir," answered Graves, "the Spider sees him, and is trying to do a bit of talking with his flags."

"Then, my boy," said Feaghan, turning to Hamilton, "we *shall* have another fight, for we mustn't lose the holy-stones and the hand-bibles. What distancee is she, Tom?"

"It's getting very thick, sir, so as to make a man somewhat dubersome about distances," replied the boatswain; "but I should take him to be not more than three mile."

"And broad away on the starboard bow, Graves, I think you said," observed the captain, as if working some mental calculation.

"I didn't say as much, sir," answered the boatswain, "but that's whereabouts she is."

"Then we shall beat him without the help of the guns, Tom," said Feaghan. "Keep her off another point, nor-west and by north, old boy, and a couple of good hands at the tiller. Have the men finished their grub yet?"

"Almost, sir," answered Graves, as he turned to depart. "But I think, Captain Feaghan, the cutter's overpressed. Poor thing, she tries to go faster, but the canvass shoves her nose under, and she can hardly lift it again. One can hear her groan."

"Very well, Tom, I'll see to it presently," returned Feaghan, smiling. "Bear a hand up, old boy—remember, nor-west and by north, and steady hands at the tiller."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the veteran, and, closing the door of the cabin, he reascended to the deck.

"Hold on, good spars!" exclaimed the captain, looking up the skylight. "That's a pretty stick that-topmast, it bends like a coach-whip. And so, Peterson, we have two of our oldest friends close at hand, full of eager desire to assist in discharging our cargo. We're clear of the schooner this bout, though I dare say Anderson is chuekling with glee under the hope that the Dolphin's guns will disable me; and so they may, but that's the chance, and I've run worse hazards than this,—ay, under a frigate's bows, and laughed the wind out of 'em—I haven't time to tell you now. Anderson thinks he has me snug enough, and certainly there's nothing very flattering in our prospects. But I will teach the fool another lesson if he has not had sufficient for one day, should I come alongside of him. I have a small reckoning placed to his account—a kind of *pledge* for his *three balls* that—But eat, youngsters, eat; you must go in the hole again for a short time, and take care of Nep."

"Oh, let me go and see you fight," said Hamilton, eagerly; "indeed, I wo'n't get in any body's way."

"No, no, Hammy," answered Feaghan, "you must not

go upon deck; who can tell but you may take it into your head to be trying to stop the shot?"

"Indeed, indeed I wo'n't," responded Hamilton, with eagerness; "I wo'n't stop one shot, if you'll only let me be by your side."

Feaghan eyed the boy for an instant; but Hamilton manifested no want of decision. "Look here," said he, baring his arm, and showing his shirt saturated with blood even through the bandages; "and here!" he pointed to the deeply-stained dressings on his side. "You see, my fine fellow, I have been stopping the shot, and that's what they've done for me."

Hamilton said no more, and Ned sickened and shuddered at the spectacle; whilst Neptune placed his fore-paws on his master's knees, gazed wistfully in his face, and gave a short howl. Feaghan patted his head, rose from the table, and went on deck.

The alteration in the cutter's course had brought the schooner nearly astern, and opened out a wider space for the Dolphin from the Blue Bob's bows. But the revenue vessel had also bore up and made sail, running on a parallel line with the craft she was desirous of catching; yet was the wind so awkward, that there was no possibility of getting nearer without jibeing; and that was a work of peril, as well as delay. It is true, the revenue cutter sometimes yawed to port, to diminish the distance between them; but it was evidently the cause of her losing ground, and it was discontinued. In the mean time Blue Bob was steered with such nicety, that though the seas toppled and ranged along her sides, not one broke upon her deck.

"This cannot last much longer, Tom," said Feaghan, addressing the boatswain; "the sea is getting up, and the gale is increasing." He looked astern. "Ha, ha! the Spider is drawing in his legs; he has got enough of it; where's the glass?" Graves presented one to his commander. "Reefing his topsel, and double-reefing his mainsel! Good-bye, old Spider; I'm out of your claws this voyage, at all events. Where's the brig?" He looked towards the place where she had last been seen. "Not in sight. And now, Mr. Dolphin! Well-behaved, my lads—following the example of the schooner! Have all hands ready at their stations, Graves, and see every thing clear for shortening sail on the instant. I'll try my canvass a little longer."

The Dolphin, a revenue cutter, stationed off the Scilly Isles, was well aware of the character of the Blue Bob; and such was the deadly feeling of hostility between the crews that, had they come alongside, sanguinary indeed would have been the conflict. The time occupied in reducing sail

in the other two vessels gave Feaghan a decided advantage, as he evidently gained upon his enemies; and, notwithstanding the rolling motion of the cutter and the pain of his wounds, he stood balancing himself by the companion, and whistling snatches of Irish songs. Old Tom frequently looked at him with a restless and uneasy eye, but did not speak, though he seemed almost bursting with desire to say something. At last, addressing himself to the second-mate, he said, in an under tone, but loud enough to reach the captain's ears, "Would you be good enough, Muster Peterson, just to make bould to ax the skipper to leave off piping that devil's delight. Any one may see as we've got quite wind enough, without wanting a cap-full more, and the poor thing already strained beyond her nat'ral bearing."

"And so, Tom, you think it is bad luck to whistle, do you?" said the captain, who had overheard his remarks.

"No, sir, not bad luck," replied the boatswain; "but, if you 'tices the breeze, it's sure to come, and, with the cloth we've got aboard, another breath would make the sticks chatter. The lower-mast-head is wringing now, and that topmast wouldn't hould much more strain. The other craft are making snug—"

"And we are leaving them fast, in consequence," argued Feaghan. "But there is a squall coming astern, Tom; is every-thing clear? The schooner's got it! Stand by there, forud!"

Far as the eye could reach astern, there seemed to be a white foam arising through the dim haze, and spreading into wider expansion as it approached. The curling tops of the seas were not to be distinguished from the smoother surface, and there was a blackness hovering over all that contrasted fearfully with the milky hue of the rolling waves. The schooner had carried on to the last moment, and then every thing was let go; her topsail flew from the yard, and passed away ahead, like a eloud borne on the fleet wings of the wind; and her jib, exposed to the fury of the blast, on the sudden lowering of the squaresail, split into ribands, and fluttered in mockery of their efforts to haul it down.

"In sail!" shouted Feaghan; and in a few minutes the Blue Bob was running almost under a bare pole; for the squaresails were taken in, the gaff-topsail stowed at the mast-head, the mainsail lowered, and the boom shifted to the lee-quarter, ready for reefing the sail. Down came the squall, scattering the spray over the decks like a shower of hail-stones. The vessel reeled for several minutes, as if in affright at the war of elements; every plank in her quivered; her masts shook like a reed, and the ocean around her seemed to smoke with the friction of her sides, as she rush-

ed on in her headlong course. But all was snugly housed—not a rope-yarn was started, and though Tom Graves did exclaim, "Poor thing!—how she trembles!" yet the lovely sea-boat rode buoyant over the billows, like a duck at play; the mainsail was double-reefed—the foresail set, and there was scarcely a wet jacket amongst the crew.

CHAPTER VII.

The tar delights on the skies to gaze,
When the breeze is fresh and free,
And the heavens are clear from the cloud or haze,
Whilst the stars in their brilliant glory blaze,
Or dance on the deep blue sea:
More precious to me is the thickening gloom,
Though silent and dark as the dreary tomb.

OVER the wild waters bounded the lively vessels—the pursuers and the pursued. The haze grew more and more dense as the shades of the evening were closing in around them. The schooner was barely visible astern—the Dolphin was now broad away on the starboard quarter; but both of their commanders were well acquainted with the probable destination of Blue Bob, and, should no other vessel appear to intercept his progress, yet still they cherished the hope that, by carrying on, they might keep sufficiently near the chase to prevent the landing of the cargo, or to seize it if landed.

Feaghan was aware of this; his well practised mind embraced all the difficulties of his situation; he knew that he might haul his wind, and escape his enemies—but then they would get the start of him, and he would have no chance of running his crop, as the whole coast would be alarmed. To continue on, however, was a hazardous experiment, and could only be warranted by his accurate knowledge of the several coves and inlets, where, for a short time at least, he could lie undiscovered and undisturbed. The alternative was desperate; but he determined upon trying it.

The mainsail had been treble-reefed, the bow-sprit reduced, the topmast struck, and every thing was made snug, as night—a dreary, tempestuous night—enveloped them in darkness. Rolling sheets of foam were around them below; and above this a thick mist encircled the vessel in its gloomy

shroud; yet myriads of bright gems sent forth their sparkling effulgence through the dim vapour, and the track of the cutter was gloriously lighted with dazzling splendour, as if she had been ploughing up diamonds. The Spider and the Dolphin were no longer to be seen; the watch on deck were huddled together; Peterson had the charge, and might well be trusted. But Feaghan would not go below; his eye was every where, but chiefly upon the compass-card, to observe that the steersman kept her steady in her course.

"This is *rough* work, as the monkey said when the bear hugged him," uttered the captain to his second-mate; "but I've been in greater straits before now. We shall not be able to see the land till it is close aboard of us, and perhaps not till we feel it. The Fastnet may be a more fatal web than that which the Spider would have wove for us; and the Cape will be any thing clear to-night. We'll keep her another point to the westward, Peterson, and try for Mizen Head."

"Very well, sir," replied the subordinate; and he immediately carried into effect the orders of his superior.

"I like such nights as these, Peterson," said the captain, as they stood together by the companion; "they seem to accord with the natural feelings of my heart, so as to arouse every latent energy. I could not sleep, nor do I feel the slightest indication of weariness or want of rest. My wounds are rather troublesome, yet I scarcely give them a thought, so powerfully is my mind pre-occupied—steady, boy; steer her small—and yet, strange as it may appear, it is at these moments that remembrances of my early years are the most vivid—for, whilst looking on the dark haze as it rolls its mysterious forms along the gale, I seem as if holding converse with those who are tenants of the tomb."

"I know but little of such feelings, sir," returned Peterson, who, in his unsophisticated nature, experienced a degree of awe whilst listening to the language of his commander. "For my part, I can see nothing but the haze which shuts out the sky, and the sea as it generally looks in a gale of wind."

"I could almost wish it were so with me," continued Feaghan; "and yet there is a sort of delightful witchery in such reveries, though I must confess that at times they produce enervation. But hark!" exclaimed he with vehemence, "can you not fancy there are voices on the breeze; and is it not gratifying to suppose that the spirits of departed friends are hovering in the mist to bear you on in safety?"

"I hear nothing, sir, but the whistling of the wind through the blocks, as the Dutchman said, when he'd only half a

sheave at his mast-head," returned Peterson; "and as for spirits, I know of none but what's in the hold."

The sea rose higher and higher as it gained a longer range, till it became extremely hazardous to keep before it. Sometimes the waves would run fearfully high above the vessel's stern, as if about to bury her beneath its mountain weight; and, had their curling summits broke over them, none would have escaped an ocean-grave. But the buoyant vessel lifted herself lightly as the swelling billows seemed to approach; and then her taffrail was thrown high in air, whilst her bowsprit pointed into the very heart of the next wave, as if she was about to rush headlong into it.

Thus passed the night till daylight came. The haze was still thick; and as the sun arose, it assumed a red and angry hue that was sickening to the sight. Not a vessel could be seen, and still the cutter was flying over those raging waters, like a bird that sported in the spray, and just descended to wet its wings. Morning advanced, and, by Feaghan's directions, the steward brought the children upon deck. Ned shrank back in terror, and cried out when he beheld the sublime but fearful spectacle presented by elemental commotion. Hamilton clung to the steward in wonder, but there was no semblance of fear; he looked upon the ocean as something to excite admiration—not alarm; and Feaghan watched them both with an intensity which could only have had its origin in mental speculation. "Are you not afraid?" inquired he, addressing the youngest of the boys.

"No," answered Hamilton, "I am not afraid—for Nep is playing in it;" and he pointed to the dog, who was ranging the lee-scuppers as the seas toppled over, to catch at any thing that might be floating.

"Will you be a sailor, my boy?" exclaimed Feaghan, as he observed with pleasure the undaunted look of the child.

"I should like to be with you and Neptune, and go and see Ellen sometimes," responded Hamilton.

"And what do you say, youngster," addressing Ned, "should you like to be a sailor?"

"I want to go to my mother, sir," answered the boy, dejectedly; "but still I should like to be with Hammy."

"We'll be sailors, Ned!" exclaimed his juvenile companion, laughing, "and I'll be the captain."

"I love to see ambition even in a child," said Feaghan; "but take them below, steward, and see them well secured—we shall not be so quiet presently if I have any instinct in my nature." The children disappeared. "Peterson, she will not bear this mainsel if we are compelled to haul our

wind—let the reefed tryse be set in its place, and get out the storm jib."

The orders had been scarcely obeyed, when "Breakers a-head!" was shouted from forward, and a dark mass with the breakers dashing over it was dimly seen rising out of the gloom at no great distance from them. "Port, lad, port!" hallooed Feaghan, "trim sails!" and every one was instantly on the alert; but such was the velocity of the cutter that she was in the backset from the rock before she cleared it, and a few fathoms farther their fate would have been sealed for ever—as it was, there was sufficient to appal the stoutest mind.

The cutter in coming to the wind shipped a tremendous broken sea that swept her decks, and carried off every thing that was not well secured. Whilst running before it, the fury of the storm was but little more than witnessed: it was only when opposing the fierce gale that its strength was fully felt.

"Breakers on the lee-bow!" was again shouted, and once more the threatened danger was barely avoided by wearing the cutter round, for it would have been madness to attempt tacking in that heavy sea. The sweet craft behaved with becoming alacrity, and the men apostrophized her as a thing of life. Proudly she laboured to climb the mountain waves, and then carefully descended into the watery valley, as if fearful of straining her timbers.

"There is no land to be seen, Peterson," said the captain, "and human ingenuity is at fault to recollect this spot. I know of but one like it, but we can hardly have made good the distance."

Once more the shout arose from forward, but it was more alarming and embarrassing than before. "Breakers on the lee-bow!" was followed by "Breakers on the weather-bow!" and immediately afterwards "Breakers right a-head!" the cutter was rushing into the very midst, for a glance from Feaghan showed him a long range of raging foam right under his lee. "Ready about!" he uttered in a voice that mingled wildly with the winds, and every man was at his post. "Down with the helm, lad!—there's a lull—helm's a lee!" The beautiful vessel rolled over the advancing wave as she flew up in the wind; but the next deadened her way before she could be brought round: there was a fearful moment of breathless suspense as the people watched her motions, but this was succeeded by a horrible certainty: she tended the wrong way, there was not room to wear, and inevitable destruction stared them in the face. A long line of breakers, through which the dark and craggy reef occasionally showed itself, was dead under their lee—the cutter could not hope to escape—blank despair sat on every

countenance, and even Feaghan had lost his usual self-confidence and command—as death, a dreadful death, seemed to await him.

But with the captain this was only momentary. He quickly but intently cast his eyes along the reef. The cutter was, as before, upon the larboard tack, gathering way a-head; and a few minutes—only a few minutes—were left to call for mercy, as their fate appeared to be decided. Up rose a wild cry—a shriek—but there was a voice that was heard above it all, as it shouted—“Hould your divil’s skreeking, there, for’ard: every man to his station. Clear away the anchor!” It came from the helmsman; and there stood O’Rafferty, who, with a desperate recklessness, had forced the tiller to windward, as if to hasten on the melancholy catastrophe that was to precede their dissolution. Away flew the cutter’s head from the wind, and dashed onwards to the reef. Feaghan caught the intentions of his mate, for baffled memory had resumed its power, and hurrying to the stem, he mounted on the bowsprit, and clung to the stay, as if in expectation of being saved upon the mast when it should fall. The men looked on aghast—they were in the very midst of the white foam—a tremendous sea had lifted them up, and as the vessel rushed down again, they expected she would strike; but she still continued floating through the hoary froth, as the dashing spray flew past them, and the breakers were “curling their monstrous heads on either side.”

“Starboard!” shouted Feaghan, and was responded to by the mate. “Steady! steady! so, meet her!” exclaimed the captain; and “Steady—meet her it is!” answered O’Rafferty. The cutter seemed to be in the midst of boiling water, but the heavy rolling sea was no longer felt. “Port, lad—port you may;” uttered Feaghan, at the top of his voice, and “Port it is,” equally vociferous, was the reply of the mate. Then came the “Steady, steady!” from forward, and the “Steady it is!” from abaft. The element beneath them still hissed and undulated in convulsive agitation; but it was smooth compared with what they had just left; and in a few minutes, by skilful steering, they had passed through the danger. The land rose upon their sight, and was promptly recognised; and in the course of another half-hour the cutter was riding to her anchor in a snug cove, completely shut in from the howling gale, except when the heavy puffs came whirling down the mountains that rose in majestic grandeur all around them.

“O’Rafferty, your hand,” said Captain Feaghan; “let us be friends: we cannot afford to be enemies.”

“And you not to know the Hen and Chickens!” said the

mate, reproachfully, as he extended his hand; "but it's bothered you was, and so would meself have been entirely, had I been in your place."

"I *was* bothered, O'Rafferty, and that's the fact," replied the Captain; "the thick weather and the broken water deceived me—or rather, I feared to be deceived, and so was averse to throw a chance away. But how comes it that you knew the spot in an instant?"

"Aisy enough: 'case I dthramed about it," answered the mate; "and waked out of my sleep by the hullaballoo as they made; for it was all in my dthrame; I bundled upon deck, and found it thrue. I saw the channel directly, and clapped the helm up"—

"At the very moment I caught sight of it," said the captain; "and here we are snug enough from storms, and Dolphins, and Spiders, and the whole devil's set of them. And now for working the crop; we must have it all ashore in a brace of shindeys. We couldn't have hit it better if we had had a clear sky and fine weather. Information must be given to the lads. Dennis sees us by this time, and the boyeen is away up the mountain. Will you go ashore, O'Rafferty, and let the docther see to your hurts!"

"The docther?" repeated the mate; "well, then, it's meself as will go to him, as soon as the vessel's clear. But there is something else, Captain Feaghan, as I'd speak a word about."

"The children, you mean," returned Feaghan, carelessly, though his eye was fixed with intense interest on the face of his subordinate; "they shall be taken care of."

"It's not exactly that, Captain Feaghan," responded O'Rafferty, with well-affected diffidence, as he inclined his look upon the deck.

"Oh, d'ye mean the reward?" said Feaghan, assuming an indifference. "Leave the settling of that to me, O'Rafferty. You know, Peterson becomes entitled to a share; but the question is, what we'll get, since the girl was not thrapped. The baccah is close-fisted; but if you'll leave it to me, I'll squeeze the whole of it out of him."

"I'd lave it with all the pleasure in life, Captain Feaghan, only why,—the hunchback's not the fellow to pay for work as hasn't been done," argued the mate.

"That's precisely what I say," urged the captain. "We've only secured the boy, and the baccah will want to get off with half the money. I know him well."

"And the boy to the fore," uttered the mate, looking in the face of his chief, with a peculiar expression.

"Ay, and the boy to the fore, O'Rafferty—and shall be to the fore!" exclaimed Feaghan, warmly. "If we're to steer

different courses, well and good. Take yours, and I'll take mine. If we're to sail in company, then we must both keep upon the same tack. Make your choice."

"Nade's must, when the divil dthrives," returned the mate, in a tone of ill-repressed dissatisfaction. "Arrah, captain, is it honour bright, now?"

Feaghan gave him a fierce scowl of contempt as he replied—"And who is it that dare doubt me—you?" He turned upon his heel, and walked away.

"Bad luck to that same, an' he's angry now," muttered O'Rafferty; and then in a louder tone, he exclaimed, "arra, captain, dear, have it your own way." But either Feaghan did not hear, or hearing, paid no attention to it.

The cove, or basin, in which the cutter lay, was nearly oval in shape: about half a mile across the middle, and about three quarters of a mile in length. It was so completely shut in from the sea, that none but a well-practised eye could detect the entrance. The shore was formed of huge masses of craggy rock, that seemed at different periods to have been detached and hurled from the summit or sides of the mountains by a convulsion of nature, and rolling down to the base, had become fixed in strange, uncouth, and fantastic figures. There was scarcely any appearance of vegetation, and no visible place for human habitation; though the light blue smoke, curling in misty wreaths, contrasted with the blackness of the background, gave proof that, either in huts or caverns, man had found a shelter.

Before the sails had well been stowed, a light boat, resembling in shape a washing-tub, or a sauce-tureen afloat, shot out, or rather bowled out from between two rocks; and a man paddled it along over the swell, that, notwithstanding the enclosed nature of the cove, continued to run in from the sea. He came alongside, and a conversation took place in Irish, between him and Teddy. A warp was carried out from the cutter to a part of the shore where the fallen rock presented a sort of platform, or quay. The man returned, taking Teddy with him. The boats were got in readiness, and the cargo was discharged into them, and landed upon the platform.

About noon a gentlemanly-looking man made his appearance, and was soon afterwards followed by nearly a hundred wild, rough beings, whose jargon grated on the ear. They were, however, remarkably fine-looking men. The first operation was to broach a cask of brandy, which the gentleman, who acted as agent in the transaction, served out to them.

"You have made a capital run, Captain Feaghan," said he; "and when the goods are housed, the profits cannot be

a ha'penny less than twelve thousand pounds—you must be making a fortune."

"But I've an Irish purse, Mr. Driscoll," returned the captain, laughing; "there's three holes in it. One in the middle to put the money in, and one in each end, where it slips out again, so you see there's two to one against me. The Spider and Dolphin were after me coming across, and no doubt are somewhere on the coast, though may be it's too thick to see 'em. Is Mister Cornelius well?"

"In health, never better," replied the agent; "but," shaking his head, and laying his hand upon his breast, "there's something wrong here."

"That's his own affair," rejoined the captain, with seeming indifference; "does he know of my arrival?"

"I sent immediately to inform him," replied Mr. Jerry Driscoll, "and no doubt he will either come, or you will hear from him. I had my directions beforehand, as he thought you would not be long, though he did not expect you quite so soon."

The business of landing the cargo was carried on rapidly, for every man assisted as if for life or death: nor was Neptune idle, for with a delighted activity he lifted a bale or a tub at a time, and with the utmost care deposited it with the rest in a large cavern of peculiar construction. A low archway, under which the sea flowed, so as to entirely conceal the entrance at half-tide, opened into a spacious vaulted apartment, the floor being at all times under water with sufficient depth, even at the lowest ebb, for a small boat. At the far end was a fissure between the rocks, and either nature had wrought, or art had constructed to imitate the vagaries of nature, several steep and rugged steps, which, being, ascended, a hole about three feet and a half in height, and two feet in width presented itself; but the surface was on an inclined plane sloping inwards, so as to be entirely concealed from persons below. This hole descended obliquely into another large room high above the level of the sea, and here it was that the cargo was deposited, every tub and bale having to be raised to the aperture in the outer cavern, and the cutter having been hauled in nearer to the platform to facilitate the operation, which was superintended by O'Rafferty in person.

Towards the evening, a communication was made to Captain Feaghan by a messenger, who had crossed the mountain, appointing him to be at a certain place as soon as the sun had gone down, for the purpose of meeting his employer.

The light of the day had not departed when the cutter was pronounced cleared, and preparations were instantly

made for going to sea, whilst at the same time no means were neglected to ensure a well-organized defence, should there be any occasion for it, and men were stationed in the different passes of the mountain, to give immediate notice of any approaching danger.

O'Rafferty was still on shore, when Captain Feaghan, after confiding the children to the especial care of the second mate, and leaving orders as to what was to be done with the cutter, in case of surprise during his absence, landed on the platform, and with his faithful animal proceeded up the mountain. The gale had done homage to the setting sun, and subsided into a gentle breeze; the sky was no longer obscured by the thick haze—for the face of the heavens was beautifully clear, and its myriads of glories shone forth in their fullest lustre. There was, however, a chillness of atmosphere as the captain continued to ascend; and he drew his rough overall tighter about him.

Half an hour's quick walk brought him to a small hut, constructed in the rudest manner; it stood in a sequestered nook on an exalted eminence, commanding a most extensive view to seaward and along the coast. The roof was made of rough rafters from the branches of trees that had never been barked, and these were laid across a chasm between two rocks—the space below forming the apartment—the back and sides being the rough stone of the mountain.

Lightly treading, so as to make no noise, Feaghan approached the door, and listened; but all was as silent as the grave. He was then cautiously receding; but a low growl from Neptune arrested his steps, and, throwing back his overall, he grasped the butt of a pistol, and the click of the lock echoed amongst the cavities of the rock.

"Open hands, and not concealed arms, should be the greeting for friends, Captain Feaghan," uttered a voice plaintively harmonious and musical.

"There's scarcely any telling friends from foes by this light," returned the captain, "especially when they're not to be seen. The voice, however, is enough for me this time, and there's one whose ear is more delicate than mine rests satisfied."

"Fidelity in all things is excellent," continued the voice in the same pleasing tone; "I will be with you directly."

In a few minutes, a strange uncouth figure stood before Feaghan, wrapped up in a cloak that concealed his person except the upper parts. In height, he was not more than four feet six, but bulky, with a very large head sunk in between his shoulders, as if destitute of neck; a slouched, broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his features. "I'm pleased to see you, Captain Feaghan," said the dwarf, whose

well-attuned accents proved him to be the individual that had addressed the commander of the cutter—"very pleased to see you. Your voyage has been quick and successful—the cargo safe—the vessel ready for sea again—eh?"

"Precisely as you say, Mister Cornelius, responded the captain; "and Driscoll tells me the profits——"

"Never mind Jeremiah and the prophets," said the dwarf, who had been styled Mr. Cornelius, as he laughed at his own joke; "I shall not forget your zealous services, Captain Feaghan. But the night air is cold—Michael is on the watch—let us in to the cottage, and stir up the embers of the fire."

They pushed open the door, and entered this cheerless abode; the ashes of a turf and wood fire glowed as the sudden draft passed over them, and, some remnants being collected, there was soon a cheerful blaze. The dwarf threw off his cloak; and then, though elegantly dressed, his full deformity became apparent. He was hump-backed,—his throat swelled out before, as if his neck was unable to sustain the weight of his enormous head, and the latter rested entirely on the shoulders,—his legs were short and thick,—his arms long and stout; and his whole frame, though unnatural to look upon, manifested possession of great physical strength. His features were far from ugly; he had a fine high open forehead, over which his jet-black hair hung in bushy clusters; and his eyes were restless and piercing, as they seemed to flash with the blaze from the revived flame.

"And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan?" inquired the dwarf, as he held his delicately white, but large, hands over the blazing turf, that shed its light around this wretched habitation. An old chest stood in one corner; in another was a sort of wooden frame, on which was spread a quantity of straw covered over with two or three blankets. The trunk of a tree, sawed into three several compartments, served for seats; and there was a scanty supply of culinary utensils. There was no fire-place—the fire being made upon the rocky floor in such parts as fancy or circumstances decreed, and was kept together by pieces of misshapen stone arranged round three sides of it—the smoke escaping where best it could. "And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan?" said the dwarf.

"There's but little stirring in the world, Mister Cornelius, but what comes to your knowledge," answered the captain: "the revenue chased us in, and your friend, Mr. Anderson, was close at our heels."

"He is off Mizen Head," returned the dwarf; "and what was the revenue craft you fell in with?"

"The Dolphin; but he's not much used to this coast," replied Feaghan—"though, I believe, he has some of the bay boys on board of him."

"I have not heard of his being seen," observed the dwarf; "and as the goods are safe, and you will sail in the morning, there is nothing to be apprehended. But"—and he turned a searching look upon the captain's countenance—"have you executed that little commission for me which I intrusted you with?"

"Partly it has been done," returned Feaghan with well-assumed confidence; "it is not in human power to command perfect success."

"Partly!" repeated the dwarf, in a tone as discordant as his voice had hitherto been musical—"partly!" he again uttered, as a fierce scowl passed over his features. "Have you seized them?—disposed of them?—or what?"

"I say once more, Mr. Cornelius, your wishes can be but partly gratified," uttered the captain, firmly, and disregarding the menacing manners of his companion; "we have got one of the children—the other escaped."

"Which of them?" eagerly demanded the dwarf, as he caught Feaghan by the arm—"which was it that escaped?"

"The girl—she ran away, and gave the alarm as the man was about to seize her," answered the captain.

"And the boy—the boy, Feaghan! Tell me of the boy. Is he safe?—secure, eh?" and a gleam of demoniac pleasure, heightened by the hue of the fire, shone upon his face.

"Yes, Mr. Cornelius, he is safe enough," answered the captain, proudly, as he disengaged himself from the grasp of the dwarf.

"My excellent friend, Feaghan—my noble fellow," responded the other; "then as far as he is concerned my heart is at rest; I have nothing more to fear;" and he laughed with wild delight.

"I have merely to claim the promised reward," said the captain; "which, of course, is ready for me."

"Hold, hold, not so fast, Feaghan," urged the dwarf; "you have not fulfilled the whole of the conditions: there is the girl; dispose of her, and the reward is yours."

"I have already done my best, Mr. Cornelius," argued the captain; "there were others engaged in it beside myself, and I stand pledged to them for payment of the whole."

"But you are not entitled to the whole," urged his companion, angrily; "only half your commission has been executed; and remember, even that I can withhold."

"I know it," returned Feaghan; "but the best half has been done; it was the boy you feared the most."

"And he," uttered the dwarf, as he wildly laughed, "he! the boy, you know, now is securely at rest?"

"On board the cutter, Mr. Cornelius," responded Feaghan, firmly, and his hand instinctively approached the butt of his pistol; "nor shall he quit her till the whole is paid."

"Mille dhioul," shrieked the dwarf; "you have done nothing; the boy lives when I thought him dead. This is treachery, and you are ——"

"Avast! Mr. Cornelius, no hard names, if you please," exclaimed the captain; "we are on a level here."

"I will be revenged for this," uttered the other, in a deep sepulchral tone; "Feaghan, you shall repent it; I will take the cutter from you."

"But you cannot take the men—they are mine, soul and body, stock and fluke," uttered the captain, in derision; "and as for repentance, let the whole weight of your displeasure fall upon my head, I'll bear it, though——" he was recklessly going to add, "though it is not quite so big as yours," but he stopped short, for he felt he had a point to gain.

The dwarf remained silent a minute or two, as if labouring under a severe mental struggle; at length he uttered, in his usual harmonious tones, "I am overhasty, Feaghan; I jump to conclusions too soon; it is the sanguine nature of my temperament. You will land the boy, Feaghan, and then we can come to some arrangement."

"Divel a foot will he land, Mr. Cornelius," replied the determined captain, "till the money's paid. I've said the word, and I'll stick to it."

"But this is not acting honestly," argued the other, with apparent mildness; "the reward was to be given for certain services performed, which services have not been fulfilled."

"As you please, sir," returned the resolute seaman; "keep your money, and I'll keep the boy; if he's not worth five hundred, he's worth nothing."

"I am overreached," murmured the dwarf, fiercely; "Feaghan, do you know your situation? do you forget that you are an outlaw, and within my power?"

"Exercise it if you dare!" boldly exclaimed the captain, crossing his arms and raising himself proudly erect. "Do you think I am ignorant of the ground I stand upon? No, Mr. Cornelius," and he elevated his voice; "I am Smasher, the smuggler-chief, for whose apprehension two hundred pounds is offered," he laughed recklessly; "I have read the bills myself, and you are——"

"Your friend, Feaghan, your friend," interrupted the

dwarf, in a subdued tone; "yes, I repeat it, I am your friend if you do not stand in your own light."

"A friend is always a friend, let what will occur, Mr. Cornelius," answered the captain, proudly; "I hate pretenders. Once more I say the boy shall not land till the five hundred pounds is paid in hard cash; no bills—no after-claps; and even then I must be informed as to what his future destination is meant to be."

"Why, what can his future destination matter to you?" said the other, scornfully.

"My nature is very rugged, Mr. Cornelius," answered the seaman, "and it sometimes happens that feelings of affection and humanity will stick to its ruggedness, even in spite of myself."

"You!" shrieked the dwarf; "you! the desperate outlaw, the hardened smuggler, with blood upon your conscience; you have feelings of tenderness! Ha, ha, ha!" and his laugh rung wildly through the clefts.

"And why not, Mr. Cornelius?" said Feaghan, as calmly and collectedly he prepared for some sudden outbreak of passion; "you, yourself, trust to my generous forbearance, or else why are you here to taunt me!"

"Because I can set you at defiance; because I have you under control; your property, ay, your very life is in my hands," responded the dwarf.

"Tut, man, I fear you not, and I am too proud to retort in wordy warfare, else I might soon turn the tables on you," said the undaunted seaman.

A growl from Neptune, who had crouched at the entrance, watching what was passing within, gave notice of some one's approach. "Good Nep," said the captain, "see to 'em, boy—the faithful creature warns both friend and foe." The animal raised himself from his recumbent position, looked out into the night, sniffed the breeze, gave a low whine, and wagged his bushy tail, as a man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, hastily entered the hut.

"They're upon us, Mr. Cornelius, jewel.—Arrah, captain dear, but it's close to us they are," uttered he; "make haste to your cutther, captain, and be off out o' that wid yer. Och hone, that Mike Hagan should live to see the day when his arem must hang down by the side of him, and his shtick be propped again the wall."

"Who and what are they, Mike?" inquired Feaghan, with perfect coolness and self-command.

"They're furreners, captain dear, and it's myself is bothered intirely," answered the man.

"Did you catch any of their conversation," asked Feaghan; "be alive, Nep, look out, good lad." The dog slowly

raised himself and walked to the outside. "Could you hear them talk?"

"They're Englishers by their brogue," replied the man; "and they spoke something about a long chase for the Blue Bob."

"By the divel's bells but it's some of the Dolphins it ull be," exclaimed Feaghan; "were there any countrymen amongst them?"

"Indeed an' there was," answered Mike; "and thrue for you they said something about Doll Finn, bad luck to her, if it's throuble she's bringing, and these owld arems like withered twigs—och hone."

"Well, Mr. Cornelius, then here we part," said Feaghan, "if it's the revenue men, I know my duty to my people." The dog gave a low moan. "Nep hears them, and I must be off down the mountain."

"Arrah, Captain dear,—quick your sowl to glory!" said Mike, running to the corner, where the chest was standing,—*"rouse it out o' this,"* and he slowly moved the ponderous ark; *"down, down,"* uttered he, as a cavity appeared beneath where it stood, *"down wid yer, and you'll be safe."*

The offer was tempting; but Feaghan feared the treachery of the dwarf; besides, he did not care to let him think that he relied upon any thing but his own exertions for safety. "No, Mike," said he, "I will not hide, and leave my bold lads in peril." Neptune growled louder. "I hear you, Nep;—farewell, for this voyage, Mr. Cornelius; my next trip is for Bordeaux." He quitted the hut, but on perceiving several men close to the only passage to the flat, he hastily returned again; the chest had been replaced; the dwarf had disappeared, and Mike was extinguishing the fire, so that in a few seconds all was darkness.

"Down, Nep, good fellow, down," whispered Feaghan, as the animal uttered a deep growl, "hold your noise, lad; whist, whist!" The creature obeyed, and following his master to the corner near the door, he crouched at his feet.

"I am sure I heard voices," said one of the party outside; "I say, Jem, what an infernal place this here is to come bush-fighting in, and as for the Paddies—halloo! what's that?—Who's flinging stones at me?"

"Silence, there among you!" commanded another, in an authoritative tone; "Hold your noise, or you'll be drawing something upon your heads rather heavier than stones;—where's Macshane?"

"It is here I am, sir," replied the person named, in a fine Munster brogue, as he hurried up to his officer.

"Well, now, Macshane, you pretend to know wherea-

bouts we are; pray what have you brought us here for?" inquired the leader.

"Case it's just this way they'll be bringing the goods, if the smuggler's down in the cove," responded the other.

"Are you sure you are not mistaken in the track?" inquired the officer.

"Oh divel the hap'orth o' mistake about it," answered the man,—“an' here's Mike Hagan's hurricane-house to the fore.”

"A hurricane-house, indeed," returned the officer, surveying the hut; "it's a very appropriate designation, and the place looks like some infernal hole, in which the witches brew the heavy squalls that come down off the mountains."

"Brew whisky, I'm thinking, sir," said another of the party; "only it's so quiet, I should swear there was a still close to us."

"Faith, an' it's still and quiet they are, any how," said Macshane; "owld Mike may be down at the cove, or out on the watch."

"Owld Mike is here, fornent yer, Larry Macshane," exclaimed Hagan, coming forth from the hut, "an' what 'ud the gentleman be wanting with me, Larry?"

"Where's the Blue Bob, ye owld sinner?" uttered Macshane; "isn't it down in the cove she is now, Mike?"

"Myself doesn't know," answered Hagan; "I've been away over the hills till dark, and was just kindling my bit fire when you came."

"A fire!—let's in, my boys; perhaps we shall find something to warm our insides, as well as the out," uttered the first man who had spoken; "where's Jennings with the dark lantern?"

The lantern was brought, and Mike preceding the party, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone, "Whisht, lads, whisht! there's a stranger, as I picked up in the mountain, lost his way in the dark, an' he's now slaping on my bit bed;—whisht, and don't wake him, lads."

Feaghan's first intention was, to let some of the men enter, while he was concealed behind the door, and then to rush out and force a passage among the remainder; but Mike's hint was not lost upon him, and noiselessly he hurried across the rocky floor to the pallet of the old man, where, wrapping his overall about him, and covering himself with the blankets, he laid as if in a profound slumber, whilst Neptune sat watchfully by his side.

"A stranger," said the officer, inquiringly,—“what stranger would be wandering among these mountains after night-fall?—we must see the gentleman.”

"Were you ever here afore, sir?" asked Mike, as he stopped short at the threshold, to give Feaghan time.

"Never, my man," returned the officer; "I never had my foot on the Irish shores before to-day."

"Then there's more nor one s thranger in the mountain this blessed night, sir, any how," answered Mike, as he entered, and was followed by the party with their light.

The officer cautiously peered around him, as he sent the rays from the lantern into every corner. Neptune laid perfectly still, but there was a fierceness in his eyes, as he frequently displayed his terrible set of teeth, when any one approached him. "Call away the dog, fellow," said the officer, addressing Mike.

"An' small use there'd be in that, sir," answered Hagan;—"the crater belongs to the s thranger, and a faithful baste it is, an' quiet enough,—only barring his teeth."

"Halloo!" shouted the officer, "Yo hoy there, my friend!" and Feaghan, as if aroused from his sleep, raised himself from the bed, and rubbing his eyes, stared with surprise around him. "Pray who are you, and what are you doing here?" inquired the officer, in a haughty manner, whilst Mike was drawing the attention of Macshane to a stone jug, containing potcheen.

"An' you'll not bethray owld friends, Macshane," whispered Hagan; "have you forgotten the day we laid Dermot Delaney under the sod? have you no remembrance of him who saved the life of you there, ayont?"

"Whisht, Mike, whisht!" returned the man, in the same low tone, as he eagerly grasped the jug, "they've forced me on it; but I scorn to bethray him as owns the dog."

"I am waiting for an answer to my question," exclaimed the officer haughtily; "is it your pleasure to give it, or not?—Who and what are you?"

"I see by your uniform that you have a right to make the inquiry, and, therefore, reply,—a stranger in these parts; I ascended the mountains, to view nature in some of its wildest forms. The mist came on, and I lost my way, where I was obliged to pass the night; cold and hungry, and stiff with fatigue, I should have been compelled this night also to remain unsheltered, and perhaps have perished, but that yon worthy fellow, who proves that humanity may be found in rough exteriors, fell in with, and brought me hither. Now, sir, I have answered, are you satisfied?" uttered the captain.

"And was the dog, that sagacious animal, lost too?" inquired the officer. "It is seldom the Newfoundland breed are so dull of comprehension."

"The creature would not leave my side," responded Fea-

ghan; "he seemed to be aware of dangers that were concealed from me, and knowing that he had never been here before, I feared to trust him as my guide."

"Bring here that tub that you picked up outside," said the officer, and a small empty cask similar to those with which the cutter had been stowed, was brought forward; the officer held it by the slings. "Heigh, boy!" exclaimed he, holding it in a position for the animal to take; poor Neptune forgot his propriety; he saw only the tub that was offered to him for conveyance, and bounding forward, he caught the slings in his jaws, and wagging his tail, turned triumphantly to his master. "I thought so," exclaimed the officer, "we are accustomed to these things at Dover and Deal." But Nep saw no approving look upon the captain's face:—the motion of his tail ceased:—he dropped the tub, —returned to the bed-side, where he doggedly remained, in spite of every effort to entice him away.

"The dog tells us a tale, at all events, sir," said one of the party; "it's plain he's up to the thing, and I wish I had the value of all that he has ever carried."

"The conduct of the creature is natural to all such animals," responded Feaghan; "but I am weary, gentlemen, is it your pleasure to let me sleep?"

"Macshane," called the officer, and the man came to his side. "You have found an old acquaintance, it seems,—pray do you know any thing of this dog, or of his master?"

"Sorrow the bit I know," returned Macshane, as he gave a glance at both; "barring it's Mr. Dooley the natural!"

"You are right, my friend," said Feaghan, catching at the man's meaning; "I am Mr. Dooley, the naturalist, as people are pleased to term me, and it was in search of lichen and mosses that I lost my way in the mountain."

"You can have no objection then, to return with me to a place of greater safety, sir," returned the officer; "I respect the man of science, and shall be proud to give you an escort."

"Which I will most cheerfully accept," uttered Feaghan, rising from the bed with his overall closely folded round him; "I am, it is true, extremely weary, but the prospect of better accommodation will atone for present labour. I am ready, sir."

"You will have a basket or box for your specimens, Mr. Dooley," said the officer inquiringly; "I am partial to the study of botany, myself, and when we get to our moorings shall be happy to inspect the fruit of your toil."

"I fear you will be disappointed then," said Feaghan, "for unfortunately my basket and my box were blown down a hideous chasm yesterday. I had placed them on the

ground for a few minutes, when the gale in its wild fury whirled both away, and with them went the little food I had provided."

"Well then, we will make up the loss by conversation," said the officer, preparing to depart; "and, as it would be a folly to descend to the cove with no certain knowledge of the smuggler being there, we will return over the mountain and wait for daylight."

"Farewell, my worthy friend," said Feaghan, addressing Mike, and slipping some money into his hand, so that the revenue party might see him; "you know the spot where my provisions and specimens are to be found; bring them to me at Bantry, and I will reward you. I shall stay at Bantry a few days."

"The Saints' blessings on your honour," returned Hagan; "it's few that spakes a word of comfort to owld Mike's heart now, for them are gone as onest owned me and cherished me—och hone!"

"Well, well, my honest fellow," said the officer; "you have done a Christian-like act, and gratitude is due to you. The cutter, you say, is not in the cove, but she must be in some of the nooks along this coast, and as your nest here commands a long view, I think you cannot help seeing her."

"Barring it's thick weather," observed Mike, with well-assumed simplicity of manner.

"Of course, I do not expect you to keep fog-spectacles," said the officer, smiling; "but Mike—I think your name's Mike."

"Mike Hagan, at your honour's service," returned the old man, bowing with obsequious deference.

"Well then, Mike Hagan, if you will keep a good lookout during the night, and ascertain what is going on, so as to give me information, you shall be well rewarded. The captain of the smuggler is much wanted at Cork."

"He has many friends there, sir," may be?" said Mike; "an' it's well and pleasant to be in request by one's friends, though I shall never enjoy that same again."

"He is in great request," assented the officer, "and if you can let me know where he may be found, your future condition shall be amended, and provision made for you to the end of your days."

"It's meself then as will sake him, and tell him of it," said Mike, putting on a look of pleased intelligence.

"No, no, not for the world!" exclaimed the officer, "you must not say a word to him, but come to me at—" he whispered in his ear, "and let me know without uttering a syllable to any one."

"Oh! divel the breath shall cross my lips about it," uttered Mike; "an' may you fall in with him this blessed night of all others."

"Come, lads, get into order, have your arms ready, look to your primings, and away," said the officer.

The command was obeyed, and the party quitted the hut, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, Mike showing them a shorter passage than that by which they had come down.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I know you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?"

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the habitation of old Mike he felt it as a reprieve, for he made no doubt of effecting his escape in some of the passes of the mountain, the whole of which he was perfectly acquainted with; and as he still retained his arms, he determined that even the shedding of blood should not deter him from making the trial; but when he beheld the judicious arrangements made by the officer to prevent surprise, and to form a body guard around them, he at once became convinced that an exceedingly difficult task lay before him, and the successful performance of it extremely problematical. Besides, he laboured under lassitude, weariness, and pain; he had not been in bed for several nights, and the previous one had been passed upon the cutter's deck; his wounds, too, were troublesome—they had no other dressing than that given by Peterson; the ball in his arm had not been extracted, the part was inflamed and swelled, and his whole frame was stiff and sore.

The officer was a rosy-faced, good-tempered Englishman, of that class who, fancying themselves extremely knowing, are generally the first to be deceived. The account of himself given by Feaghan was only in part credited, for there was a lurking suspicion, a sort of presentiment of something undefined, that induced him to place his men in such order that they might be ready for any thing that

might occur. He walked steadily by the side of the supposed Mr. Dooley, narrated the events of the chase after the Blue Bob with accurate precision—stated that the Dolphin had got into one of the small harbours in Bantry Bay, and that he had been despatched with twenty men well armed, and Macshane for a guide, to reconnoitre up the mountain, making every inquiry as to whether the smuggler had got into the Devil's Cove. "But where's your dog, Mr. Dooley?" inquired he; "I wish the noble animal was mine—surely we cannot have lost him."

Feaghan had missed the creature soon after they had set out, and hoped that he had gone back with Hagan; but, to avoid being suspected, he gave a shrill whistle, and forward bounded Neptune, carrying in his jaws the identical tub that had caused some uneasiness in the hut. The officer just noticed the circumstance, but made no other observation than praising the animal, who wagged his tail and carried his head erect as he proceeded onward with his prize.

Several times did Feaghan try to give his companions the slip, but, so closely did they stick to him, that he feared it would be impossible unless he had recourse to violence, and the odds were fearfully against him. Once he endeavoured to overturn the officer by pretending to stumble, but the man was on his guard, and though he staggered a little, yet he never lost his footing, and Feaghan became convinced that he had a most powerful enemy to contend with. Nerved to desperation, he at length chose a convenient spot where the bushes grew thickly and the ground was uneven, so as to offer concealment in the darkness. Slipping off his cloak, as an incumbrance, he knocked down the man by his side, and then made a vigorous spring into the thicket; but his strength was not equal to his expectations; the fallen man suddenly bounded up and caught the smuggler's foot as he precipitated himself forward; in an instant he came heavily to the ground, and the next minute was a prisoner and disarmed.

"You're a strange man, Mr. Dooley—a very strange man," said the officer, as they tightly pinioned Feaghan's arms behind him; "any one might tell you was a man of science, you're so erratic in your movements. Who you are, or what you are, is at present beyond my comprehension, but you must excuse me for depriving you of your liberty, Mr. Dooley. Naturalist you may be, but, for my own part, I take you for as errant a duffer as ever run a cargo. However, we shall see presently; our commander is to be at O'Connor Hall, and thither shall I conduct you, Mr. Dooley."

"You will use your own free will, sir," responded Fea-

ghan, proudly; "though I cannot see what legal right you have to detain me, and more especially to treat me in this manner."

"I own, Mr. Dooley," returned the officer, provokingly, "that I am not lawyer enough to know under what Act of Parliament I am keeping you in safe custody—I must leave that to the wiser heads of you gentlemen naturalists. But you have committed an assault, Mr. Dooley—an unprovoked assault, and you may be tempted to repeat it if I suffer you to be at large again; it is probable you may be known at O'Connor Hall, and then, Mr. Dooley, if you are Mr. Dooley the botanist, you shall have immediate release."

Feaghan had every reason to believe he should be recognised at O'Connor Hall, but not for the purpose of being set at liberty; he regretted that he had not used his pistols, but now he had no alternative, and must remain a prisoner, perhaps be consigned to jail and suffer an ignominious death, in expiation for his offences against the laws. These were by no means pleasant reflections, and his reckless nature tried to drive them away; but he was feverish and irritable, and, as far as the thoughts were concerned, he had lost all self-control. The officer continued Mr. Dooleying him as they walked forward, but Feaghan merely returned monosyllables to his inquiries; he felt an unusual depression of spirits, and every effort to rally his energies only served to bow him down still lower.

It was near midnight when they passed through the avenue of fine old elm trees that formed an appropriate approach to O'Connor Hall—the porter at the Lodge having promptly opened the gates to admit them as soon as he had ascertained their errand. All was still and quiet within the venerable building, when the loud summons at the door announced the party, and in a few minutes, from an eminence commanding the entire front, inquiry was made relative to the intruders. The officer explained his situation, and required admission to communicate with his superior.

"Which vessel do you belong to?" asked the domestic; "we've two commanders in the house."

"The Dolphin, revenue cruiser," returned the officer; "Captain Lillyburn. Have the goodness to inform him of my arrival, and that I have got a prisoner."

"I'll do that thing," returned the servant. "Wait a minute, an' I'll be back presently. They're neither of them abed yet."

In a short time the doors were thrown open, and the party entered the spacious hall, where lights were arranged by the servants who had not yet retired for the night; whilst the others, disturbed by such a summons, at a season when

alarm prevailed, very soon made their appearance amongst the rest. The place they were assembled in was one of those spacious ante-vestibules that were formerly to be seen in ancient baronial residences, serving the double purpose of an entrance-hall and a guard-room. The dark and highly-polished oak panels, inlaid with brass, were decorated with arms of every manual description, intermingled with weapons destined for the chase. Nor were they confined to that particular period, for there was antique armour, the stout bull-hide shield, with its brass knobs; cross-bows and bills; the long two-edged sword; the mace and the axe, with various other implements of warfare. A massive lamp hung suspended from the centre, and its seven branches, when lighted up, darkly illumined every part of the place, so as to heighten the romance of its appearance to the eye of the stranger. The floor was of white and black marble alternately, in diagonal positions. Richly carved oak chairs, with crimson velvet, emblazoned with armorial bearings, in the centre of their backs were ranged along the sides, together with two huge tables of the same wood. The fret work of the vaulted ceiling frowned in the gloom, and showed the fantastic shapes projecting from the cornices in mockery of life.

The armed party, with their prisoner, stood awaiting the arrival of the Dolphin's commander; and Feaghan, who had carefully noticed every countenance that presented itself, became more at ease, as, by their being all strange to him, he trusted that the honour of being unknown was reciprocal. At length two servants, each carrying two massive silver candlesticks, with wax tapers, preceded a short, stout, red-eyed man, who called for "Mr. Dobson," and the officer respectfully approached him, hat in hand.

"Well, Dobson, and what news of the smuggler?" inquired Captain Lilyburn, in a pompous manner.

"We can hear nothing of him, sir," answered the officer; "all is quiet up the mountains,—not a thing stirring."

"We have other intelligence, Mr. Dobson—other intelligence, sir," responded Captain Lilyburn: "the smuggler is at this very moment at anchor in the Devil's Cove. But who have we here?"

The officer who had been addressed by the name of Dobson had permitted Feaghan to resume his cloak after his capture, and he now held it wrapped round him, as he stood between two men with pistols ready cocked. "He says his name is Dooley, sir, a naturalist, botanizing in the mountains."

"And is that any reason for bringing him here, sir?" exclaimed Captain Lilyburn, angrily. "The liberty of the

subject, sir, is too precious and valuable to be trifled with. He bears the appearance of a gentleman. Release him, sir—release him.”

“He attempted to get away, sir, and knocked Morrison down,” said the officer, embarrassed and confused.

“And well he might, sir; the liberty of the subject, sir. Mr. Tooley”—he approached the smuggler—“I am truly sorry, sir, that you should have suffered inconvenience—stand back, men,” for the poor fellows still remained guarding Feaghan. “These are perilous times, Mr. Tooley—very perilous times. Walk with me, and take some refreshment. Mr. Dobson, let the men get a good allowance served out to them, and then come to me for orders.”

“The gentleman was well armed, sir,” whispered Dobson to his commander, who was following Feaghan into an inner apartment, preceded by lights.

“And who, pray, do you think would be up in those wild mountains without arms, Mr. Dobson?” returned Captain Lilyburn. “I fear you have done wrong—committed yourself, sir—violated the liberty of the subject, which should be held sacred. Bear a hand with the men, for we must instantly go on board, and be round off the Devil’s Cove by daylight.”

Feaghan could not but experience the greatest astonishment at the turn affairs had taken when he laid aside his overall, and found himself comfortably seated in a handsome parlour, with a cheerful fire, and at a table on which stood decanters of rosy wine.

“Come, Mr. Tooley, help yourself, sir; you must require something after your toil,” said Captain Lilyburn. “That Dobson’s a blockhead, or he might have known gentility. I trust, however, you will not regret the inconvenience you have suffered, since it has moored you in a snug berth, sir. Your health, Mr. Tooley, and better acquaintance.”

Feaghan filled a bumper, and with gentlemanly politeness returned the salute of his companion. He did, indeed, need such a stimulant, and the cordial greatly revived him. “Your officer meant well, sir, I have no doubt,” said the smuggler.

“Ay, ay, Dobson’s honest enough, I’ll be sworn,” returned Captain Lilyburn, “but dreadfully stubborn and stupid, sir—obstinate, obstinate. I dare say, now, he took you for some desperate smuggler;” and the Captain laughed.

“It is not at all improbable, sir,” replied Feaghan; “my look and arms, and the time of night, no doubt aided the deception.”

“And you were up the mountains naturalizing, Mr. Tooley, eh?” said Captain Lilyburn. “Fill, sir, if you

please, and pass the decanter. Well, I never could account for the steadiness and perseverance with which you men of genius undergo difficulty and labour in pursuit of a plant; but I suppose it is much the same as a cutter in chase of a smuggler—all eagerness and excitement."

"Your parallel I conceive to be very just, sir, although the perils of the great waters are to me unknown," replied Feaghan, eagerly swallowing another bumper; "but I dare say the excitement of the chase equals that which the naturalist feels when in pursuit of something that may increase the knowledge of mankind. Think of discovering a new plant, sir; a plant to which the learned world may affix your name, and hand it down to posterity. The Dooleyscentum, sir,"—he filled his glass again, as, with seeming ecstasy, he exclaimed, "ay, the Dooleyscentum—it would be the utmost height of my ambition."

"And a very harmless and innocent one, too, Mr. Tooley," returned Lilyburn, lifting his glass; "may your hopes and expectations be realized. Here's to the Tooleysmeltum, sir."

"With all my heart," uttered Feaghan, with well-assumed delight, as he again tossed off his wine. "Here's to the Dooleyscentum; and many thanks, sir, for the honour you have conferred upon me. I have, in fact, discovered a new species of moss, and as a token of gratitude—yes, I will,—I'm determined I will,—it shall be called after you, my kind friend;" and Feaghan refilled his glass, and held it up. "I'll name it the Lily-bur-nalia. Long may you live to enjoy the distinction." And down went the wine.

"Well, well," responded Captain Lilyburn—"really, I think—but there, do as you please. But you must require food. Shall a servant wait upon you, or will you help yourself at the sideboard? I hope you will afterwards accompany me to the Dolphin, and then you will be enabled to form some idea of what a real chase and sea-fight is, for I certainly shall trap the audacious smuggler, who thinks, no doubt, that he has deluded me. Deceive me? No, no, Mr. Dooley, it is not so easy a matter to do that, sir; I am not so readily deceived, as he shall learn before noon to-morrow."

Feaghan walked boldly to the sideboard, which was plentifully supplied with substantial food, and, whilst the captain of the revenue cutter was industriously extolling his own discernment, the hardy smuggler ate heartily of what appeared before him, and felt all his energies revive.

"I wonder where Dobson can be," uttered Lilyburn; "the men must be pretty well satisfied by this time—but those

fellows would gormandize for ever. Well, Mr. Tooley, what do you say for a trip to sea?"

"Your offer is extremely gratifying, sir," replied Feaghan, bowing, "but I fear my friends will feel alarmed for my safety.—This is the second night of my absence, and, if you will kindly give directions for my pistols to be returned, I shall, with the help of the Lord, proceed on to Bantry."

"To Bantry! why it would be madness to go alone, Mr. Tooley—sheer madness," exclaimed Captain Lilyburn: "if you will not go with me to the Dolphin, you had better take a bed here. Sir Terence never sees company—he is a lone, a desolate man," said he, mournfully, shaking his head, "his son manages all; but he is absent on some important duty, and is not expected back till morning. Sir Terence, however, has given me *carte blanche*, and I am sure every degree of hospitality will be extended to you, Mr. Tooley."

The thought flashed upon Feaghan's mind, that if left behind, under such circumstances, he might easily escape from his chamber, and therefore, with a bow, he replied, "Our island is famed for hospitality, Captain Lilyburn; I am, indeed, very weary, and somewhat hurt in my fall, I will, therefore, remain for the night, and accept my best thanks and regards for——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Dobson, accompanied by a thorough bull-dog-looking man, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant; his face was bloated and pimpled—his eyes were large and prominent—and his voice was rough and hoarse. Feaghan turned his head away, and a sickly dampness came over his brow. "Yo hoy, Lilyburn," said the lieutenant,—“what, still at anchor? It's time to be under way, else that —— fellow will give us the slip again, though I think we have him safe enough now."

"I will retire," said Feaghan, in a low tone, addressing Captain Lilyburn, "my presence may impede business, and I wish to be at rest. May you meet with the success you merit, sir, and believe me I shall not forget you."

"Show this gentleman to a chamber," said the revenue captain to one of the servants, "and, Dobson, see that his pistols are restored. Good night, Mr. Tooley; I shall be proud to see you whenever an opportunity serves, and, my dear sir, you'll not forget the Lilybur—what-you-may-call-it, the new moss:" he bowed to the retreating Feaghan, and then continued, "Now, Captain Anderson, I am ready to attend to you."

"Don't let me disturb the gentleman," said Anderson, who, though only a lieutenant, assumed the nominal title of captain, in virtue of his being commander of the Spider. "Don't let me disturb the gentleman: it is the bottomizer,

I presume. Come, my friend, one glass in good fellowship before we part."

"I thank you for your polite civility, uttered Feaghan, lowly bowing, so as to keep his face in the shade, "I have already drank sufficient; and men of scientific attainments should always keep their heads clear."

"D—— it, shipmate, one glass more won't damage your upper works," said the lieutenant, bluntly.

"Liberty all! Captain Anderson—liberty all," exclaimed Lilyburn. "Mr. Tooley is tired—force no man—freedom is every thing—yet, perhaps, Mr. Tooley, at my request, will indulge in another glass, for the sake of old remembrance."

Thus pressed, Feaghan knew not what to do—had he persisted in his refusal it might have caused suspicion, and he therefore, though with a heavy heart, determined to brave it out: "Most assuredly, I will comply with your desire;" and, stepping quickly to the table, he filled his glass; "your health, sir."

"Gentlemanly—most gentlemanly," uttered the self-gratified Lilyburn; "no, no, I'm not easily deceived, any body may see he is—"

"The Smasher!" vociferated the lieutenant, releasing a pistol from his belt and cocking it; "surrender, rascal, you are my prisoner."

"Eh,—how,—what," uttered Lilyburn, "the Smasher—the skipper of the smuggler—impossible—you must labour under error, Captain Anderson—no one can practise upon me."

"Practise, or not practise, that's the man," growled the lieutenant, "and I have others here to prove it. Seize him, men—if he offers to stir I'll put a ball through his head."

"Keep the men off, Captain Anderson!" shouted Feaghan, who saw that subterfuge was useless; "do not drive me to desperation. Captain Lilyburn, I claim your protection—the liberty of the subject, sir—the liberty of the subject."

"But the face of affairs has changed, my man," returned Lilyburn; "in fact, I suspected as much all along." He shook his head. "No, no—I'm not easily deceived."

"Remember the new moss," said the reckless smuggler; "would you lose such lasting, imperishable fame—the Lilyburnalia?"—and he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which, though none knew the joke, all heartily joined. "Well, Captain Anderson, I surrender," continued he; "and now," raising his glass, "may the divel fetch every mother's son of you!"

"I'll take you on board," said Anderson—"mustn't lose

sight of you again. Come, on with your storm-gear; we've no time to throw away."

"Not to-night, Captain Anderson," returned the smuggler, proudly; "I shall accept the hospitality of Sir Terence—he is a country magistrate, sir; and I yield myself to the civil power, pointing to some of the police, who had entered the apartment with the seamen to get a sight of the notorious Smasher. "Besides, though I will not appeal to *your* humanity, yet I must claim early assistance. Your marines gave me a benediction in that little affair off Scilly; one of their blessings remains in my body; my wounds are festering and sore; I am yet untried, and I demand the treatment of a man."

"He is right, Captain Anderson," whispered Lilyburn; "he is beneath the same roof with the civil magistrate, who cannot see him till the morning; it would be gross disrespect to our host and his worthy son, and we mustn't repay kindness by insult."

"Are there any places of confinement in the house?" inquired the lieutenant, addressing the chief of the police.

"Shure an there is, sir," answered the man, "a tight hole enough, where I'll engage he'd niver get out till doomsday, if you wish to keep him so long."

"An' no very long time eather," said another of the police, "if he's the raal Smasher. We'll take care of him, any how, seeing his head's worth two hundred pounds."

"Which I shall claim," said Anderson, whilst Feaghan eyed them with silent contempt. "I thought my marines must have hit you, and you well deserved it. Five of my men expended, and his majesty's schooner riddled with shot, besides the loss of the fore-yard.—You'll go to heaven in a string, to a certainty."

"He who foretells another's fate may come to it himself," said Feaghan. "Show me my prison. You shall not see me shrink; nor do I yet despair of nipping the Spider's legs again. From you, Captain Lilyburn, I have received generous kindness, and I will not forget it, should fortune ever enable me to return the obligation. Here, bind my hands and arms, if you wish it; I am ready to go."

"Let him have a bed or a mattress, at the least, with comfortable covering," said Lilyburn; "whatever his future fate may be, let us act towards him with humanity now."

"Order it as you please," said the lieutenant, "for my part, I'm off. Away, fellows,—away, Spiders, away. We've got the chief, and we'll have his craft before this hour to-morrow afternoon."

Well guarded by the police and the servants, Feaghan was conducted to a stone cell, about twelve feet square, with

a small aperture, strongly secured by iron bars to admit air. Agreeably to the wish of Captain Lilyburn, a mattress was laid upon the wooden frame that served for the prisoner's rest, and blankets and coverlets were spread over all, forming a very comfortable couch for a wearied and wounded man, accustomed to privations and hardships. Some warm wine was brought to him, which he drank off freely, and then laid himself upon the pallet; the door closed; he listened to the fastening of the locks and bolts, and was left in total darkness. Sleep began to steal upon his senses, when he heard a low whining noise, which he immediately knew proceeded from his faithful animal, Neptune, and instantly rising, he took the bandage from his arm, thrust it through the grated window, hap-hazard, and then called—"Away, Nep, away to the craft, boy, to the craft!" His door was suddenly opened, and a policeman looking in, gave him warning there was a sentry in the passage. The light that was thrown around his cell, added to the previous investigation he had made, amply satisfied him that egress was entirely out of the question, except through the doorway, and the policeman's carbine, ready for instant use, showed him the inutility of a personal attack. He threw himself on his pallet again, and his guardian retiring, he was soon in a profound sleep, in defiance of pain and uneasiness of mind.

Maurice Feaghan was the son of a grazier, who had been well to do in the world, and, by attending the various markets in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, had acquired a degree of information and knowledge that gave him a sort of off-hand polish, which, added to the vivacity of his manner, and a fund of humour, elevated him above society in his own rank of life, and rendered him a great favourite amongst a higher grade, who prized his companion-like qualities, and valued his *bonhomie*.

Maurice was destined for the priesthood, and, consequently, at an early age he was confided to the care of the Reverend Father O'Fogharty, the parish confessor, who, with much benevolence of heart, blended a strange eccentricity of manner, and loved a good joke above all things, saying and excepting a taste of the "raal mountain dew." Yet he was far from being of intemperate habits, and his scientific and literary knowledge was sufficiently extensive to entitle him to be considered a profound scholar and excellent divine.

The choice of such an instructor to a gay, rollicking youth like Maurice, had its evils as well as its advantages; indeed it was questionable whether, in many instances, the former did not predominate; for young Feaghan knew well

how to put his "commether" on the old man, and make the worse appear the better cause; and though the lad greatly respected his preceptor, yet the volatile disposition of youth constantly involved the pupil in some scrape or other, and at wakes, fairs, and ructions, none was more active than Maurice Feaghan. It is true that the master called him to account for his outbreaks: but the love of humour in the old man was not proof against the irresistible drollery of his charge, who, when pleading in his own behalf, contrived to introduce such ridiculous descriptions of the occurrence as completely to overpower the risible faculties of the worthy father, and the pretended penitent had forgiveness promptly extended to him.

In all the athletic exercises and pastimes of his countrymen, young Maurice was no mean proficient; he was strong, active, and vigorous, fond of a bit of harmless mischief, and "who carried his head so high among the lasses, as the young praste as was to be?" whilst they in return rendered him their silent admiration. Against the proctors and revenue men he had conceived a sort of instinctive antipathy, amounting almost to hatred. The tales which were told of their arbitrary proceedings and unnatural oppression, caused him to consider them as enemies to the rest of mankind, and he formed a determined resolution to make war upon the whole race, and punish every individual of the class, wherever or whenever they got within his grasp.

Such a spirit could not long remain the quiet inmate of a retired study; there were those who saw the peculiarities of the young man, and calculated upon the uses to which they might be put in organizing rebellion. Arts and schemes were employed to decoy him into secret combination; the agitators pretended to repose entire confidence in his honour, and he was introduced to the midnight meetings, in some wild romantic glen or uncouth cavern, that was well calculated to operate on the enthusiastic temperament of a youth, whose mind was already pre-occupied by the florid description of such scenes that he had found in books. Here the utmost deference was paid him, and, in an evil hour, incited by a love of liberty—the rational meaning of which he had never defined—he joined himself to a band of Whiteboys that had long been the terror of that part of the island. For some length of time, notwithstanding the many outrages that were perpetrated, he remained under the mask of concealment: but in a desperate affray, involving the sacrifice of several lives, his person was recognised, secrecy was no longer possible; he bade adieu to the church and to Father O'Fogharty, and became at once, young as he was, a determined, daring leader of rebels.

Rewards were offered for his apprehension: but he continued to elude the search that was made for him, and he gained the name of "The Smasher," from his propensities to beat in the doors and window-frames of the houses that resisted his lawless exactions. But at length he found it impossible to retain his position on shore, and, indulging his cherished detestation of revenue men, he became a smuggler under one of the most intrepid captains on the coast, and in his new employ he was equally indefatigable as he had been in his old. The excitement suited his reckless habits; he saw there was a fortune to be made, if he could only keep from being captured; and, not over scrupulous as to means, he toiled unceasingly in his vocation, and applied himself most diligently to the acquisition of a thorough acquaintance with the various inlets, coves, and creeks, upon the southern shores of the island, whilst, at the same time, he obtained an excellent knowledge of the French coast.

Qualities like these could not long be kept in a state of subordination. Mr. Cornelius, or the *Baccah*, as he was called, traded extensively in the contraband. The *Blue Bob* had just been launched for the *free trade*, and an offer of the command made to young Feaghan, which he at once accepted, and, still retaining his designation of "the Smasher," he proved himself the most successful smuggler that ever hoisted sail upon the ocean. This, together with his hair-breadth escapes, in which science and skill were aided by great good luck, had rendered him, in the estimation of his superstitious people, as something surpassing human nature, and they looked up to him with a confidence equal to his daring.

During his runs he had had frequent encounters with the revenue vessels, which he had either outsailed or beaten off, and had fought the *Spider* for two hours before he could get clear away. Once he had been apprehended, and Lieutenant Anderson having appeared against him in person, became thoroughly acquainted with his identity. The individual, through whose treachery he had been taken, swore to many facts, and Feaghan was fully committed to take his trial for murder on the high seas: but through the active agency of his father, who bribed the jailer with a little fortune, he was enabled to escape to France, where he again resumed command of the cutter. An act of outlawry was passed against him—two hundred pounds reward was offered for his apprehension, yet he had recklessly walked through the streets of Cork, and read the posting bills describing his appearance; nay, he had more than once visited Father O'Fogharty, and left him handsome testimonials of his grateful esteem. Most probably his previous

escape had been the inducement to Anderson's design of taking him with him to the Spider.

And there laid the wounded outlaw, soundly sleeping—insensible to the fate which seemed inevitably to hang over him. Suddenly he started up from his pallet, and exclaimed, "Hallo, Tom! what's the news?" For the moment, he fancied himself on board; but the darkness was too profound—and immediate recollection of his situation came across his mind.

"It could not be a dream!" said he. "Some one touched me; I will swear some one touched me. Who and what are you?"

"Hush! make no noise," uttered a whisper at his ear; and though the words were scarcely audible, yet there was a harmony in the tone, low as it was, that instantly told Feaghan the dwarf was by his side. But the exclamation he had used alarmed the sentry—bolt after bolt was withdrawn. "Rest easy, Feaghan; make room," said the hunchback—"make room, or you're lost." He crept beneath the covering of the bed, and effected concealment as the light of the sentinel's lamp dispersed the gloom.

"An' is it disturbed ye are? small wonder at that same," said the man. "What the devil ails you?"

"Thru' for you, my boy, and it is the devil ails me," answered Feaghan. "I thought he shook me, and wanted to get into bed; but it's dreaming I was, though I never knew any thing more like reality."

"Och, then, but he knows his own," returned the sentry; "it's choice companions ye are—the Lord be between me and harem—an' so I'll lave you together." He closed the door—the bolts were again drawn, and all was once more involved in darkness impenetrable to the sight.

"Feaghan," whispered the dwarf, disengaging himself from the blankets, "notwithstanding your conduct last night, I would not leave you to perish. I told you I would be your friend, if you would let me. I come to serve you—it is in my power to do so."

"Can you take me out o' this without any more bother?" returned the outlaw, in the same low whisper. The Blue Bob is lost, and there are those on board will split about the stow-hole if I am not there to prevent it."

"How know you that?" inquired the dwarf; she is safe at anchor in the cove, and—" He stopped short.

"And what?" said Feaghan. "But no matter now. Lilyburn and Anderson were here to night; they have both returned to their vessels, and will be round at the cove by daylight. An express has been sent off to Cork, and others have been despatched along the coast. There is no time to

lose. How you came here is none of my business, except, as I suppose, we must get out the same way."

"If I release you, will you cancel the agreement respecting the children?" said the dwarf.

"This is sheer folly," returned Feaghan; "I thought you were better acquainted with self-preservation. I am here with a halter round my neck, and would willingly swear through those stone walls to save myself."

"Will you implicitly follow my instructions?" asked the dwarf. "Say but the word, and you are free."

"Follow! ay, I'll follow you to any where but the gallows just now," responded Feaghan, "and then be guided by my own inclinations afterwards. If you are not satisfied, leave me, and let me sleep so that I may collect my thoughts; I shall have an important examination to undergo to-morrow."

"Would you betray your friend—your employer, Feaghan?" said the dwarf, in a tone of inquiry.

"I cannot and will not hold farther conversation here," uttered Feaghan; "if it is in your power to sprite me away through the key-hole, or squeeze me flat out between those iron gratings—for these are the only modes of escape I know of—well and good; if not, haul your wind out of this—for may be I shall have an attack of cramp, and be compelled to call out."

"Well then, Feaghan, I will testify my confidence in your honour," returned the dwarf; "you shall experience my generosity and friendship. Arise—make no noise—your hand."

Feaghan complied with the directions, and carrying his shoes in one hand, he extended the other to his guide, and silently they trod across the stone floor. The dwarf stooped, and there was a slight grating noise in the wall. "Bend down," said he, "and feel your way." The outlaw did so, and found himself in an aperture opened in the solid wall, but by what means effected he could not discover. Passing through it, upon his hands and knees, he discovered that he was at once on the steps of a stone staircase; there was the same grating noise, and they descended to a low door, which opened on the broad moat surrounding the house. A small boat lay in readiness, and in a few minutes they were safely landed on the other side.

"Now then, Feaghan, you are once more at liberty," said the dwarf; "does not the free air of heaven come refreshing to your temples—is it not grateful to the heart?"

"I wish I was on the cutter's deck, under a close-reefed trysel," said the smuggler; "it would be more pleasant to me than all the perfumed gales of Araby."

"Be contented—you are safe," uttered the other. "And now, Feaghan, will you accede to my request relative to the reward?"

"For myself, may the money perish!" answered the outlaw, proudly; "you have rescued me from peril, and I would scorn to be ungrateful."

"You will cancel the demand, then?" continued the dwarf—"you will not expect the payment?"

"I have said it, Mr. Cornelius," returned the smuggler; "but, at the same time, I can have no right to make such a declaration for others. I leave them in your hands."

"And the boy!" eagerly interrupted the dwarf—"the boy, Feaghan—what do you say of him?"

"Do not urge me on that point," answered the captain—"or, if you will, I tell you at once he shall never come to harm whilst I have the power to prevent it."

"Suppose him already disposed of," said the dwarf; "that which has been done can never be recalled."

"But it may be avenged," returned Feaghan,—“ay, and shall be so, if any one has dared to injure him. You will find me at my post, Mr. Cornelius—or, rather, will hear from me, as I shall put to sea the moment I get on board, and make a running fight of it, if I can do no better. In the mean time, the boy shall be kept safe; and, perhaps, should it be absolutely necessary, he may be disposed of where there will be no fear of his troubling you again. Farewell, Mr. Cornelius, I'm off. Expect to see me back in less than a fortnight."

CHAPTER IX.

Och, the whisky—the whisky's the divel's delight;
It taches to love and it urges to fight;
Makes a foe of a friend and a friend of a foe;
The sweetest of bliss and the bitterest woe.

THE beautiful cutter lay reposing on the water after Feaghan had quitted her, and the men were holding a sort of revelry on shore, many of their friends and acquaintances having, on notice of their arrival, come down to welcome them in good French brandy. A sail, spread over an opening amongst the rocks, sheltered them from the night dew—a wood fire was kindled—and lighted wicks of cotton cloth, immersed in tin pans of fat, threw a bright glare

around, as the piper played his lilt, and the wild-looking beings entered into all the violent extravagance of the Irish dance.

It was a scene for the pencil of Salvator Rosa—the tubs, and arms, and marine appendages, being introduced to heighten the effect of the smuggler's gala. Nor was there wanting many a little love affair, both of the heart and of the shillalah, to vary the by-play and give character to the whole.

Peterson and Tom Graves remained on board the cutter; the former in obedience to his commander's directions, the latter because he firmly believed the vessel would not be safe without him. The children had gone early to rest, for they had lost their playmate—Ned cried himself to sleep, whilst Hamilton joined in his sorrow solely on Ned's account.

"I'm thinking, Muster Peterson," said old Tom, "that Muster Rapartee owes us a grudge for that 'ere affair at Brest; for my part, I never bears no malice to any one, but he doesn't seem to me to come of a breed that 'ud forgive and forget."

"Our opinions are alike there, Graves," returned Peterson. "We cannot be too much upon our guard against him. Lawless as our occupation is, at all events we ought to be true to one another. Rafferty has more of the tiger in him than any man I ever knew."

"I don't know what you calls lawless, sir," said Graves, somewhat offended at his honesty being suspected, "but to my notion of things, we acts more by the rule of right than them as makes so much palaver about the law. They've a Parliament-house and a Custom-house here in Ireland as well as they have in England, and all the money as they gets in the Custom-houses is shared out in the Parliament-houses, where they tell me it's 'catch as catch can.' Now, I take it we've a just right to some share, that is if we can get it; so if we helps ourselves to the vally o' the dooties, why we're only doing the same as they're doing—looking out for number one. They makes laws to divide it among theirselves, and we makes laws not to let 'em get hould on it."

"There can be very little difference to us either way, Graves," said Peterson; "we are merely paid for our services, though I must own the wages are good, in consideration of the hazards we run."

"There lies the difference, Muster Peterson," drily returned the boatswain; "the extra wages comes out o' that which would otherwise be sarved out amongst the Parliament folk. And arter all, there's not none on 'em, from

stem to starn, in your Lords and Commons, but likes a drop of stuff, or a bit of dry goods, dooty free, if so be as they can get it upon the sly. Why there was a Parliament man, I thinks his name was Pennypunt, as we always used to supply reg'larly with pieces when I was in old Dangerfield's 'None so Lucky,' belonging to Folkstun; and which on 'em is without his bangdanna either for his neck or for his pocket, and them bangdannas are next thing to being prohibited by the heavy dooties. Well, if so be as they can get 'em for thirty shillings a piece apiece smuggled, they won't go for to give three or four guineas, because it's the law."

"And so by your reckoning, Tom, conscience is sacrificed to pelf," said Peterson, laughing, "and, therefore, we of the contraband sell our consciences as well as our labour."

"Why, Muster Peterson, I ar'n't possessed of faculty enough to make any particular diskrimmagement in the religion of the business, but it does seem to my thinking out o' reason to suppose sich a thing, 'kase why? we do for conscience sake, that which they do again their conscience—for we sticks by our law, whilst they breaks theirs."

"A very nice distinction, truly, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone of merriment. "And worthy of any lawyer in Westminster Hall—though I fear neither judge nor jury would be of your opinion."

"'Kase they don't belong to us, Muster Peterson," answered the boatswain; "if the judges were owners of craft and the juries reg'lar hands at the trade, they'd soon show 'em right from wrong by their vardicks. Our skipper 'ud make a good foreman of a jury."

"I hope he'll not be long away, Tom," said Peterson, with some symptoms of uneasiness. "Should the mate return before him, with his grog aboard, we shall be sure to have some disturbance or other—he is like a wild beast, always ready to bite when his keeper's not alongside to muzzle him."

"And Captain Figgin keeps him pretty well muzzled too," responded old Tom, "though, for my part, I can't see but the craft 'ud sail just as well without him."

"He is useful too at a pinch, Tom," argued the second mate, "he has a certain *je ne sais quoi*, that can only be produced by animal instinct."

"By all accounts, Muster Peterson, he's got a good many Jenny Saquaws," rejoined the boatswain, "and as for his animal inkstink it's altogether beyond my calkelations. Howsomever, here we are in as sweet a craft as ever lifted her bows to sea. I loves the cutter, Muster Peterson, better nor any vessel I was ever in, and, as you say, there's

good wages, which gladdens my heart, bekase I can the better purvide for them as has claim to my support. The station too, is a good and Christian-like station, for there's so many holes and corners, and devil's coves to shelter in; and the runs are pleasant, that it's very different to crossing the channel in an open boat, with a breeze enough to blow all the hair off your head, and the sea running arter you like a race horse. And it's hazardous work, that beaching, Muster Peterson, whether its down among the shingle, near Rumney Marsh, or under Hay Cliff, with its reef of chalk stones. To be sure, like a donkey's gallop, it's short and sweet, and a fellow may creep under hatches in his little home, and lie all snug till next cruise, if so be as he carries a weather helm among the officers, and shows an innocent figure-head. Many's the trip I've had to Flushing and along shore in the owld 'None-so-lucky;' but it's hard lines, Muster Peterson, in them long dark nights, shoving away between Blanket-bug and Bulling, and then pushing across the water under a reefed main-lug—every plank quivering like a dog in a fit; and only a quarter of an inch between your coffin* and your grave. Well! I say we arns all we gets."

"So we do, Tom, and earn it well too," assented Peterson; "but come, old boy, we'll have a glass of grog apiece, and drink success to Folkstone pier, where the mayor wished the foundation stone to be laid at the top, that he might see his name upon it."

"Ay, ay, Muster Peterson, the lubbers are always spinning some yarn or other about us Folkstuners," responded Graves. "They say the women have raked the bale-pond to catch the moon, and put it out—but it's all gammon. And as for a glass of grog, why it's a sad heart as never rejoices—they're hard at it there ashore, and them Paddys are the devil's own, surely at a sprée."

The steward was called—the grog ordered—and soon seated side by side the two officials conversed over their beverage, of past events and future prospects. It was somewhat approaching to midnight when O'Rafferty returned—the men were by this time in a state of wild tumult—arising from inebriety, and the mate had swallowed sufficient to inflame all the evil passions and propensities of his nature. He was not drunk, but infuriated to a degree of demoniac mischief: there was nevertheless a method in his whole proceedings, that developed the real and undisguised nature of the man. At first he joined the riotous crew on shore, and shouted and danced with any of them; but though the men felt that he reduced himself to their level, by his conduct,

* The name of a particular kind of smuggling boat.

yet he did not entertain the same opinion, as, upon some imaginary offence being given to his rank, he seized hold of a musket, and would have sent the unfortunate offender to his last account, had he not been restrained by others just at the moment he was about to fire. This only served to render him more furious, and, struggling from those who held him, he ordered every man to bear a hand on board, without a moment's delay. But he was speaking to men over whom reason held no control; a few indeed obeyed the command, but the principal portion either held him in derision, or openly set his authority at utter defiance.

Peterson and Graves witnessed the transaction from the cutter; and, when the mate came on board with those who were ready to accompany him, they naturally expected that they should become the objects of his rage; they therefore armed themselves and prepared for the worst; but so eager was O'Rafferty for revenge on the men who had recently provoked him, that, without noticing his subordinates, he at once issued orders to turn the cutter's guns upon the spot where the refractory crew and their associates, instead of continuing united in their mutiny, had commenced fighting with each other; and there was as pretty a specimen of give and take, as any amateur in an Irish row need wish to witness.

"The O'Raffertys," as the mate called them, had promptly complied with the directions of their leader; and the guns were cast loose, and pointed at the scene of drunken disorder, by men who were very little less intoxicated than the comrades they were disposed to murder—the match was lighted, and the work of destruction was about to open with deadly effect, (for the shot could not fail of doing great execution) when Peterson and Graves thought it time to interfere.

"Avast! ye man-eating rascals," bellowed old Tom, "them guns was only cast for enemies, not shipmates—drop the match you cuckoo-clock making wagabone," and he knocked the ignited match from the hand of the man who was kindling them for others, and, snatching it up, he hove it overboard.

"Out o' that wid yer," said O'Rafferty, as he aimed a furious blow with a hand-spike at the head of Graves, but the latter dexterously avoided it, and catching up a boat-hook kept him at bay.

"Are you all rappartees," exclaimed the boatswain, addressing the men. "Is there no Figginties among you all? —Teddy, will you side against your skipper, and shoot your messmates?"

"Not a taste in life," said Teddy, ranging himself with

old Graves, "Ireland for ever—horroo!" and in an instant he was followed by several others, so as to render the balance of physical strength somewhat equal. O'Rafferty raved like a maniac, but his mad purpose was defeated, the guns were deserted, and the scenes of the shore were reacted on the vessel's deck, and general tumult prevailed.

Such was the state of affairs when Mike Hagan (who had descended from his country seat in the mountains with a communication to the mate from the dwarf) suddenly appeared amongst them. Whether he fully comprehended the spectacle or not, is a matter of no material consequence; certain it is, that he no sooner beheld the affray, than, bounding into the thick of it, he swung a heavy shillalah round his head, without giving any previous instruction on whom it was to fall. "The Philistines are on yer, boys," shouted he, laying it on right and left; "and there's a short dthrop and a long swing for every mother's son, and ye all fightin'!" down came the weapon again. "Is it brake the pace you will, then?" another blow, "and the raal inimy close at hand—hurroo, Paddy Kiernan;" and Paddy felt the weight of the stick. "I'm ould and wake now, but times has been, Dinnis," and down went Dennis at full length. "It's me-self as manes to befriend yer all and hannimandhioul, but you'll be quiet, will you?" Thus Mike continued, keeping his twig in full occupation, till he was confronted with the mate. "Arrah, Mr. Rafferty, it's a message I've got for yer," and, from sheer impulse, he flung himself forward and struck the officer a severe blow on his freshly-set collar bone, that made the fracture worse, and the pain a thousand times more acute. The mate yelled with anguish as he fired a pistol at Mike, but, from the unsteadiness of his aim, without any injurious effect. "Bad manners to your oncivil sowl," said Mike; "and me come down to your thave's hole to befriend yer in regard o' the Baccah. It's out o' this you must get afore daybreak, and run for Birdoh; the captain's a prisoner—why?"

But O'Rafferty was suffering too much pain to heed what Hagan said, though Peterson immediately questioned him, and, from much cunning as well as deception, contrived to extract the truth as to the captain's capture; for Mike had secretly followed the party of Dobson, and witnessed the unsuccessful attempt of Feaghan to escape; he then returned to his hut, removed the old chest, and the dwarf ascended from the concealed cavity.

"By the powers, but they've got him, any how, Mister Cornelius," said Mike, and he related the occurrence he had seen, as well as their securing the captain's person.

"He is a rash, wrong-headed fellow," said the dwarf,

"and would merit the punishment he has drawn upon himself, but that I want his farther help; I must see to that myself, and instantly too, though my future prospects call me to the cutter. But, Mike," uttered he, in the most winning and musical tone of voice, "Mike, I must repose the utmost confidence in your zeal and discretion; I have been your benefactor, Mike, and saved you from a death of shame. Your residence here is unknown to them as would gladly have you in their power. Feaghan has ever befriended you, and he is now in captivity; will you faithfully perform my bidding, and thus enable me to hasten to the captain's rescue?"

"It's meself as will do that thing, Mr. Cornalius," returned Hagan; "ownly tell me what it is, and I'll jomp lyke a billy-goat to perform it."

"Well, then, after my departure," responded the dwarf, "you must away to the cove, and tell O'Rafferty to get the cutter out, and run for Bordeaux, as the Spider is coming along the coast to look for them. Not a moment must be lost, and Feaghan shall join him in the Garonne. Now, do you understand this, Mike?"

"Faith, an' I do," returned Hagan; "an' you may consider it as good as done, barring I've ownly to tell it Mr. Rafferty."

"But there is another thing, Mike," said the dwarf. "Captain Feaghan has brought over with him, this last trip, a pretty child. Whether it is his own or not, I cannot take upon myself to say; but I have my suspicions, Mike."

"The praste's niece," observed Hagan, musingly: "yet no—Miss Jane's too howly for that. Yet love is the devil, and it's only the vestments as frightens it away."

"It is of no consequence to throuble ourselves in endeavours to ascertain its parentage," said the dwarf; "but the child must be brought ashore in safety, and kept in secrecy till fetched away. It is a boy, Mike—a pretty boy, and Feaghan is very fond of it; even Rafferty loves it as if it were his own, and perhaps he will not let it come. You must try to do the thing by stealth, Mike. If you succeed, here's an earnest of my future reward." And he threw a guinea into the old man's open palm.

"I'll schame it for you, Mister Cornalius," replied Hagan; "and may the howly saints bless your honour for your bounty. He shall be brought, safe and snug as a fish in a basket, and divel a sowl shall have a knowst of the matter, barring it's yourself and Captain Feaghan."

"And now I think of it, Mike," added the dwarf, "you know the secret passage to the cave?"

"Is it the store cave your honour manes?" returned Hagan. "It's meself as does, and well, too."

"The boy must be taken there for the present, Mike," said the dwarf; "and as soon as he is secured, come and let me know. Poor Feaghan! I fear he is beyond my rescue, but I must try my best. Some wine, Mike, or brandy; the keen air of the mountain chills the blood."

Without hesitation Hagan quitted the hut, and in a few minutes returned with a horn of brandy, which the dwarf swallowed. "You'll be correct and punctual, Mike?" said he. "Remember that it is for our good friend, Captain Feaghan, that I make the request; and the successful issue will confer a great favour upon myself—a very great favour. Act cautiously—feel your way in the affair—trust to no one, but do it all yourself. I have witnessed many specimens of your sagacity. Now, try what more you can accomplish. Bring the boy away;"—and an ill-repressed chuckle of delight escaped the dwarf, as he anticipated the wished-for success to his plan.

They parted—Mr. Cornelius to perform the feat already described, of releasing Feaghan from confinement—Hagan to deliver his orders to O'Rafferty, and to steal the boy clandestinely away. As before related, he found the cutter's men in a state of mutiny; and he gave O'Rafferty a friendly admonition against drunkenness, which laid him on the deck, and he was carried down to his cabin. The commands of the owner were, however, imparted to Peterson, who, without hesitation, began to prepare for hauling out of the cove. The news of the captain's capture, and the probability that their own would follow, quelled the turbulence of the crew, and most of them, though wild with liquor, felt the strong inducement there was for exertion, and went to their duty as well as they could, prompted by self-preservation.

Mike watched his opportunity. He cautiously descended the companion-ladder, and having entered the cabin, looked anxiously around; but the prize he sought was not to be seen. The groans and imprecations of O'Rafferty informed him which state-room the mate was in; and passing over to the opposite one, he felt the bed-place—found a child, and gently raising it in his arms beneath his cottamore, he went on deck—quietly attained the boat, and before the sleeping boy awoke he was half-way between the cutter and the shore. A threat from Mike frightened him into silence, and they were soon landed on the rocks and ascending the mountain.

Peterson and Graves lost not a moment in hauling out to the entrance of the cove; the sails were set, and every thing in readiness—yet still the second mate clung to the hope

that the captain might escape; and, therefore, he determined not to start till just before the break of day. The time arrived, and Feaghan not making his appearance, the sternfasts were cast off, the breeze was favourable, and away flew the cutter, as if rejoiced that she was once more to try her speed.

It was a resplendent morning; the wind was fresh and cool; the sky was serene and clear; and though the long swell came rolling in, as the relic of the late gale, yet the surface of the water was smooth. Many were the anxious eyes that looked with intense eagerness to the offing, as the cutter launched boldly out of the bay into the main ocean, and, taking the wind on the starboard beam, steered a north-west course, to gain a good distance from the land. But scarcely had they opened out from Sheep's Head, than the Spider and the Dolphin were revealed to their view, about three miles distant, upon their lee bow, making all sail in chase.

Peterson was at first undecided how to act; if he hauled to the wind, there was every chance of falling in with a cruiser or a revenue vessel along shore; if he kept his course, he must pass close to the two vessels who had hove about in order to near and to intercept him; and if he at once ran away before it, they could sail nearly as well as the Blue Bob, and men of war were plentiful in the fair way to the British channel.

"What would be the best to be done, Graves?" inquired the second mate of his subordinate, the boatswain. "I feel inclined to run, as giving us the better chance. The sails are all repaired, Tom?"

"With my own palm and needle, Muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "new cloths in the mainsel; a bran new square-sel, from the store; a spare gaff topsel, and a new square topsel, ready bent. I warn't idle, sir, whilst they were working the crop, and there were four good hands to help me, whilst another gang knotted and spliced the rigging, as you well know, seeing as it was under your own directions."

"Well, then, we'll bear up, I think, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone and manner which indicated a desire to ascertain the veteran's opinion; but he was silent. "D—— it, Tom, why don't you speak?" added the second mate, impatiently. "You know how much I prize your skill?"

"But there's another aboard, Muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "and though he is hove down on his beam ends, and was owld Davy himself, yet, Captain Feaghan not being in command, muster Rapartee ought to be towld how we're bamboxtered."

"You remind me of my duty, Tom, and I thank you for it," returned Peterson: "see all clear, old boy, for swaying the spread-yard aloft, and get the squarsel and topsel up in readiness."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the boatswain, as Peterson went below. He found O'Rafferty in a raging fever, and wholly incapable of issuing any command, or even understanding what was said to him, whilst in his delirium he raved of deeds of blood and vengeance that made the heart sick to shuddering.

The vessels were rapidly approaching, when Peterson ascended to the deck. The Spider was right ahead, keeping away towards the smuggler; the Dolphin, full-and-by to get the weather-gage, was on the schooner's lee quarter, and both were within hail of each other. "Are you ready for making sail there, forud?" shouted Peterson, and the "Ay, ay,—all ready, sir!" being responded, his voice was again heard:—"Ease off the main-sheet!—haul forud the boom-guys!—Up with the helm, lad—hard up, and keep her away before it!—down with the foresel, and get the square-sels on her as quick as you can. Bear a hand, my hearties, and we'll be drinking claret to-morrow night!"

"And cowl'd stuff it is, Muster Peterson," said the boatswain; it chills the bowels to think on it."

"Get the sail on her smartly, Tom, and all hands shall have a dram to make 'em steady at the guns, should they be wanted," exclaimed the second mate; "run up that square-sel there, forud. Steady, boy, steady,—mind your helm!"

The cutter was now tearing away before the wind, and, being flying light, her superiority in sailing was very soon evinced; her enemies could not get her within reach of shot, and by night were hull down astern. The following morning they were no where to be seen, and the Blue Bob, with a ten knot breeze, was abreast of the Penmarks Point; in the evening a pilot boarded them off the Chasseron light, and continuing their course, by the aid of the Cordovan, they ran into the Garonne, and anchored off Royan. The next day they were again under way, and in the afternoon moored the cutter abreast the beautiful city of Bordeaux.

CHAPTER X.

"But like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertained a show so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust."

SHAKESPEARE.

A low wild laugh of derision escaped the dwarf, as Feaghan disappeared in the gloom; but the smuggler did not hear it—for, rallying all his energies, he hurried on his way, prompted by the hope of rescuing his cutter and his people from the imminent peril which he was well aware, by what had fallen from Anderson, hung threateningly over them. His wounds, it is true, were excessively troublesome; his limbs were sore and stiff with fatigue; but he felt that he was once more at liberty, with the free air of heaven around him, and his heart bounded with gratification, whilst anticipating the triumph he should enjoy when the chagrined and mortified commander of the Spider found that the supposed captive, for whose detention Anderson meant to claim the reward, was again at large, and ranging over the waters in defiance of the laws.

The daring smuggler was no longer to be seen, when the dwarf put a small silver whistle to his lips; and its shrill sound instantly brought two men to his side. They were stout, hardy-looking fellows, well armed, and habited something superior to the general run of the Irish peasantry.

"How is this?" exclaimed the dwarf, who strongly suspected they had been watching him; "you must have flown, to have quitted your posts thus quickly; what were you doing here so near me?"

"So near yer honour?" reiterated one of the men; "why, then, it's myself has the nate knack of racing when ye calls. An' shure I've niver been from the post at the great gate since yer honour placed me there."

"'Tis false," replied the dwarf, in irrepressible anger; "both you and Casey were amongst the trees."

"Divel a bit, Musther Cornalius," returned Casey in a positive manner; "not the laste taste of a step have I stirred from the bridge."

"What! will you insult my reason, by telling me such a lie?" angrily responded the dwarf. "Here were you, Tim Donovan, at one post—and you, Casey, at another—"

"Oh, divel the post was there at all, yer honour," uttered Casey. "Shure an' it was at the bridge you put me—"

"Fool!" ejaculated the dwarf, "you were both placed at some distance from each other; and in different directions, when, in an instant, you spring up before me, opposite to where you ought to have been. How's this?"

"Ah, then, may be we mistook our way, Misther Cornalius," said Casey; "it's black dark, yer honour, and nothing to clear our eyesight."

The dwarf was fully convinced that he had been watched, and that the men had seen him land some one from the boat, but he also felt that this was no time for controversy. "Had you been at your duties," said he, "the Smasher could not have escaped; and now he is away before you—though in what manner he can have got off is to me a mystery."

"Yer honour's sure that the man in the—" Casey stopped short, for his quick recollection informed him that he was betraying himself.

"The man in the what, sirrah?" demanded the dwarf, fiercely. "But I have not time to dispute the matter with you now. The smuggler rushed past me but this instant, and cannot be very far on his way up the mountain. After him, boys! Remember, I have promised a hundred guineas to the best marksman."

"But, Misther Cornalius, dare," said Casey, imploringly, "shure an' you don't forget to remember what's already due, and has been due for many a long day—the twenty guineas yer honour sworn to give us for that little affair of the law."

"No, no, I have not forgotten it," returned the dwarf; "the whole shall be forthcoming at your return."

"If it's the same to yer honour, we'd rather settle that business at onest," returned Casey; "it's best to clear off, and be friends."

"I tell you every farthing shall be paid when you come back," exclaimed the dwarf; "and to prove my sincerity, here is a guinea each in earnest." The men took the gold. "And now recollect that the reward of two hundred pounds from government is certain, whether he is taken alive or dead. The best way is, however, to make sure of your man; for whilst he retains life, he may give you the slip as he has done others, and your recompense will then be lost. But,

with a couple of balls through his head or his heart, you would make him sure enough—his identity can easily be proved, and the money become your own."

"An' that's thrue, too," said Tim—"making in all three hunder and twenty pounds. By the powers, saving yer honour's presence, but it's ours nate enough."

"But, Misther Cornalius, isn't it murdther, or manslaughter, or felly-de-sea, to shoot at a man?" inquired Casey, with an assumption of simplicity.

"At an innocent man, most certainly," replied the dwarf; "but Feaghan is an outlawed prisoner, who has broken from his confinement. Besides, as humanity may prompt you, your firing at him direct will be an act of kindness; for if he is taken to jail, there will be a long harassing trial, to exhaust his already wearied and wounded frame, and then a public execution, amidst the inhuman gaze of assembled thousands. A bullet, well applied, will save him from a felon's end, and with this advantage to yourselves, that you can make your own uncontradicted statement to the authorities relative to the encounter—how that you met him in the mountains—tried to take him prisoner—a desperate conflict ensued, and he falls by your superior valour because he would not surrender."

"Oh, then, it's Squire Cornalius has the gift of the forethought," exclaimed Tim. "By this and by that, but divel a saint in the calendar could bate you at it."

"You both understand me, then?" said the dwarf, pleased at his prospect of success; "and let me remind you that you have both law and justice on your side."

"One's enough, yer honour; we'll be content with the law without the justice," said Casey. "We're off, Misther Cornalius, and shall soon overtake him."

"Away, then, my lads—away! and make the double recompense your own," exclaimed the excited dwarf. "Let the deed be done, and your future fortunes are made."

The two men immediately hurried away upon the track which they naturally supposed Feaghan had taken; and the dwarf, eyeing them as they receded, again indulged in a low, wild, demoniac chuckle, that had nothing human about it. "The villains," said he, "acting as spies, too! Now, should they destroy the outlaw, the chances are that they will quarrel as to which is entitled to the reward, and one or both may fall. Thus shall I be rid of all three! At all events, I must take a force to the mountains; and, whether Feaghan lives or dies, these fellows will be found with arms, and must be disposed of. They have me too much in their power already." He paused a few minutes, gazing at the tranquil sky, then mournfully uttered, "Whoso sheddeth

man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." He shuddered. "Yet no one has ever fallen by my hands; they are still unstained. My heart sickens at the sight of blood; my very soul recoils at the livid hue of a corpse. On their heads who perpetrate these crimes let the guilt of murder rest!"

He remained silent for several minutes, as if engaged in deep thought, and then uttered, "Wretched—wretched sophistry! And, oh! Beatrice, what is it you have not to answer for! To answer for!—to whom? Pshaw! they preach of an hereafter;—where is it? What learned churchman can fix a place of bliss or torment? The matter has yet to be proved."

Again he paused. "Yet 'tis a fearful thing to destroy existence—to take away that which can never be restored! The outlaw may die as such,—but unoffending innocence! Yet it must be done; Beatrice will have it so, and my own beautiful child claims it at my hands. Yes, the boy must be put out of the way, and that speedily, too; he stands in the path of my ambition—in the way of my own flesh and blood. Ha, ha! it must—it shall be done!"

He re-entered the little punt, and paddling back across the moat, disappeared at the door through which he had conducted the outlaw.

The harbinger of day began to spread its lovely colours over the eastern horizon, as Feaghan, almost exhausted, gained the summit of the mountain, and his spirit bowed in admiration at the glorious spectacle. Here he rested for a few minutes, and then rapidly descended to Hagan's hut. Old Mike was absent. Anxiety, irritation, and scorching fever now raged through the smuggler's heart and frame, as he recklessly bounded from crag to crag, in his descent towards the cove, till the increasing daylight showed him the basin unoccupied, and he saw the cutter under canvass, having just quitted the entrance; but the next minute she was shut from his sight by the intervening mountainous rocks. A feeling of despair came over him, and he sank powerless to the ground. Nevertheless, he could not but commend the mate for his prudence in getting her away—little imagining that their departure had been the effect of treachery by the dwarf.

At this moment, whilst crouching down in a cleft, the sound of voices at no great distance came on the smuggler's ears. Unable to tell whether it was friend or foe who was advancing, Feaghan crept into the obscurity of the recess, which effectually concealed him from observation.

"Shure an' it's missed him we have, Tim," said one of the approaching party, in a tone of disappointment.

"An' small blame for that," responded the other, "an' he lapeing lyke a billy-goat down the rocks, as if he'd no life to lose."

"Arrah, Tim, jewel, you should have fired when I towld you," said the first. "Faith, an' he was cock-a-roost up at top there, offering a fine mark for bringing down game."

"Why didn't you fire yourself, Casey?" argued Tim; "shure an' you'd as good right as meself to do that same."

"Well, then, Tim, I tell you again that, to my thinking, it's foul play he'd get," responded Casey. "He's sarved the Baccah faithfully; what can he want to kill him for?"

"Howld your fool's breath, Casey," said the other, contemptuously; "what's that to us? Let the Baccah settle it with his own conscience and the praste. If he likes to commit murdther, och, the divel's cess to him, we sha'n't have to answer for it."

"But it's we, Tim, that'll have to do the job," urged Casey; "it is on our heads that the crime will fall."

"Well, of all the fools that iver!" ejaculated the other; "what inthrest or affair have we in his death? We ownly are what the praste calls instruments; and we may just as well blame our guns as blame ourselves for what may happen. We're paid for it. It's the motive, Casey—it's the motive; and ours is to obtain the reward. So let us on, my boy. And hark! it's footsteps I hear. Let us hide, and watch who comes."

The next moment Feaghan saw the two men enter the cleft; but he was too far within the darkness of his retreat for them to see him. "Be all ready on the cock," continued Tim, as the peculiar click of his lock echoed through the place; "there's the mountain-path—we shall catch him as he turns the corner; fire right slap at him, with a steady aim."

It would be impossible to describe the indignation and rage that prevailed in the breast of the smuggler, when he saw his premeditated murderers ready to take the life of any one who might approach. He would have sprung at once upon them; but two stout athletic men, with fire-arms, were fearful odds against his exhausted strength; and, powerful as was his inclination, he nevertheless had prudence to refrain from that which must have ended in his destruction. He beheld them raise their firelocks, as they knelt at the mouth of the recess. He could not see the object of their aim; but the ringing discharges came like thunder-claps through the cavity; and springing forward, with one desperate effort he hurled the fellow called "Tim" over the projecting rock, and with a laugh of delight beheld the falling body bounding from crag to crag, till the waters of the cove

opened to receive it. The surface was ruffled for a few minutes, and the mimic waves swelled outwards towards the centre; then all was smooth and tranquil as before. He who had contemplated the death of another, was himself a breathless and buried corpse!

Without waiting to attack the other, Feaghan sprang down the pathway; and as he passed the fallen man at whom the miscreants had fired, he recognised the person of Mike Hagan. The poor fellow was not yet dead; he turned his look upon the retreating smuggler, as a grim smile flashed over his features; and the captain felt a melancholy, but consoling conviction, that Mike had rightly attributed his fall to the rascal who laid peaceably at the bottom of the cove, and the smile was a last testimony of gratitude that his death was thus avenged. But though Feaghan had not interfered with the remaining murderer, there was one who promptly supplied the omission; for, whilst the wretch was busily reloading his piece, he was suddenly seized by the throat, and laid prostrate on the ground, whilst the teeth of a noble dog held him fast, as his hoarse growl came with terrific menace to his ears. Feaghan instantly caught the sound, and rushing back again, beheld his faithful Neptune exulting over his fallen foe. To seize and secure the man was but the work of a few minutes. Indeed, he was too terrified to offer resistance; for he was promptly disarmed, and the powerful and angry animal lay watching his every motion.

"An' who set you on this divel's job, Misther Casey?" asked the smuggler, as, with the strap taken from his fire-lock, he bound the fellow's arms.

"Shure, Captain Feaghan, an' it's meself 'ull spake the truth entirely," answered the man—"ownly, for the love of Christ, kape off the dog."

"That must depend upon your behaviour, Misther Casey," uttered the smuggler, fiercely; "but by the vestments, if you attempt to deceive me, the creature's teeth shall gnaw your vitals. Look to him, Nep, boy; see to him well, lad!"

The animal's tremendous snarl, as he lifted his lips and showed his terrific fangs, set the trembling prisoner begging for mercy, "an' he'd tell every thing."

"Speak, then," exclaimed Feaghan, as he shook with passion; "was it the dwarf who set you on this hellish deed?"

"It's the althar thruth, Captain Feaghan," responded the man; "it was, indeed, Misther Cornaliua."

"The villain!" muttered Feaghan. "But your object was better game than poor owld Mike?"

"An' that's thrue, too, captain," acknowledged the man;

"for shure an' it was yerself that was meant for mischief. Oh, divel the lie I'll tell."

"The black-hearted monster!" exclaimed the smuggler; "yet what could be his motive for so vile an act?" He paused, as if his thoughts were rapidly flying over past events, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! I have it now;" and grasping the fellow by the collar, with Neptune close in the rear, he hurriedly advanced to the spot where poor Mike Hagan laid. Gently raising the wounded man, "An' how is it with you, Mike!" said he; "the Baccah has sent you a pretty present, Mike, and sorrow the sowl to wake you, or cry 'pillaloo!' over you." The unfortunate man shook his head. "Speak, then, Mike—oh, you must speak." Another shake of the head. "By the holy saints, but you must!" persisted Feaghan, in wild but determined manner. "The boy, Mike—the boy! Is he gone in the cutter? You must know, owld man, and I will have the truth." But Mike could not articulate a word; he waved his hand downwards to the cove, and then closed his eyes apparently in death. "Ha! is it so? what, killed?—murdered? Then will I live for revenge; and every limb and sinew of that hideous deformity shall suffer a thousand deaths in one. I'll do it—I'll do it!" shrieked the agitated man.

Again the sound of voices was heard; the dog listened, but gave no indications of alarm. "Good Nep," said Feaghan, "they are friends, then;" the creature looked expressively in his master's face and wagged his tail; "but friends may be false; the villain, the murderous villain!" continued the smuggler, taking up the musket; "oh, that I had him now, within reach of this. But he shall be paid back in his own coin."

In a few minutes, several of the revellers, who had joined the debauch of the smugglers at the cove the previous night, and had assisted the cutter's men in getting her to sea that morning, ascended the mountain. They were well known to Feaghan, and from them he learned the particulars of the affray that had taken place; the farther injury sustained by O'Rafferty from Mike's stick; the orders which Hagan brought for going to sea, and Peterson's compliance with that order, as well as his waiting till the last possible moment for the captain's return. But they knew nothing of any child; none had been seen by them, nor were they in any way aware that children had been aboard. The captain briefly related the snare that had been laid for him (though without naming the principal concerned in it,) and then engaged the men to convey poor Mike and the prisoner to Hagan's hut.

"An' we'll take the rascally informer with all the plea-

sure in life," uttered one of the party, seizing hold of Casey and actually biting off his left ear, which he spit out amongst his comrades, exclaiming, "It's the swatest mouthful I've had for many a long day."

The unfortunate fellow roared with the pain, and begged most piteously for Feaghan to afford him protection; but the outlaw turned from him in disgust, and Casey sunk upon the ground as if he wished to shrink into a senseless mass, so that he might escape the yells and taunts of his persecutors. But he was not suffered to remain prostrate; they goaded him with their knives to make him get up, and, Hagan having been lifted carefully on the shoulders of three men, the wretched prisoner was dragged along after him to the hut. Here Mike was extended on his pallet speechless; and Feaghan questioning the men who had come from the cove, found them determined to wreak summary vengeance on the prisoner.

A doctor was too important a personage to be found in that wild district, and therefore persons were despatched to inform the dwarf of Hagan's condition, but without stating what had actually occurred. Feaghan longed to get Cornelius within his power, that he might tax him with his treachery: but scarcely had the messengers departed, when a man arrived, in almost breathless haste, to give them the intelligence that a party of soldiers and police were coming across the mountain. There was then no time to be lost; one of the least suspected was appointed to remain with old Mike, and the rest, taking the prisoner with them, struck into the most unfrequented passes, and disappeared.

In a very short time afterwards, a body of troops and police filled the hut, and at their head was the dwarf, who affected great surprise and anger, when informed that Mike had been assassinated.

"And where and who are the miscreants that have thus perpetrated one of the worst of human crimes?" exclaimed the dwarf.

"Meself dunna," answered the man, with a look of assumed stupidity, and then, in as confused a manner as possible, he detailed the affair, that Hagan had been shot by two men (both balls had taken effect,) and had been found speechless by himself and companions, some of whom had gone to inform Mr. Cornelius, whilst others were escorting the prisoner to the magistrate.

"The prisoner?" uttered the dwarf, inquiringly. "I thought you said there were two; what became of the second?"

"Oh, then it's meself doesn't know the thruth on it, yer

"honour," answered the man, evasively; "but they said he tumbled from the crag, and fell into the wather."

"There's more in this than meets the ear, Mr. Williams," said the dwarf, addressing the young English officer who accompanied him; "the man is frightened at so large a force; have the goodness to withdraw your men to the outside. I will question him, and, believe me, I know sufficient of these fellows to bring them to a full confession."

The officer complied; the force was removed from the wretched abode, and not a creature was left but poor Mike, his attendant, and the dwarf. The latter approached slowly forward to the pallet on which the man was sitting, and in a low and impressive manner uttered, "I'm not to be deceived, Malone; I know you well. Which was it you say fell from the crag?"

"Meself didn't see it, Misther Cornalius," returned the man, "I was ownly told so."

"And who, then, was with Hagan when you found the body?" inquired the dwarf with sternness.

The man paused for a few seconds, and then uttered, "Och hone, Misther Cornalius, an' who should it be but Captain Feaghan, shure."

The dwarf drew a convulsive respiration. "And where is he now?" inquired he. "Come, sir, if you wish to save your life, tell me every thing;" he looked cautiously around. "We are alone, my man—no one can hear us—the truth is what I want;" and a guinea was slipped into his hand, whilst deep groans shook Hagan's frame.

Thus tempted, the man related the occurrence as he heard it from the smuggler, together with subsequent transactions, and that Feaghan had only shortly before quitted the hut.

"Did he name who it was that set these fellows on to do the deed?" asked the dwarf.

"Divel a name he spoke at all, yer honour," answered the man with vehemence.

"Are you certain of that?" inquired the dwarf, fixing his keen gaze upon the countenance of Malone.

"Sartin—sure, yer honour," responded Malone; "I'll take a thousand oaths meself never harde him name a living crature, barring as he sed he knowed who it was, and would take his revenge."

A scowl of contempt passed over the features of the dwarf, whilst he still continued to fix his intense gaze on the man, as if he would penetrate into the very recesses of his heart for the purpose of testing his veracity. "Malone," said he, in a low deep tone, "did he not name me?"

"Oh divel the name he named at all, yer honour,—good,

bad, or indifferent," boldly answered the man. "Shure, an' why should he name you, and you both sich friends?"

"True, true," exclaimed the dwarf, whilst a smile of derision curled his lip; "yet, Malone, we are often apt to speak of our friends rather than our enemies."

"May be so, yer honour," responded the man, with firmness, "but I'll swear he never named nobody."

"I am sorry for it," said the dwarf, with well-assumed regret, "for I was in hopes we should have been enabled to discover who it was that employed these men, or whether they had any private pique against poor Mike. I will just speak to the officer, and then return." He walked to the outside of the hut, and calling Mr. Williams away from the men—"I have reason to believe," said he, "that the notorious Smasher, for whose head £200 reward is offered, and whom we have come out to seek, has recently left this place. He cannot be far off—most likely descended to the cove. Will you leave a portion of the men with me, and, taking the rest yourself, pursue the fugitive? The wounded man shall be removed where he can have proper attendance. I will see to that, and do not let a mistaken lenity induce you to spare the culprit; it is his hand that has smote poor Hagan, I fear, to death. But hasten, Mr. Williams; spread out your men, but beware of ambush. Fire at him wherever you may see him, that he may no longer remain the terror of our coast."

The young officer immediately adopted his suggestions, and, detaching a party of his men, he proceeded down the mountain, whilst the dwarf returned to the pallet of the apparently dying man. "And so, Malone, it is Casey they have carried off; do ye think they mean him mischief?"

"Shure, an' how is it possible for me to tell what they mane?" returned the other; "yer honour knows the ways of the boys, and may be they'll procthor him for his turning traithor; they'll slit his nose, and pickle his ears—that's the one he wears."

At this moment a wild, unnatural yell was heard, and the next instant a man rushed into the hut, threw himself before the dwarf, and clung to his knees; his clothes were nearly torn from his back, and the blood came streaming from several wounds in his head, whilst his nostrils on either side were split asunder from top to bottom. "Save me, save me, Misther Cornalius—for the love of Christ, save me," shrieked he, and the voice told them it was Casey.

The hut was immediately filled by the party left behind, and they witnessed the dwarf spurning the suppliant away. "Hold off, ye villain," said he; "look at your infernal deed," and he pointed to the body of Hagan; "you are a murderer

—a base murderer; my very soul scorns you. Sergeant! bind him, and let execution be done at once."

Casey seemed completely paralyzed, as he heard these invectives and commands; he neither spoke nor moved till the sergeant grasped his arm, when, once more throwing himself before the dwarf, he uttered in the most piercing accents, "Oh, Misther Cornalius, sure, an' yer not maneing what you say. It's yerself as knows who set us on——"

"Drag him away," screamed the dwarf, trembling with either rage or alarm; "gag him—bind him—take him out in front, and let him—die."

"Misther Cornalius, dear," shrieked the man, "for the love of mercy, don't dhrive me to deshpair; I've niver split, nor niver will, ownly save me." The soldiers seized hold of him as he struggled to get free. "By the howly cross I swear I'll tell all; Misther Cornalius, ye dare not——"

"Gag him, I say," shouted the dwarf, as he stamped his foot upon the rocky floor with rage. "Place him on yon crag, and let instant justice be done."

"*It was yerself, then—*" What more Casey would have said was lost, for a gag was instantly thrust into his mouth, and he was dragged to the projecting crag, from which his comrade had been hurled, and commanded to kneel; but no persuasions, no inducements, no threats, no torture, could enforce compliance; he stretched himself at full length, and though raised up repeatedly, yet again threw himself prostrate when the parties left him.

"It must be done where he is, sergeant," said the dwarf; "draw your men up, and fire at him as he lies."

"I hardly know, your honour," said the sergeant; "I've been thinking that my officer is not here to command, and, without any disrespect to your honour, I should rather wait till he comes."

"Am not I a magistrate, sir," demanded the dwarf, angrily, "bearing the King's commission, and will you dare refuse to obey me? On my head let the responsibility rest; I shall be ready to answer it. I am discharging a painful duty, but it must be done."

Casey could hear this conversation, and he laid in breathless silence listening, but casting an imploring look towards the dwarf, as well as his blood-stained and mutilated countenance would let him.

"Obedience belongs to a subordinate, sir," said the sergeant, "and as I am ordered to act under the civil power, I have no alternative. But may I not plead for the poor fellow——"

"And become an enemy to your country, sergeant,"

screamed the dwarf; "I must report your contumacy, and should the fellow escape, you know your doom."

The sergeant turned hurriedly away. "To the right face—march," exclaimed he to his men; "halt," as they gained the front of the hut; "make ready—present—fire."

Casey, who had watched the whole proceedings, shrunk up together as he saw the soldiers bring their firelocks to "make ready," and then, as if wild with affright, he rolled over till his body was on the extreme verge of the crag; the cracking discharge echoed amongst the cliffs—the sacrificed wretch sprang from the ground—there was a wild and horrible yell, and the descending corpse flew through the air to join that of his comrade of the morning, in the waters of the cove.

The soldiers, as if accustomed to such spectacles, reloaded their pieces like automatons, and then, by command of the sergeant, stood "at ease."

"We could not have got that fellow through these mountains alive, sergeant," said the dwarf. "It is a melancholy and painful duty; my very heart sickens at such executions—but they are requisite in a wild and lawless district like this. Detach six of your men, and six of the police force, and let them convey the wounded Hagan, on his truckle bed as he lies, to the nearest barrack station, and send for Dr. Macneish immediately that they arrive. This is not peaceful England, sergeant; keep the men in compact order, their arms in readiness for instant use, every hole or corner may contain a concealed enemy. Send the corporal with the detachment, and give him positive orders that he allows no one to straggle, but that every man have his musket loaded and his eye upon the alert, for there are spirits in these mountains as untameable as that of the hyena. I shall follow Mr. Williams, alone, leaving the other portion of the men at a point which will command an important pass. So hasten, sergeant, and let the thing be promptly done."

Without hesitation or questioning, the sergeant obeyed, and in a few minutes Mike's hut was deserted. The dwarf, accompanied by the residue of the force, descended the mountain; and leaving the sergeant at the place he had mentioned, he went forward alone. But instead of tracing the downward track, no sooner had he turned an angle of the rock that obscured him from observation, than he hastily began to reascend through several clefts and by a tortuous passage, when suddenly stopping before a sort of glacier that showed a smooth surface outside, he looked earnestly but rapidly around him; he then gave a bound from his feet,

cleared the face of the crag, and entered the concealed and secret passage to the cave.

"This has been a desperate morning's work!" uttered he to himself, as he groped his way, sometimes in darkness, and at other times faintly lighted from holes broken out in the rock. "A desperate morning's work, truly! And how stands the reckoning? I released Feaghan because he could give dangerous testimony against me if brought to trial, and would not fail to do so if I urged him on to desperation. Two men are employed to trace his steps, and deprive him of existence; his being an outlaw would exonerate them, and I should have got rid of my enemy. The scheme fails as it regards Feaghan, though Mike, I trust, is laid at rest; and if he has succeeded with the boy—ha, ha, ha!" He laughed wildly. "I've yet another task to perform, and then I can sleep in peace. Perhaps I might have spared yon wretch, for he could have only proved that I sent him after Feaghan, though I strongly suspect they were aware that it was I who released him, and he has, no doubt, heard from the Smasher of my seeming treachery. It was my duty as a magistrate to send them after the outlaw; but, then, ugly questions might have been asked had Casey lived. He is now in eternity for shooting an assistant of the magistracy: the district is proclaimed; he is found with arms; therefore I have but executed summary justice on a wilful murderer, which my commission empowers me to do. At all events, they can reveal nothing now of their having sworn falsely; thanks, so far, to Feaghan and the soldiers. Now, if Williams can but kill the Smasher, who have I to fear? None but those who may easily be silenced." He entered the cavern, which was lighted by small apertures, opening on a perpendicular face of the rock fronting the sea. "Here I am, amidst wealth—ay, an ample, splendid fortune, if once converted into gold." He looked proudly around, and then proceeded onwards. "Silks and velvets of the richest qualities! But, where's the boy?" He lowered his voice to an audible whisper. "Can Hagan have failed in his enterprise? Perhaps he is in the cavity at the hut." He approached where some loose sails and cotton cloths were spread; his eye lightened up with infernal delight—the blood rushed to his cheeks, and suffused them with crimson; he clutched his hands together, and set his grinding teeth—for there lay the unconscious child, sweetly reposing in a tranquil sleep. The dwarf did not stir for several minutes; he seemed to banquet his sight on the pretty lad; and frequently the long white fingers of his large but delicate hands were thrust into his black bushy hair, and pressed upon his forehead. But he did not speak; he scarcely

breathed; every faculty seemed absorbed in contemplating the deed he had determined to perform.

At length he cautiously and noiselessly walked away to another part of the cavern, and removed the slings from a tub of brandy, and for several minutes employed himself in rendering the rope to and fro through the eye, so as to cause it to slip easily when hauled upon. Having ascertained, by attaching a weight, that no stiffness remained, he again advanced towards the sleeping boy. He then laid aside his cloak and hat, turned up the sleeves of his coat, and stood with all his unnatural deformity revealed!

In one hand he held the running noose, whilst the other retained the slack part of the slings, now converted into a single rope, whilst both shook with the tremor of his whole frame. Slowly he bent down over the child, with the intention of passing the noose over his head; but the little fellow, probably disturbed by dreams, moaned and turned himself round, yet without awaking. The coward shrunk back, and stood in breathless silence, concealing the purposed engine of destruction behind him; but, after a few minutes, finding that the lad still slept, he again stooped over him. The flush of delight had faded from the dwarf's cheeks, which were now spread with a pallid hue approaching to an ashy whiteness; his large full eyes glared wildly on his victim; yet he remained for some time as if irresolute—convulsive spasms contorting his features, and giving him the appearance of a demon.

"It must be done," whispered he. "Have I not longed for an opportunity like this—here—alone—in secret—with no eye to bear evidence against me? Why, then, do I delay? Aid me, ye fiends of hate! Nerve my arms, ye restless spirits of evil!" He darted on the child, clutched him by the throat, and whilst his horrible laugh was answered in shrill echoes through the cave, the noose was passed over the head of the struggling boy, who had not the power to cry out. It was drawn quickly and tightly round his neck; but the monster had not sufficient nerve to retain it in that position, for his trembling limbs refused to perform the offices of strength; his eyes grew glazed and dim, and the child was stoutly wrestling to get free. But, suddenly, the dwarf caught the child in his arms; he tightened the noose with all the power he was able to exert; the work of strangulation was rapidly going on—when, walking as fast as his trepidation would allow, he gained the hole which formed the passage to the outer cavern that was overflowed with water from the sea. Here, then, he lowered the body to the full length of the rope, retaining the end clutched tightly in his hands. It shook with the death-throes of the

lad; but they became less and less violent as life escaped. The dwarf did not dare bend over the rock, to witness the expiring agony of the dying innocent; but, when about to haul the body up to complete his sanguinary purpose, he beheld a fearful commotion in the waters below; and a voice shouted, or rather shrieked, "Murder—villain—murder!" The words reverberated through the cavern; the dwarf quitted his hold of the rope, and fled, and the dead body of the child descended heavily into the liquid element.

CHAPTER XI.

"Suppose a sinner in an hour of gloom,
And let a ghost with all its horrors come;
From lips unmoved let solemn accents flow,
Solemn his gesture be, his motion slow;
Let the waved hand and threatening look impart
Truth to the mind, and terror to the heart;
And when the form is fading to the view,
Let the convicted man cry, 'This is true!'"

CRABBE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the hut of old Mike, with the lawless company that had joined him, they separated into divisions of twos and threes, taking the most secret routes to places of concealment, and appointing to meet again at night in a spot well known to all. With one of these detachments went the prisoner Casey, having his arms secured by the strap already mentioned; but as this impeded their progress, they released his arms, and shifted the strap to his neck.

"You thafe o' the world?" exclaimed one of his guards, "an' it's shooting at honest men you'd be! Bad scan to your ugly mouth, that's ownly fit to dthrink spoon-mate!" And he lugged him along by the strap, so as nearly to throttle him.

"Aisey, Jemmy—aisey," uttered Casey, imploringly; "times has been when we were better cronies than we are now."

"Out! ye dhioul's baby," responded the other; "an' whose fault is it we're not cronies still? Come along wid yer, and none o' your besaching blarney. Small mercy

would you share to me and us, to change places. Ar'n't you a purty villain now."

"Well, Jemmy, an' what if I owns my fault?" urged Casey, with persuasive accents; "what, if I confess my sins, and promise to do betther in future?"

"Own your fault, is it you mane?" said Jemmy, with a look of contempt; "oh then, Misther Casey, you may spare your tongue the throuble, seeing there's no occasion in life for that same—And as for the future—don't mintion it; may be we won't take special care of that, any how—it isn't much future as 'ull come to your share."

"You surely cannot intend to murder me, Jemmy," said the prisoner in a tone of deprecation. "No—no, you cannot mane that! Ounly think of my poor fatherless babes and the mother as bore 'em—the cries of the childther and the wail of the woman who owns 'em, Jemmy."

"By the howly, but it's yerself should have thought of that when you turned thraitor, Casey," said the other, reproachfully. "How much did ye sell your sowl for, ye born rascal?"

Casey thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced the guinea received from the dwarf. "Take it, Jemmy—take all I have," exclaimed the prisoner, "ounly give me a chance once more; do take it, Jemmy, in regard o' frindship, then."

The man keenly eyed the gold, whilst struggling with something like repugnance at the offer; for it seemed the price of blood. "No, thank you, Casey—och, 'an I won't touch it—shall I, Darby?"

"It's lawful coin," answered his comrade, "an' what for shouldn't we take it? It's no counterfate, Casey;" he extended his hand towards the prisoner to receive the guinea, but Jemmy instantly prevented his design by seizing it himself.

"Thrue for you, my boy—the money's good money and lawful money," said Jemmy as he clapped the guinea into his mouth, "it 'ull be sweet to the belly, however bitter to the tashte."

"You'll befriend me then, and let me go," uttered Casey in a voice of mingled suspicion and entreaty.

"Your sowl to the dhioul!" growled Darby, vexed with not having been the first to secure the golden prize, "is it sell ourselves, do ye think we would? The guinea's ours by right of capture, not by deed of gift. What more have you?"

"Sorrow the scurragh have I left," answered Casey, deplorably. "But shure, boys, you'll do me no 'harm—and me the father of a wife and five childther."

"Howld your rogue's tongue, and don't think to put yer commether upon us," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, Darby, what shall us do wid him?"

"The sooner we're quit of the villain the better for all of us," returned Darby, with savage sternness; "if he's to swing, why not do it at onest, and put him out o' suspense."

"Och murther, but it's putting him into suspense we'd be, Darby, if he swings," said Jemmy, laughing in reckless glee at his unnatural joke.

"Bother!" ejaculated Darby, angrily, "aither let him swing or not swing; an' if he's not to swing, why then give him a regular discharge, and make my mark to it."

"Och, Darby, but it's the broth of a boy you'd make for a lawyer," said Jemmy, laughing. "May ye live to rise from the bar any how."

They now entered upon an open space where nature had formed a sort of amphitheatre, and where several of their comrades, who had been unencumbered in their flight, had arrived before them. "It's here we are then," said Jemmy, "and the boys to the fore."

Nearly a dozen men were thus assembled, or rather grouped together, in small parties, debating upon some knotty point; and knotty indeed it was, for their own personal safety was the subject, each contending for a different course to be pursued as the most effectual to avoid collision with the troops, who, they were well aware, would not be sent to the mountains but in strong force. At last, after some general debate, it was decided to separate, and steal off the best way they could.

"An' what'll we do with the rascally informer, that 'ud bethray his own brother for a fippenny?" exclaimed one of the men.

"Do wid him!" belowed Darby, as he thrust his hand into his breast and withdrew it again instantly; then seizing the wretched prisoner, who looked the very image of despair and was unable to resist, with a sharp razor-like knife he severed the remaining ear from Casey's head. A piercing shriek arose as the blood gushed out, and the man, springing at Darby, caught him firmly in his arms, and hurled him with violence to the craggy ground on which they had been standing; but Casey was instantly secured, and Darby, writhing with pain and uttering imprecations, once more gained his feet. He grinned with savage fierceness on the man, and, whilst his comrades held the mutilated wretch's arms, the barbarous villain with a fiendish glee proceeded to slit the nostrils of the captive. "It's purty you look, Misther Casey," said he; "and shure your childther wouldn't know their daddy this blessed morning;" one nostril was

cut; "but this side is grinning at the other, faith, but we must serve them both alike," and he performed a similar operation on the opposite nostril. "Divil another plot ye'll ever smell again with that thave's nose of yours, my darlin': oh! it's a beautiful cratur ye make," and he drew back to look at his unfortunate victim, as the red stream ran down his face, and rendered him a hideous and revolting spectacle.

At this moment the report of fire-arms close to their retreat, came in pealing echoes to their ears, and the next instant, almost as if by magic, the place was deserted, except by the mutilated Casey, who shrank in between two rocks, dreading that he might be taken for one of the rebels and fired at by the soldiers. There he remained till the din of war had rolled farther away, when, creeping out, he hurried back to Mike's hut, and met with the fate which has already been described.

The firing that had been heard was from some of the men belonging to the detachment of Mr. Williams, who had fallen in with a few of the smuggler's party, amongst whom was Feaghan himself. They had come upon them unawares in a narrow defile; a sharp but short conflict ensued, in which the Smasher received another wound; but finding that he was likely to be overpowered by numbers, he made a precipitate retreat, and his knowledge of the mountains enabled him to get clear of his pursuers, and conceal himself till they had passed. His intention was to try for the secret passage to the store-cave, and, finding all quiet, he made the attempt; but here he came upon the sergeant and his party, who had been left by the dwarf, and he was compelled to run, whilst chase was promptly given to the fugitive.

Reckless was Feaghan's descent from crag to crag; and though nature was every minute getting more and more exhausted, yet he still rallied all his energies, and his coolness and courage seemed to increase in proportion to the difficulties he had to encounter. Repeatedly, as his person became exposed to his pursuers, the bullets whistled past him, but happily without doing injury, and the sound served to spur him on to renewed exertion. At length he attained the platform at the cove, and presented a capital mark for the troops under Lieutenant Williams, who were preparing to fire, but were restrained by their officer, who, seeing that the smuggler could have no other retreat but the sea, was in great hopes of taking him prisoner, to grace his triumph on his return to his superiors. Feaghan stood upon the verge of the platform, at a part that rather projected over the water; and here he turned and faced his enemies, who were hurriedly advancing. There was a stern determination in his

look as he grasped a pistol he had taken from Casey, and held it extended as if about to spring the trigger.

"Surrender, you rascal!" shouted Mr. Williams. "Surrender! or I will immediately order my men to riddle you with balls—make ready! present!"—and the young officer fell prostrate from the pistol-bullet of the smuggler.

"Fire!" shouted the next in command: and the ringing discharges of the musketry resounded like a *feu-de-joie* from the echoes that disturbed the silence of the cove—but Feaghan had disappeared—he had thrown himself backward into the clear element—the soldiers believed it to be the effect of their fire, and prepared to remove their officer, whilst the smuggler dived beneath the archway of the cavern, that was anterior to the store-cave, and emerged from the element just at the time when the dwarf, like a devil, was suspending the expiring child by the rope—it was the smuggler who caused the commotion in the water that alarmed Mr. Cornelius, and his was the voice that caused him to let go his hold of the rope, and fly from what he deemed a spirit of retribution, come to avenge the death of the innocent.

Feaghan swam towards the sinking body: he seized it firmly in his grasp, and having attained the steps, raised it on his shoulders, and carried it to the upper cave. Why or wherefore he had taken so great a liking to young Hamilton, he could not well define—perhaps it was that the possession of the lad would offer a fair opportunity for keeping the dwarf in constant subjection to his own will, as he believed himself to be the only depository of the secret of the child's birth, which had been revealed to him by Hagan, whom he supposed was already numbered with the dead. But now he held in his arms, he feared, the breathless corpse of the child—deep anguish and bitter resentment stung his spirit almost to madness; he did not attempt to pursue the dwarf—though revenge prompted him to do so—lest, by leaving the boy, he might throw away the only chance that remained of restoring animation. Hurrying to the place from whence the lad had been so recently taken alive and well, he laid him on the cloths—a sickening sensation almost overpowered him—he looked in the face, and, though strangulation had swelled and bloated the features, yet he immediately recognised—Ned Jones.

Vehement and wild was the unnatural laugh of the smuggler—but it was only momentary; for the idea flashed upon his mind, that probably Hamilton had already been sacrificed. Rushing back to the entrance cave, he explored every part, which he was well enabled to do through the transparency of the water; but, foiled in his fearful expectations, he again returned to the store-cave, and, wearied

out with exertion, he drank a quantity of brandy, threw himself upon some canvass, and, in despite of severe pain from the smarting of his wounds caused by the salt water, was soon in a heavy, but feverish, sleep.

The soldiers having raised their young officer, who was desperately wounded in the breast, they bore him up the mountain towards Mike's hut; but, near the spot where the sergeant had been placed, they encountered the dwarf without his cloak or hat; his face blanched with fear, and every limb of his body quivering with affright. They would have informed him of the occurrences that had ensued after he had left them, but he was not sufficiently collected to attend to the detail, though he eagerly caught at the information relative to the supposed death of Feaghan. The sergeant spoke to him of the loss of his cloak and hat; but his explanations were evasive; he shuddered when he looked upon the inanimate lieutenant, and commanding the party to follow with all speed, he took with him four of the police force for protection, and hurried as fast as nature would allow across the mountain.

Two different scenes, the result of this adventure, may now be presented to the reader: the first, is a neat and quiet little bed-chamber, with simple furniture, and white draperies; the bed, according to the French fashion, was in a recess, across which a curtain was drawn; the evening sun was shining through the rich ivy that clustered over an old-fashioned projecting window, with diamond panes, and their shadows chequered the carpet on the floor of the room. There was a degree of taste, and frequently of elegance, in the arrangements of the apartment, though there was nothing costly, even beyond the attainment of a person in the middle class of life: there were two sets of book-shelves covered with green silk, which being partly undrawn, displayed several choice volumes in rich missal binding; water-colour drawings, and a few exquisite paintings hung in gilt frames against the walls; the toilet was delicately white; and by itself in a small recess with doors stood an altar, with white satin coverlet, upon which was a representation of the crucifixion exquisitely carved from solid ivory—an emblazoned missal laid open before it, at a prayer for the guilty and afflicted.

The most profound stillness prevailed, broken only by the slight rustling of the ivy leaves, as the gentle breeze played amongst them, or the warbling of some bird that was chanting forth its evening hymn. A young female, apparently about twenty years of age, was seated in a chair near the bed, and her languid eyes and swollen cheeks bespoke her the child of sorrow, whilst the handkerchief which she held

in her hand, as it rested on her knee, indicated that grief was still occasionally forcing those ebullitions of its strength which ease the heart, and keep it from utterly breaking.

Within the bed lay one who was deeply, and heavily breathing, though with quickness that manifested a parched and fevered frame—it was a matter of doubt whether he was sleeping or not—his eyes were glazed over, but staring, and fixed with an unnatural glow of redness over all—his nostrils distended and dilated as he respired, and his teeth were set fast, as if in convulsive agony. It was Feaghan—carefully, tenderly, and affectionately watched by the niece of father O’Fogharty, under whose roof he then was—having been found at daybreak insensible in the garden fronting the house, with a halter in his hand, and the dead body of a child by his side.

We will now take the other picture, (the time four and twenty hours earlier than the last,) and enter a splendid room fit for the reception of royalty. The curtains and drapery were made of the richest purple velvet, bordered with broad gold lace—the cords were also gold, with massive bullion tassels—the walls were splendidly adorned with exquisite tapestry, the colours as clear and as bright as in the hour in which it was first put up—the compartments divided by admirably wrought gilt mouldings. The furniture corresponded in magnificence; the couches and sofas were made of the same materials as the curtains; an extremely valuable Persian carpet covered the floor—marble tables upon richly gilt pedestals were arranged in different places—a superb time-piece stood upon the delicately cut statuary of the white marble mantel-piece, and the requisites for use were manufactured either in highly polished steel, silver, or gold, of admirable pattern and workmanship. But there was a gloominess in this grandeur for want of something lighter to relieve the sombre colour of the purple, and it was only when brilliantly illuminated that its splendour was made fully manifest. Only one thing was wanted to give a finish of perfection to the whole—there was neither mirror nor glass in the room.

And here, upon a couch that was canopied over, laid a misshapen being, whilst crouching near him, and anxiously watching his countenance through dim and rheumy eyes, was a very aged female, habited in gray serge—a hood passed over her head, but beneath it could be seen a scanty mob cap, from which descended a very few long straggling hairs as white as silver. Her cheeks were wrinkled and shrunk—her open mouth displayed no teeth, and her whole appearance would have corresponded with that of the “midnight hags,” who divined the elevation of Macbeth to the

kingly dignity. These were the dwarf, and the woman who had nursed him in his infancy.

Death seemed to have passed his cold and corpse-like hands over the face of Mr. Cornelius, which was ashy pale, whilst his full, dark and expressive eyes seemed starting from their sockets as they restlessly wandered over vacancy. Sometimes his delicately white hands were spread before his sight, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and then starting from his recumbent position, he uttered a wild shriek, for the hideous spectre was still palpable to his mind's eye, though the visual organs were closed.

"And she will not come to me," exclaimed the dwarf; "no, not even to *me*, who sacrificed happiness here, and *perilled* salvation hereafter, to raise her to the estate she wished, —O fool! fool! what had I to do with beauty! Who would look upon this hideous deformity, with eyes of love, or warm desire! Hence, old hag,—hence I say, and drag her hither, —let her see the dying contortions of that innocent,—look at its writhing limbs, and blackening features. Away, old fiend! force her hither to witness the devoted worship of my heart in the death throes of—ha—a! 'tis there again, pale and ghastly—oh, my soul sickens at a corpse—take it away, you infernal wretch! take it from my sight, and give me drink—ay wine, wine, but no poison in it!" and he shrunk together on the couch at the very thought.

The woman made him no reply, but still continued crouching down, and rocking herself to and fro, when the door of the apartment opened, and a lady most magnificently attired walked towards the couch of the sufferer. Stately in person, with a figure as perfect as ever was modelled by the master-hand of nature, and a face proudly, grandly beautiful, the lady looked upon the dwarf as she stood by his side. "I am here, Cornelius," said she, in a cold, haughty and unfeeling tone; "what is it you require?"

The dwarf gazed upon her exquisite loveliness—his eyes were brilliant with pleasure—a glow of crimson spread over his features. "Beatrice," said he, in a voice of thrilling harmony, "Beatrice—oh, how my soul adores you!"

"I am not come, sir, to hear love speeches," returned the haughty female; "they were ever disgusting to me from you, and you know my aversion to them was never concealed—I am here, Cornelius, as your wife, to fulfil the compact which united us."

"Oh! talk not thus cruelly and coldly, Beatrice," implored the dwarf, and his voice was like the moaning of the wind amongst the chords of an æolian lyre, "have I not proved my utter devotion to your wishes?"

"It is a part of our contract, sir," answered the lady, pre-

serving the same unfeeling and discordant tone, approaching almost to masculine gruffness, "and what have you to complain of on my part that is unfulfilled?"

"True—true, Beatrice—very true!" groaned the dwarf; "you have adhered most faithfully to your solemn pledge—it is unbroken. Yet, oh! could you tell what was passing in my heart—could you see its silent, yet intense worship—did you know how my very soul ardently longs for one endearing expression—one look of fondness—"

The lady listened with the same unmoved features, though she drew herself proudly up, as if conscious of the influence of her beauty over the humbled being before her, as he spoke of the worship of his heart; but when, in the dulcet wailings of distress, he tried to awaken her sympathy, she eagerly stopped him. "This is sheer folly, sir; I never knew but one that I could love, and he——" A fiendish smile, like the triumph of a fallen angel, curled her lip, and gave a fearful expression to her features. "But you have revenged me, Cornelius, and I am grateful—yes, very grateful." Though her manner indicated any thing but a corresponding feeling with her utterance.

"Oh! Beatrice, how have I toiled unceasingly to win one smile that could beam with gladness on my spirit!" pleaded the dwarf. "Hope still lured me on, and bade me trust that my ardent passion would soften your obduracy and repugnance."

"You speak of impossibilities, sir," returned the lady; "I listened to your suit with loathing, and you knew it. A mistaken feeling of revenge upon another induced me to listen at all—for, however harmonious the music, the instrument was my aversion. I acceded to your requests, and became your wife, whilst every impulse of my nature—every faculty of my mind—every attachment of my soul, belonged to Maurice Feaghan. Were you ignorant of this?"

"No—no—no!" shrieked the dwarf; whilst the eyes of the nurse, even in their dimness, betrayed a savage ferocity, as she fixed their earnest and basilisk gaze upon the beautiful woman.

"The priest joined our hands," continued the lady, "but not our hearts, and you were cognizant to the fact. The tenderness of affection was lost to me for ever. Then wealth, grandeur, magnificence, opulence, and a title, became my aim; and richly have you gratified me! Would you see our infant? Its form is perfect—its beauty matchless; yet I cannot look upon it with a mother's eyes, or a mother's love; it is not in our contract."

"Obdurate woman!" uttered the dwarf, as he fixed his earnest gaze upon her—"oh, how heavily has the curse fall-

en on my head—the withering curse of one, whose tongue will never curse again! Beatrice, I have persecuted my own blood—I have stained my soul with—”

“Stop, sir, said the lady, energetically; “your confessions would best suit the ears of your spiritual adviser. I admit that you have most arduously performed my bidding, or rather complied with my requests—it is in the bond, Cornelius; but your taunts and your persecutions are breaches, which become more and more difficult to endure.”

“You speak of your love for Feaghan: I released him through your entreaty. You know not the holy sentiment of love;”—and the dwarf wrapped the velvet covering more closely round him, and clutched something that was concealed beneath.

“Another breach, Cornelius,” said the lady, with stern reproach; “nor shall the weapon you are now grasping—for I know it well—I say your weapon shall not prevent my asserting what I once felt for the now wretched outlaw.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the dwarf, in sounds resembling a discordant crash of music. “Beatrice, the outlawry’s removed, for Feaghan is no longer a living being. His body, pierced by bullets, is now—”

The dwarf stopped—for, at this very instant, the door of the apartment once more swung upon its hinges; and Feaghan, with the dead body of the murdered child grasped closely in one arm, and the halter in his hand, moved slowly and noiselessly in. His eyes were fixed and glaring; his dress was still dripping with water and saturated with blood, that kept oozing through; his face was ghastly pale, and he slowly advanced towards the couch. The lady shrieked, and fell in strong convulsive fits; the nurse buried her face beneath her knees, in breathless silence—whilst the dwarf, with eyes nearly starting from their sockets, looked wildly on the supposed spectres, till horror overpowered his reason, and he fell backward on his pillow a raving maniac.

Whatever was Feaghan’s purpose in this insane visit to his enemy, or how he had gained admission, must remain mysteries. He stood for several minutes, sternly looking at the dwarf—gave a scowl of contempt at the prostrate beauty—muttered the word “Revenge!”—and then slowly returned by the way in which he had come.

Beatrice Mackenzie was the daughter of Scotch parents, but born in England, at a period when her father was a subaltern in the army, and her mother marched with the regiment; but though poor, and often in difficulties, their near connexion with the head of a leading Highland clan, rendered them almost insufferably, and certainly most ridiculously proud. From the earliest hour of her birth, Beatrice had

known no other home than the cheerless and confined apartment allowed as barrack *accommodation*, or the uncomfortable and confined space afforded by cheap lodgings.

Lieutenant Mackenzie was a remarkably handsome man, and his "leddy," as he always styled her, was extremely beautiful; but there was a cold reserve in both, that rendered their acquaintance any thing but agreeable, whilst their assumptions of dignity and exactions of respect became a by-word and a jest amongst both officers and men. After fifteen years of hard service as lieutenant, in addition to seven years in the rank of ensign, Mackenzie was elevated to a captaincy in the same regiment, and ultimately became its major, the increase of pay and the superior accommodation enabling him with more facility, to sustain the character that was natural to him.

For this promotion he was indebted to the surpassing beauty of his daughter, when presented in the vice-regal court at Dublin, where the regiment was then doing duty; but the extreme haughtiness of the young lady, kept the youthful and gay at a respectful distance, whilst her coldness of manner nipped at once the young germ of affection, which spontaneously sprang forth in the warmth of admiration at a first interview. It is true, there were men in the middle age of life, who would have been proud of such commanding beauty in a wife; but these were generally place-hunters or afflicted with poverty, and Beatrice scorned them all—whilst gentlemen of wealth and title saw in her person every thing to admire, but in her repulsive manners nothing to love.

Still Beatrice remained for many months the reigning toast of Dublin, and incessant were the compliments she received from all classes of the warm-hearted Irish. Nor was she insensible to this species of adulation, for it inflated her pride, and hardened the natural obduracy of her heart. Her parents viewed with ill-repressed gratification, the homage that was paid to their child, and though her education had been but scanty, yet good natural abilities and a perfect self-confidence, rendered her worthy of the regard of those who valued external accomplishments and native dignity, beyond the soft yearnings of a humane and affectionate heart.

Miss Mackenzie was in her eighteenth year when the regiment was ordered into the wildest part of the county of Cork, and the major established his quarters in the town of Bantry. Beatrice felt this a sad change from the splendour and security of a metropolitan city to the mountainous district and barbarous manners which every where presented themselves. Still the same admiration was experienced, and an intercourse was soon opened with all the great fami-

lies in the neighbourhood. It was whilst on a visit to an ancient baronial castle that the young lady entered the drawing-room, just as the twilight shades of evening were closing in, and the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun glowed on the verge of the horizon, casting a rich reflection on the beautiful stained glass of the castle casements. There was but little company present, and Beattie walked to one of the window recesses to view the brilliant spectacle, for adamant indeed must be that heart which refuses and rejects the influences and hallowed devotion which the glorious sunset of an autumnal evening is calculated to inspire.

Within the same recess, but partly concealed by the mantling curtains, sat (as she thought) a person, whose features were unknown to Miss Mackenzie; but the large and expressive eyes were fixed upon her in the silence of intense worship. She spoke of the rich tints that hung upon the sky, and the magnificence presented by the rainbow mixture of resplendent colours, and she was answered by a low dulcet voice that sounded like the breath of heaven sporting amongst harp-strings. A thrill of ecstasy—a strange sensation, such as she had never before experienced, passed through her bosom—those large but piercing eyes were riveted on her countenance, with a look approaching to adoration; for the first time in her life, she shrank before the gaze of man, and an unaccountable tremor came over her whole frame. Intently did she listen to that sweet harmonious voice—an enchantment seemed to be weaving its mystic web around her; yet the fascination was so exquisite, that had existence been the forfeit, she could scarcely have closed her ears.

The room was lighted up, but still the pair remained within that pleasant recess, watching the falling shades as they deepened on the landscape, and cast a mournful gloom over the fading splendour of the west. It led the conversation to moralizing themes—the brightness of hope retreating before the moody melancholy of unrequited affection—the smile of friendship and the look of love yielding to the funereal darkness of a threatened tomb.

"We will return to the company," said the lady, presenting her hand to her impassioned admirer, who would have still lingered in that recess where he had first drank the intoxicating draught of love, that filled his frame with new and never-before-felt sensations of exquisite delight. Sanguine in his temperament, he had lived years in those few minutes of delicious enjoyment. He pressed the soft hand of the lady to his lips, nor did she seem offended at the freedom, though it hastened her departure. They stepped forth

from the recess into the bright glare of the room. Miss Mackenzie turned to look upon her companion—those piercing eyes were keenly fixed upon her; but a cold sick shuddering, like the plunge into icy water, caused her to draw a tremulous respiration—an evidence of repulsive horror was portrayed on her countenance when she beheld the hideous deformity of Cornelius, the dwarf, and suddenly she withdrew her hand, as if shrinking from his gentlest touch.

The humbled being saw in an instant that the structure he had been erecting was at once laid prostrate and in ruins: there was no mistaking the proof of utter hopelessness, as it respected reciprocal regard, and he was in a moment hurled from the height to which he had heedlessly climbed into the very depths of agonized despair. Writhing his white hands amongst his jet black hair, he uttered a yell of anguish, and rushed from the room. The peculiarities of the dwarf were well known to the persons assembled, and the present occurrence caused but few observations; though Beatrice learned that he was a young man of great wealth and good family, and heir to still greater expectations as well as a title, no small recommendations to the ambitious girl, and throwing a gilded pall over his deformity of person.

Some few weeks after this event, as Miss Mackenzie was returning to Bantry, she fell into the hands of a party of rebels, who carried her off to the mountains, but offered no other molestation, though every hour her peril increased as their respect diminished. From this situation she was relieved by the presence of Feaghan, who behaved to her with gallant decorum, and so won upon her regard, that in spite of herself she could not help cherishing for the outlaw sentiments of attachment which she had denied to more honourable men. But Feaghan was impervious to her fascinations—he looked upon her commanding beauty with an eye of indifference, amounting nearly to total disregard. This was something new to the proud girl, who had been so universally used to the admiration of all. The smuggler treated her with becoming courtesy; but went not beyond the bounds of distant politeness, and Miss Mackenzie felt piqued that her charms should fail. Besides, there was an air of romance in her detention that corresponded with her haughty notions, for it seemed to render her of great personal importance in her own estimation.

At length she was restored to her friends; but not till she had conceived for the outlawed smuggler a passion as powerful and as permanent as her nature would admit. Nay, she even exceeded what might have been expected from one so habitually frigid. She determined to see the Smasher

again, for the romance of her regard was heightened by his situation as an outlaw, and by the anecdotes of his gallantry and bravery which she had heard since her return.

She did meet him; but Feaghan expressed but little pleasure at the interview, which had been obtained through the instrumentality of the dwarf, who still worshipped the divinity his mind had created, though at an humble distance. More than once she sought the handsome smuggler, who remained perfectly insensible to her blandishments, though he conducted himself with studied politeness and respect. She had at length found a man, young, handsome, and daringly brave, who did not care for her. The vanity which characterized her disposition was hurt—the self-esteem, which formed a prominent feature in the operations of her mind, was wounded; and the greater were the efforts she used to shake off the trammels with which she was enveloped the more she became embarrassed in its meshes, till every faculty and feeling of her heart was devoted to the outlaw Feaghan.

CHAPTER XII.

“The thieves have bound the true men; now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.”—HENRY IV.

WHAT a strange compound of stubbornness and perversity is the human mind, and frequently does it happen that the Supreme Being, in the plenitude of his omniscience, permits mortals to inflict punishment on themselves by allowing them the free exercise of their own worldly wisdom and desires! Thus Miss Mackenzie, who felt an aversion to the dwarf amounting almost to hatred and detestation, submitted to coax, and even to flatter him, so as to secure his agency in procuring interviews with a man who, whatever were his lawless dealings, was disgusted with her boldness and want of delicacy; and the woman, who would have shrunk from the dishonourable proposal of a monarch, was madly sacrificing reputation to lavish her uncoveted regards upon an outlawed smuggler, and a rebel to his king.

Thousands would have felt supremely honoured by a smile

from the proud beauty, but, disregarding her ardent admirers, she looked only with pleasure on an outcast from society, with a price upon his head; and at length that outcast spurned her from him; for his affections were undeviatingly cemented to the simple-minded but confiding niece of his aged tutor, nor could all the temptations or allurements of Beatrice induce him for one moment to forget his fidelity to Annie.

It was then, when stung almost to madness by unrequited passion, the beautiful woman, contemned and despised by the only man she had ever loved, determined on revenge, and for this purpose formed that contract with the dwarf which subsequently led to the chief evils of his existence, and she became the prompter to his acts of guilt and vengeance. Yet still her regard for Feaghan could not be subdued, and after her union with the dwarf she became the mockery of the gay and fashionable world, and the scorn of those in humbler life. Thus situated, splendour and magnificence became her aim; the residence of her husband displayed the evidences of her aspiring mind—she ruled in every thing uncontrolled, and, as she sought no longer to be loved, she left no means untried to excite envy.

The delighted Cornelius fancied himself blessed by the acquisition of such a treasure, but as time progressed he longed for softer endearments—for a more congenial communion of spirit—for a home of quiet and joy in the heart of her his very soul loved; and, like the parched wretch who is perishing with thirst, his agony grew more acute as his convictions became stronger that such enjoyments were lost to him—perhaps for ever.

Still his hopes were reanimated when his bride gave promise of becoming a mother, for he fervently anticipated that the sight of her infant would work a change in the feelings of the wife. She gave birth to a girl—a lovely babe, perfect in form, and fair as alabaster,—but the lady manifested no indications of tenderness for her child; it is true she had its wants supplied, but she would not nourish it from those natural sources which Heaven had bountifully dispensed to her. She saw that it was well attended to, but she gave it no caress of maternal solicitude or fondness, and she never nursed it—no, not even for a minute—whilst her conduct to her husband was more overbearing than ever.

The spirit of Cornelius was nearly overwhelmed by disappointment, yet, still blindly infatuated, her presence overawed him in his most savage moods, and all his resolves faded away when he contemplated her majestic person, and gazed with rapture on her heavenly countenance, forgetting that it concealed an unfeeling and degenerate heart. Such

was the position of affairs at the period now recorded, when Feaghan, in the delirium of fever, entered the room, and the results took place as already described.

But to return to the little chamber at the humble abode of father O'Fogharty, where, anxiously watched by the eye of affection, the smuggler laid, unconscious of all that was passing around him. The priest well knew the penalty to which he was liable for harbouring a rebel for whose apprehension Government had proffered so large a reward, yet his heart yearned towards his former pupil, and he could not deny him the rites of humanity. None but his own immediate servants were aware of Feaghan's introduction to the house, and of course no suspicion could be entertained as to the manner; the priest was himself well acquainted with surgery, he washed and dressed the wounds of the outlaw, and he was laid in Annie's own chamber. Of what had actually occurred they were wholly ignorant, but the fair girl sickened when she thought of the dead child and the halter with which he had been murdered, for the discoloration, caused by the rope around his neck, made it but too apparent that it had been effected by strangulation.

Days passed away before Feaghan was restored to consciousness, and sentiments of grateful praise to the Deity, such as he had experienced in his hours of innocence, spontaneously burst forth. It seemed as if the lapse of years had been a dream of guilt and crime from which he had just awoke, and he once more found himself beneath that peaceful roof where he had been fostered with kindness, and under the guardianship of those who sincerely and anxiously desired his real welfare. There stood the worthy old man, the tears standing in his eyes, as, with hands extended over the penitent, he implored the Omnipotent to grant his pardon and his peace: there, too, kneeling by his side, was his faithful Annie, shedding tears of unutterable delight, as she fondly cherished the hope that a restoration to reason was the precursor of a change from imminent danger to a prospect of ultimate recovery.

"How I came here," said Feaghan, "I will not ask; it is enough for me to know where I am, to rest satisfied I am safe;" he paused; "yet there are confused recollections of the past that bewilder me. Did I come alone?—had I no companion?" and he shuddered.

"Rest aisey, my son," said the kind-hearted priest; "do not disturb yourself by asking questions; but, as you have put it to me, I must tell you that you were not alone when they discovered you insensible in the garden. You would inquire what has become of the burden you carried? Rest aisey again, my son; it lies in consecrated ground—masses

have been said for its repose, for it was untimely cut off—"

"Ha-a-ha!" shuddered Feaghan; "murdered! father—murdered!—but not by me—oh no—no, Annie, not by me. It is no dream, then; the child was brought hither, and by my hands! But where is the other boy?" he glared wildly around him, and then, laying himself back on the pillow—"stop," said he, "I must think—my thoughts are sadly deranged—father, forgive me!"

"An' may the Father of Mercies forgive you, my son," uttered the aged priest, as his hands were once more spread over the wounded man, as if to impart the remission of guilt as far as he was temporally concerned, and to implore, with the energy of his spiritual capacity, the gift from on high which leadeth the sinner from the errors of his ways. "But rest aisey, Maurice; you must not talk now; Annie here will watch over you, and—"

"May the God of Heaven bless her," slowly but fervently articulated the smuggler, as he pressed her soft hand to his lips. "Oh, father, in the midst of guilt, when remorse sat heavy on my soul, how have I longed for the days of early youth and innocence, when you were my kind preceptor, and Annie was—"

"What she will ever be, Maurice," returned the affectionate girl; "do ye think I've not harde how you scorned that great and beautiful lady for me, and can you suppose I will forget it?"

"Annie, Annie," said Feaghan, in a tone of anguish, "you must not, dare not, cherish feelings of regard for me; I am a man of crime, an outlaw, a wretch proscribed, and you are all innocence and simplicity. May the God of Heaven stretch forth his hand between you and harm!"

The priest made a significant motion for the maiden to be silent, and then, in the sublime language of Scripture, he soothed the troubled mind of his patient, and, administering a composing draught, left him to the operations of quiet repose. Feaghan slept soundly for several hours, and then awoke greatly refreshed; but he was not allowed to converse, for the priest was his doctor, and Annie was his nurse, and they were incessant in the discharge of their several duties, well knowing that nothing but quiet could preserve him from a relapse. This regulation, enforced by mildness as it was dictated by kindness, produced the desired effects, and in a few days Maurice Feaghan was convalescent. His first act, after the preliminary rites, was that of confession; but nothing was concealed from Annie that it was requisite or delicate for her to hear. He visited the grave in which Ned Jones had been secretly interred, and after a consultation amongst the trio, it was arranged that he should pro-

ceed to Bordeaux (where he expected the cutter would wait for him,) for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Hamilton, and, if possible, rescuing his men from peril, for he determined at once to abandon his illegal mode of life.

"Oh! Maurice," said Annie, "let not the temptations of the world induce you to forget me; other faces may smile upon you, but the smile will not come like mine—warm from my heart, Maurice, and embalmed with my tears."

"Remember, my son, that here you may always find a haven of peace and calm," uttered the priest, with earnest solemnity; "and when your heart is ready to exclaim, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,' call to mind, my son, that I am a minister of that Saviour who said, 'He that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast him out.'"

"Oh never—never, Annie, will I forget, or cease to think of you as my guardian angel," returned Feaghan. "Whatever may betide me, still I will cherish your memory in my heart, and should it please Providence to restore me to health and respectability, then, Annie, I will come to claim your promised hand. And now, father, your blessing before I depart, and oh! may it rest upon my head as a safeguard from enemies without, and the still more subtle enemy within."

The young man knelt, and Annie took up a similar position by his side, whilst the aged priest uttered his fervent benediction—his voice sometimes full, bold, and clear, and then again shaken by tremulous emotion to childish weakness, as fervid recollections came across his mind, for he loved them both. When the blessing was over, a silence prevailed for above two minutes, at the end of which Annie threw her arms round Feaghan's neck and wept upon his breast. As soon as calm was restored, the outlaw bade them farewell, quitted the house of his generous benefactor, and, mounting the priest's horse, galloped hastily away, unable to control his feelings.

After a smart ride of three hours, he put up at the inn where he was to leave the animal; and the coach for Cork coming up shortly afterwards, he took his place inside, to proceed onwards with the intention of crossing over into England. What, however, was the painful condition of his mind, when just previously to starting he beheld, by the light of the coach lamps (for it was dark,) the features of several of the passengers who had descended for refreshment, and recognised the face of Captain Lilyburn, who, with an armed escort, was conveying two prisoners, heavily ironed, to the metropolis, by way of Cork.

"Haugh, fellows—hem!" exclaimed the revenue captain,

addressing his captives. "Sorry to be obliged to keep you in limbo, very sorry, for the liberty of the subject is a great boon; but can't help it—positively can't. Will you have any thing to keep the fog out of your throats? eh lads, speak—some whisky or brandy?" He held up a bottle—"This is whisky."

"Why, Captain Lilyburn," returned one of the prisoners, who by his voice Feaghan immediately knew to be Tom Graves, "I am afeard it 'ull taste of the highgrommetter or the lowgrommetter, or some sich excise consarn; but as I suppose there's nothing else to be got, I'll thank you for a glass of whisky, whilst they're fetching out the brandy."

"Good! very good, my man," exclaimed Lilyburn, laughing, "and what will your comrade have? a little of both? The night will be chill, and though freedom is denied, we must not forget humanity."

"I'll take some whisky, captain," replied the second man, who proved to be Peterson, "and if you'll just let somebody clap a handkerchief, by way of parcelling, round the shackle, to keep it from chafing my wounded ankle, I shall be much obliged to you."

"Certainly, my man, certainly," returned the captain, and he immediately gave directions that the request should be complied with, adding, "they're brave fellows, and have behaved well: no, no, I'm not to be deceived in my knowledge of seamen."

The coach soon afterwards drove off, the guards having previously examined the primings of their fire-arms and inspected the fetters of the prisoners. Nothing could exceed the perturbation of Feaghan, as he beheld his old subordinates close to him, yet dared not put a single question. Lilyburn, however, had taken his seat right opposite to him, and though the darkness was too dense to apprehend detection, yet Feaghan took the precaution to muffle his face in a shawl handkerchief, and to gather his cloak closer about him. The inside passengers consisted only of himself and the revenue captain, together with another individual habited in the dress of an ecclesiastic.

"Fine night, sir," said Lilyburn, addressing the outlaw. "Very keen, though; keener, I think, than it is in England at this season, and I'm seldom mistaken in such matters. Pray, sir, are you a native of Ireland?"

"I am, sir," responded Feaghan, speaking beneath his muffle, so as to disguise his voice, lest his fellow passenger should indulge in reminiscences of the past.

"Delightful country, sir—charming people, only they've such strange ways of showing it," said Lilyburn, delivering his sentiments in earnest. "Plenty of hospitality, and all

that sort of thing ; but then for duelling, sir. Why, a man hardly dare open his lips, but a challenge is thrust down his throat. Yet, what otherwise is to be expected ? Men who have warm hearts are seldom provided with cool heads."

"I trust you have not met with any inconvenience from my countrymen, sir," said Feaghan, considerably. "I should regret that one who appears to be so humane should suffer from our national peculiarity."

"Inconvenience? Bless your heart, no, Mister—I have not the pleasure of knowing your name—mine is Lilyburn, Captain of his Majesty's revenue cruiser the Dolphin."

"And mine," said the outlaw, as a spice of his former daring recklessness crept over him, "is Feaghan, a poor lieutenant, with leave of absence to pay suit and service to the Vice Regal Court at Dublin. Nothing done without interest now, Captain Lilyburn—nothing."

"You're very right, Mister Figgin," responded the captain, "very right—it is the curse of favour, sir—as one of our poets says, 'it is the curse of favour that preferment goes by service.'"

"Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, "but you have misquoted the passage. Shakspeare presents the very reverse position."

"The pardon's granted, Mr. Figgin—readily granted," answered Captain Lilyburn ; "but believe me, sir, I quoted the passage right. Shakspeare, sir? Bless your heart, I have him at my fingers' ends. No, no, Mr. Figgin, I'm never mistaken in such matters. What do you say, sir?" turning to the third passenger.

"Say! why that you've got him quite pat," answered the individual, in a strong Irish accent, and with an extremely rough voice.

"Pat, sir. I think there is something ambiguous meant by that term," exclaimed the captain, angrily, for though generally good-tempered, he was apt at times to be a little choleric when insinuations were offered that were hostile to his self-conceit. But the stranger made no reply.

"May I ask," said Feaghan, in a tone of inquiry, "who and what your prisoners are?"

"Thereby hangs a tale, Mr. Figgin," replied the captain, with cautious reserve. "However, I may just mention, that they are smugglers, charged with having fired upon, and killed in an action, some of his Majesty's servants, in a schooner called the Spider. Large rewards have been set upon their heads, and it has been my good fortune to catch these two, who I am taking to Dublin, that the Lord Lieutenant may personally be sensible of my zeal and—interest in every thing, Mr. Figgins—interest is every thing."

"Of course you picked them up ashore, Captain Lilyburn," said the smuggler, endeavouring to draw the other forward to a narration.

"That will come out in the evidence, sir," replied Lilyburn; "but I may just tell you, that I did not pick them up ashore, but took them off a sinking boat that had been swamped."

"Poor fellows, they were wrecked then," uttered the outlaw in mournful accents. "To be wrecked and made prisoners was doubly hard."

"All that, sir, will be detailed—amply detailed, when I am under examination," returned the revenue captain; "but, Mr. Figgins, there can be no harm in my hinting that they were not what is technically called wrecked. The fact is, sir, their vessel was—" he paused to listen to some commotion that appeared to be taking place outside.

"Their vessel was what, sir?" exclaimed Feaghan, impatiently, and forgetting in his anxiety the necessity there was for concealment.

"You seem over hasty, Mr. Figgins," murmured Captain Lilyburn; "but I attribute it to your national peculiarity, as you just now called it, as well as your humanity."

"Pray accept my sincere and earnest apologies, sir," said the outlaw, happy to find that his indiscretion had not betrayed him. "You do indeed do me no more than justice, when you attribute my vehemence to a humane anxiety to ascertain the fate of the rest of the crew."

"And very laudable too, Mr. Figgins—very laudable," assented Lilyburn; "but, sir, there is such a thing as being too communicative—though in genteel society one may have but little to fear; and from your appearance I should write you down gentleman, for I'm not very apt to be deceived in these matters. There's no telling, however, what ears may listen, and you know the adage, Mr. Figgins, 'a still tongue makes a wise head.'"

"Your reasoning is correct, sir," answered the smuggler, "though we in the army are not so very scrupulous in attending to the rule. Still punctilio, sir, is decidedly best in all the affairs of life, particularly amongst those who bear the king's commission; it saves unpleasantnesses."

"I very much admire the gentlemen of the army, Mr. Figgins," returned Mr. Lilyburn; "and had I not commenced my career in a different line, I should most certainly have been a soldier. Pray, have you been much engaged, sir?"

"I presume you mean in Ireland?" replied Feaghan. "Why, nothing but a few skirmishes with the Whiteboys, who, as a matter of course, are hang or shot as occasion

serves. By-the-by, we had a tolerably smart affair in pursuit of a notorious character they called the smouch—no, not the smouch—the snatch—no, that was not it either.”

“Pray, where was it?” inquired Lilyburn, eagerly; “if you can tell me where it happened, I may probably assist your memory.”

“It was somewhere on the coast about Bantry Bay,” returned the outlaw; “and the fellow was a rebel and a smuggler.”

“But a polite, gentlemanly man, Mr. Figgins?” said the captain—whilst the third passenger made a curious sort of a noise, but whether a grunt, or an ill-repressed chuckle, the sound was very odd. Lilyburn paused for a moment offended, but again proceeded, “The person you mean is called the Smasher.”

“Ay, that is it,” assented Feaghan with quickness; “how strange that I should forget! It *was* the Smasher. You seem to know him?”

“I was once in his company, Mr. Figgins; and I must say a more polite and well-bred man I have not often met with,” responded Lilyburn. “I am seldom deceived in such matters—though, curse the chap, he played me a roguish trick, too!”—and the captain laughed—but suddenly checked himself, and solemnly added, “It is wrong—very wrong, to curse him now, since he has gone to his final account. I heard of it last night, at O’Connor Hall; and I could not help a feeling of regret that he should have been so instantaneously killed; without a moment for repentance.”

Feaghan listened with deep attention; for this was the first intimation he had received that his *ruse* had succeeded. “It was sharp work, captain; he died a double death—shot and drowned!”

The third passenger again grunted or chuckled. “Are you ill?” inquired Lilyburn, who seemed annoyed at the noise; but no reply was made. “The gentleman, I presume, is fast asleep and snoring, though I must own I never heard so strange and unnatural a snore before, and I am not apt to be mistaken in such things.—Ay, sir, as I was saying, there was fire and water to destroy him, and the same elements conspired to sink his cutter.”

“D——n!” uttered Feaghan, with vehemence, as in fancy he beheld the wreck of his lovely little craft, and became regardless of consequences.

“Ay, it was indeed d——n!” responded Lilyburn, totally mistaking the cause of the exclamation, whilst the third passenger gave a louder grunt than before; “she was blown up, sir, and then went down.”

It was with great difficulty the outlaw could repress his

feelings, and probably some ebullition would have ensued, but the driver of the coach pulled suddenly up—the report of fire-arms was heard—the third passenger threw open the door, bounded into the road, and gave a shrill whistle, which brought nearly a hundred armed men in white frocks around him, and, calling to the guard he ordered them to “surrender if they wished to save their lives.” The escort saw in an instant the utter uselessness of resistance, for the road was completely blocked up by trunks of trees, cars overturned, and whatever could be made available at a short notice for a barrier—they complied with the demand, and gave up their arms.

“How, what the devil is all this!” shouted Lilyburn, when the vehicle first came to a stand-still; “a turnpike?” He heard the shot that levelled one of the horses. “Eh—what, highwaymen? I hope, Mr. Figgins, you will stand by me—halloo,” observing his fellow-passenger jump out: “why, the man’s going to run away—the coward,” and he cocked one of his pistols, giving the other to Feaghan, when he learned that he was unarmed.

“We are surrounded, Captain Lilyburn,” observed the outlaw; these are a band of Whiteboys, come to rescue your prisoners.”

“They shall have my life first, Mr. Figgins,” returned the captain, with energy; “will you stand by me, sir, or not!—say the word ‘yes,’ for the honour of the army and your commission, sir. These fellows will run the moment they are attacked, and here goes.”

“Pardon me, Captain Lilyburn,” said the smuggler, detaining him in his seat; “you know but little of the courage and desperation of such men. Any resistance on your part would prove wholly unavailing, and draw down certain death upon your head, as well as upon the heads of your men.”

“My life is my country’s, and so ought yours to be, Mr. Figgins,” retorted Lilyburn, fiercely, as he broke from Feaghan’s hold; “I know my duty, sir, and am seldom misled in such affairs.” He sprung out on the road, and, calling on his men to secure the prisoners, discharged his pistol, which happily, however, did no farther execution than putting another ball into the dead horse. The next instant he looked around him—saw his men disarmed, and slipping something from his pocket, he attempted to throw it away, but his hands were seized, and the key of the prisoners’ fetters dropped at his feet, as he uttered, in mournful accents, “dead beat, entirely!”

“It’s well you’re not bate dead, you humgruffen,” exclaimed one of the men who held him; “by the powers, but

it's the laste taste in life you'll get of another hour—you hangman thief."

"Be civil, my friend—be civil," uttered Lilyburn; "I am not inexperienced in the hospitality of your countrymen, and, believe me, I venerate the liberty of the subject."

"Be me sowl, an' it seems so, by yer keeping it locked up," uttered another as he picked up the key, and handed it to the passenger who had jumped out of the coach.

"An', who the dhivil may you be, when yere scraped?" inquired a stout brawny fellow, looking into the coach at Feaghan, who still retained his seat.

"Oh! that—that is a wounded officer too lame to walk!" exclaimed Lilyburn, in the goodness of his heart, trying to preserve his companion from molestation.

"An' offisher, and not use his throtters?—bad luck to me if I don't carry him, then," said a third approaching the carriage, so that Feaghan, to prevent unpleasantness, alighted.

The spectacle was wild in the extreme; in front, gleamed upon by the lighted lamps, and seen dimly through the reek from the heated horses, was the barricade, and the dead animal;—a lofty bank ran up on the right hand covered with plantation, and on the left was the sloping descent of a rather steep hill, the valley being lost in the distant gloom, and the shade of the mountain that rose on the other side of it. Behind, all was darkness, though against the faint light of the sky could be discerned a mass of moving bodies, the glimmering from the lamps as they threw out their radiance plainly showing their white smocks. Round the body of the coach were uncouth beings, armed with firelocks, pitchforks, scythes, spades, and numerous other weapons, engaged on the work of plunder, whilst seated on the bank were Peterson and Tom Graves, from whose legs the shackles were being removed, and during the operation it was with extreme difficulty they could keep away a noble-looking Newfoundland dog that would have almost smothered them with caresses.

"Down, Nep—down, owld boy," said Tom Graves, soothingly; "we'll talk to you presently—let's get out of the darbies, Nep, and then—poor fellow, how natral to know an owld shipmate. But, where's your master, Nep? He's gone, owld boy—gone for ever, and you'll never get such another, Nep."

The prisoners were released, and Lilyburn, Feaghan, and the guards, were placed under surveillance, whilst a council was held as to what should be their future destiny. Their fellow passenger in the coach had headed the main body, and retreated along the road, as having some other immediate object in view, leaving about a dozen behind

them to decide the fate of the captives, which was soon announced to be—death.

"This is playing vengeance with the liberty of the subject, Mr. Figgins," said Lilyburn, composedly; "rough law, sir, and rough justice—or rather vengeance. I will not plead for my life to rebels, sir—rebels against the king I venerate, and who have no respect for the trial by jury, or the privileges granted by Magna Charta—besides, sir, I see it would be useless, utterly useless. Look at those cut-throat faces longing for our lives—I never was deceived in physiognomy, sir, and take my word for it, Mr. Figgins, in less than a quarter of an hour we shall both be as dead as mutton."

"Have better hopes, captain," returned Feaghan, in a voice only audible to his companion; "your prisoners experienced your humanity, and see they are pleading for you—earnestly pleading."

"They'll plead in vain, Mr. Figgins, for they plead in *forma pauperis*, sir," responded Lilyburn; "and when was that ever attended to in any court? I know a little of the law, sir, and am not often mistaken in these things. Nor have I any fear of death! I have discharged my duty to my country, and, thank God, have a conscience void of offence. But let us prepare, sir; do not cherish a single hope, Mr. Figgins, and thereby deprive yourself of the Christian's last consolation. See, Mr. Figgins, their entreaties are rejected; let us look up to the great Being whose ears are ever open to the cry of the afflicted and the prayer of the penitent."

Feaghan felt particularly gratified at the calm self-possession of the revenue captain, and the total absence of unmanly fear. Peterson and Graves were, indeed, earnestly imploring the Whiteboys to spare the lives of their captives, but such was the strong hostility prevailing at the time against the revenue and the troops (some of the rebels having been taken only the day previous, and hung off-hand upon the branches of trees,) that no intercession prevailed, and two or three of the Whiteboys advanced towards their prisoners with ropes in their hands.

"I told you so," said Lilyburn; "here they come with the halters; you see I'm never mistaken. It's discreditable, though, to die like a thief, when a ball through the heart would answer every purpose." The men commanded them to take off their neck-cloths. "Let me look at that rope," said the captain.

"Be my conscience but it's sthrong enough, seeing as it hung Jack Hagarty yesterday," said the man, presenting the

rope; "oh, tunder, never fear, my jewel, but it'll howld you safe enough."

"Allow me, my friend, to suggest," said the captain, as he carefully inspected the noose—"just allow me to say that this is not a hangman's knot; you see it will not render easily," and he demonstrated his assertion. "I'm not ignorant of these matters, having been many years at sea—and seamen, you must know, are curious in knots; I cannot endure to see any thing done lubberly. Now, learn something, my friend, and you'll be able to ascertain that all's shipshape when it comes to your own turn," and the matter-of-fact man cast off the noose, and then renewed it *secundem artem*, uttering, as he returned it, "There."

"I am pleased to witness so much presence of mind," said Feaghan, "and trust it will have its effect upon these savages."

"Now then," exclaimed the man, "say a short prayer, or you may just squeeze out a couple, but let them be close together, as time is precious to us, having other work in hand," and the fellow put the halter round Lilyburn's neck.

"Here's a basis for the moralist," uttered the captain, adjusting the rope and turning to Feaghan; "he talks of the precious nature of time; if it is so valuable to him, what must it be to us?"

The outlaw had not followed the example of resignation set him by his companion, for he had stood unmoved, without complying with the mandate to take off his neckerchief and undo his collar. "You'd better," uttered the fellow who was appointed to make his last toilet.

"Ay—it is of no use resisting, Lieutenant Figgins," said Lilyburn, grasping his hand; "let us die like men, like gentlemen, for such I am sure we are, though you did not exactly second my attempt at defence. But, sir, I'm not easily deceived, when I look upon a gentleman—there is a sort of brotherhood—a freemasonry—"

"Will you take the clout off, or must I make you?" roared the ruffian, addressing Feaghan and snatching at his collar, for which a blow from the outlaw stretched him on the ground.

"By all the devils in hell," shouted another ruffian, rushing up to him, "but you shall pay dear for that," and he aimed a blow at him with a spade, which would have cleft his skull, but Feaghan adroitly slipped aside, and the fellow, overpowered by his own impetus, fell prostrate with heavy weight.

Lilyburn had knelt down in prayer, but this resistance on the part of his companion brought him to his feet again, though the miscreant who held the halter tightened it about

his neck. Peterson and Graves advanced to bid Lilyburn farewell, and to express their sorrow that he should suffer for having done his duty. "Cease this cursed cruelty—this thirst for blood," shouted Feaghan, as—throwing off his cloak, shawls, and cap,—he stood revealed before them. "Down, Nep—down," exclaimed he, for the dog instantly recognised his voice, and, making one bound towards his master, leaped upon him in joyous playfulness.

"An' who may you be, Misther king's officer, that takes upon you to command free men?" said the apparent principal among the rebels, boldly strutting up to the outlaw.

"An' who am I, Shamus?" returned Feaghan, in strong Irish accent, whilst Lilyburn looked on with amazement, and Tom Graves recoiled in superstitious dread; "it's yeself as shall answer the question, as the brute baste has done afore you, Shamus. Who am I, says he—Grammachree, an' who should I be?"

"Hurroo! your sows to glory," yelled Shamus; "divel the bit less than himself. Hurroo and hurroosh, you tundering omadhaums—ye murthering bog throtters," and away he cut and shuffled in the Irish dance, twirling his switch (about the dimensions of three stout broomsticks rolled into one,) to the astonishment of his barbarous comrades.

"Well, this is a moral revolution, at all events, Mr. Figgins; and you bearing his majesty's commission," said Lilyburn. "To what, pray, may I attribute this change?"

"Have *you* no recollection of my features, Captain Lilyburn?" returned the smuggler, facing towards the coach-lamps, so as to throw the whole of their light upon his countenance. "I'm paler and thinner than I was; for I have suffered much; yet you cannot have forgotten me? or," added he, laughing in recklessness, "you must remember the Lilyburnalia!"

"Mr. Tooley, by all that's abominable! My mind did misgive me," uttered Lilyburn, as if vexed at the imposition, "for I suspected something of the kind all along. No, no, no,—I'm not easily deceived. But how was you saved?"

"Let it suffice for the present, Captain Lilyburn, that you and your men are saved," returned the smuggler, as he fondled his huge animal, and then grasped the hands of his two subordinates, Peterson and Tom Graves.

"I am more happy to see you, sir," said Tom, "than I am at having regained my liberty; but both are a god-send, and so I'll just log 'em down in the same reckoning. But the poor craft, sir," added he, with a mournful shake of the head; "the cutter, sir,—poor thing," and he hung down his head in sorrow.

"Well, well, Tom, you shall tell me about that by and

by," said Feaghan, much moved by the man's earnestness. "At present we must have other matters in hand; the coach must be released, and Captain Lilyburn and his men sent forward on their journey."

The Whiteboys no sooner were aware that the noted Smasher was amongst them, than they prepared implicitly to follow his directions, and though at first there was some murmuring relative to allowing the revenue men their liberty—especially, as they were considered already condemned by the rule of retaliation—yet they ultimately consented to his wishes, and set about to clear away the barricade; whilst the driver of the coach unharnessed the dead animal from his team. In a very short time the passage was open for them to renew their journey, and Feaghan was anxious for their departure, previous to the return of the main body of the rebels, whom he conjectured might not be so accommodating as their comrades.

Peterson and Tom Graves expressed their thanks for the humanity with which they had been treated by the revenue captain, who was excessively mortified at the rescue, though he had behaved well to the men. "I'll be honest, my lads," said he; "though I'm not altogether sorry for your good fortune, yet I would much rather have carried you on with me."

"You will act wisely, Captain Lilyburn, to refrain from such language," remonstrated the outlaw; "these men surrounding you are now dissatisfied that you will be suffered to proceed; do not inflame their passions by intemperate expressions. Life is worth more than a few hasty words. Besides," added he, laughing, "a man who so much respects the liberty of the subject, ought to be rejoiced to witness the exemplification of his principles, whether applied to others, or brought nearer home to himself."

"In a just cause, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins," responded the revenue Captain; "mark me, only in a just cause. My detention of your men was a point of duty; their release and my capture is a rebellious outrage,—there's the distinction, sir. Oh, I know something of the law, Mr. Tooley Figgins, and am seldom wrong in my views upon such subjects."

"At all events you are about to proceed upon your journey," said Feaghan, "and, therefore, your only inconvenience is the loss of two noble fellows, who, instead of being sacrificed to what you call broken laws, will henceforth, probably be a gain to their country. Had they disobeyed orders I should have shot them for mutiny; they preserved discipline, and I alone am to blame."

"I can't desactly understand the gentleman," uttered old

Tom, taking off his hat with becoming respect. "It's true he has been good to us, and we've had plenty of grub, and no bad treatment; but, to my thinking, when the fageend of a rope was to bring us up all-standing, it was somut like fattening a mouse for the jaws of the cat. Now, look ye here. Suppose you had got us stowed away in the howld of Dublin jail, or any other jail—what then?—why, we should have been had before the big-wigs, who ar'n't got no reg'lar proper notions of the rights and privileges of the free trade, though many on 'em encourages it to sarve their own selves. Well, we should have been had up, and the consarn of the Spider overhauled again us; and not knowing as I said, the rights and privileges of the free trade, they'd make out the defence of our lives and liberties to be an act of piracy—when, Lord love your heart, it ar'n't no more like piracy than a tub of stuff is like a pope's mitre. But that ar'n't all, for they'd clench the end this here way—supposing any of the man-of-war's men lost the number of their mess, they'd bring in a vardick of wilful murder, instead of accidental death; for we never points our guns with malice on a *fore thwart*, and don't know who we hits, so that, if they gets in the way of the shot, it's their own faults, not ourn; and besides, they never think o' taking into their calculations who may be killed and wounded on our side. Now, this is—"

"Rather too long a sermon to be finished to-night, Tom," said Feaghan, as he motioned to him to remain silent.

"There's some force in the man's argument," said Lilyburn, who dearly loved a controversy; "but if there is any one thing I can do better than another, it is just to show the fallacy of his reasoning. To a mind like yours, Mr. Tooley, or Mr. Figgins, only a very short time will be required to force conviction—"

"Which short time, my dear sir, able as I know your appeal would be, I cannot permit you to employ as you wish," said Feaghan, respectfully. "Self-preservation, you know, Captain Lilyburn—"

"They say is the first law of nature, Mr. Tooley," returned the revenue officer, emphatically. "But, sir, if you will just grant me your indulgent hearing a few minutes, I think I can disprove the assertion—at least, place it in a negative light."

"I fear, if you do not quickly depart, you will have to regret not making it positive," urged the outlaw. "I can control the few who are surrounding us, but I will not answer for the main body being so tractable, should they return; there are some desperate fellows amongst them."

"Well, well, Mr. Tooley Figgins, it is kind and considerate of you," uttered Lilyburn, with strong emotion; "and

as I hope one day or other to meet with you again, we may possibly be blest with more leisure to discuss the point at length. But, sir, you may rest assured—and I am not easily deceived in these matters—I say you may rest assured—”

“That the coach is waiting for you, Captain Lilyburn,” interrupted Feaghan, somewhat impatiently, though he could not but be amused at the pertinacity of the pompous little man.—“And now, sir, I must bid you farewell. Should any poor devils of smugglers hereafter fall into your hands, remember that your life has been saved by an outlawed rebel this night, and treat them with generous humanity.”

“In every thing consistent with my duty to my sovereign, Mr. Figgins,” returned the revenue captain, not a little affected. “But there is one thing, sir, in which I wish to prove to you the correctness of my discernment, and how difficult it is to deceive me in such matters. I said, from the first moment I saw you, that you was a man of education and a gentleman, and—”

“You forget the Lilyburnalia,” said Feaghan, laughing, as he opened the coach-door, and let down the steps.

“No, no, I don’t—I shall never forget it; but none but a man of wit could have devised such a stroke of policy,” argued Lilyburn. “However, I have most cordially to thank you for your kind intervention, and shall certainly make it known at head-quarters; not but I’m thinking the only *promotion* they would be desirous of bestowing on you, you would be equally desirous of dispensing with. Ah! my men are all aboard, I see: there’s coachee, with his signal for sailing.” He extended his hand to the outlaw, which was grasped with eagerness. “Good bye, Mr. Tooley—good bye; Anderson will have the laugh at me again; but then, sir, he’s a know-nothing, after all.” Lilyburn took his seat.

“As a matter of precaution, you have been deprived of all means of defence, should you be attacked,” said Feaghan; “and as the district is in a very troubled state, I have written a pass, which, if molestation should occur, you have only to present to prevent unpleasant consequences;”—and he held out a slip of paper, on which he had been writing with a pencil.

“Thank you—thank you,” returned the other, taking the document; and, as he threw himself back in the vehicle as Feaghan closed the door, he heard him utter, “Smasher or no Smasher, he’s a perfect gentleman, and there’s no mistaking it.”

Away drove the coach. The party, gathering up the plunder, promptly quitted the scene of action, leaving a scout to inform their comrades of the cause of departure. Feaghan now learned that the third passenger of the coach

was well known to him as a man of independent property, who had become an amateur leader of the Whiteboys. He had been in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, and had ascertained that Lilyburn was there with two prisoners, whom he was about to conduct by land to Cork, in defiance of the recommendations to take them round in his cutter. But Lilyburn could not believe there was any difference between travelling in Ireland and travelling in England; and as he declared "he was never deceived in such matters," he was allowed to have his own headstrong way. The leader, on being informed of his decision, promptly despatched an express to get the boys together at the very spot where the coach was stopped; and, taking his passage inside, the success of the stratagem has already been shown.

But immediately, on alighting, the leader detached the main body, leaving a sufficient number to carry summary execution into effect, and preferring to be out of the way at the time, for he entertained no idea that the Smasher would intercede in favour of the captives. The ostensible reason for detaching the main body was, that a strong party had gone to seize some illicit stills that had been discovered in the neighbourhood, and he deemed it right to take with him an overwhelming force to defeat their intents. How far this was correct they did not discover; the stills were unmolested, they saw no troops, and long before daylight every man was snugly ensconced in his own little crib.

Feaghan was well aware that, as soon as the rescue of the smugglers and the resuscitation of "the Smasher" became known, no means would be left untried to apprehend them; he thought it would, therefore, be most advisable to quit that part of the country without delay, and as Kinsale was the nearest sea-port, a car was procured immediately at the next hamlet, and they arrived about daybreak upon the precincts of the harbour, where several homeward-bound vessels were riding, having been driven in by stress of weather. A fisherman's punt received the three, and they boarded a West Indiaman that was preparing to sail. Feaghan represented himself as the mate of a brig that had been wrecked, and his two subs as seamen of the same vessel, all wanting a passage to England, for which they proffered their services to navigate the ship. The West Indiaman was short-handed, and such an offer was very acceptable; no questions were asked, no suspicions entertained, and the outlaw, accompanied by Peterson and Graves, and his faithful Neptune, had in a few hours the satisfaction of seeing the Old Head of Kinsale far astern, as they proceeded with a favourable breeze for the British Channel.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hark! to the crashing of her masts; the spar, and helm, and sail,
Are borne away in the wrathful swirl of that relentless gale;
And from her broad and ribbed side each struggling plank is reft,
Till there is not a shred of her bravery on that dark wild ocean left."

"AND NOW, Tom," said Feaghan, as sitting on deck in their watch, "I must crave information relative to the fate of the Blue Bob, of which I have only heard some few particulars by fits and starts."

"Ah! poor thing," groaned old Tom, "she hardly ever held up her head again after she lost yer honour; and that same morning when owld black Mike came down to order us to sea, and Muster Rapartee, like a devil's babby, all brimstone and blue blazes, it was a melancholy time for them as knew what a good craft was, and had any feeling in their hearts."

"It was Hagan, then, that brought the orders for going to sea?" said Feaghan, in a tone of inquiry.

"It was, sir, and he got 'em of the owner," answered Tom; "but there was Muster Rapartee mad groggy, besides a broken collar-bone, and the people all mops and brooms. Howsomever, Muster Peterson got her out, and, as I have already towld you, we shortly arterwards missed one of the boys, for the young 'un they called Hammy was shouting for him. What had become of him, in course we never knew; but we made a beautiful passage to Bordoaks, and after waiting some time in expectation of your coming, we took in a cargo, and got all ready for starting. Muster Rapartee was ashore with his traps, laid up in sick quarters, so Muster Peterson and I got Hammy to live and mess with a good motherly owld lady, as promised to take care of him; but, when Muster Rapartee came aboard again, he insisted

upon having the boy brought back, or to be towld where he was; but we'd made up our minds not to do either the one nor the t'other. Well, yer honour knows what he is when he gets into a rage—somat next akin to a norwesterly gale—still we wouldn't let him have his will o' the child, for he swore he'd murder him; and at last he takes it into his head, all of a sudden, to purchase the anchor and run for home."

"Did he never say any thing about the cause of his hatred to the child?" inquired Feaghan.

"No, sir, not disactly," responded the boatswain. "He used sometimes, when he was tosticated, to talk about a large reward for the boy's life; but we never could make out what he meant, and, somehow or other, I don't think he know'd his-self."

"The grand secret then was safe from him," observed the outlaw, as if communing with his own thoughts; "but go on, Tom."

"There was a pretty breeze upon our quarter as we passed the Cordovan lights," continued Tom, "and we kept close along-shore, that we might step into any of the small ports, if so be as we'd been chased; but the wind dropped by the time we were inside of Bellisle, and then it fell calm for a couple of watches, and arterwards sprung up dead again us. Muster Peterson wanted to work up for L'Orient, or run into Quiberon Bay; but Muster Rapartee would thrash her along-shore; and though I own he is a good seaman, yet he ar'n't got the delicacy of the thing in working such a sweet hooker as the Blue Bob; he'd no tenderness nor diskrimmagement to relieve the craft in the heavy squalls, but forced her smack through all, however much the spars complained or the timbers moaned. Well, yer honour, we kept her onnatrally at it, straining her frame-work, and finding spells for the pumps, till we got up to Quimperlay; but Muster Rapartee was never what you may call altogether sober, and he swore he would not give in, 'though it blowed top mawls and marlin spikes with the points downwards;' and there we was, retching off and on, burying the poor thing under the green seas as would have swallowed her, but that she was still lively and struggled again it, raising herself up upon the comb of the sea, and shaking herself clear of the spray, like a marmaid."

"Ah! she was a precious creature, Tom," apostrophized Feaghan, as recollections of his lovely vessel came across his mind; "she has stood under us in many a dark and trying hour, old boy, and I used to please myself with the idea that she was proud of carrying us securely over the foaming

waters, and through the conflicting elements, where larger vessels must have perished."

"And d'ye think she warn't proud, yer honour!" appealed the boatswain, as if confident of the fact. "When did she behave so well as during a strong gale and a heavy sea?—and to have such an onnatral eend at last!"

"D—the fellow's perverseness!" exclaimed Feaghan, with a strong expression of bitterness; "but then it cost him his life, Tom."

"And good right, too, sir," returned Graves; "if he alone had suffered, it would not have been much matter; but there was them innocents, sir, who ownly obeyed orders—smart active men, throwing their limbs in the air, a leg here and an arm there, as if the craft had been laded with human fragments; oh! it was"—

"Ay, ay, old boy, I'm fully sensible of it," said Feaghan; "but heave a-head, Tom; the watch is nearly out, and I should like to have the *sequel*."

"Then I'm thinking it's lost, yer honour, that *suckwell*," said Graves, not comprehending his captain's meaning; "every thing went down in the craft."

"So I suppose, Tom,—so I suppose," responded the outlaw, whose spirit was too deeply touched even to smile at the veteran's mistake; "however, go on with your account."

"It was no use argufying with him, sir," proceeded the old man; "he was detarminedly wilful, and wilful men will have their way. I was in hopes, howsomever, that when we'd weathered the Saints, or got through the Raz passage, so as to open Dowarninney Bay, he would shelter there, or make for Brest; but he retched right out from the land into the open sea, and we got the whole weight of the gale. At last it blowed itself out, and backed round to the southard, and then we'd a good offing, and made sail for home, with a heavy swell from a-head running right again us, and burying our bowsprit slap under. Nothing mislested us till we got somewhere away in a line to the west of Scilly, when a large frigate and a cutter hove in sight, right in our track as ever they could be. We wanted Muster Rapartee to haul to the wind, and claw off out of their way, by weathering 'em and fore-retching withal—but he was stupid and obstinate, and it seemed as if the doom of the pretty craft was already fated. The strange cutter we knew to be the Dolphin, and, therefore, we didn't care for her, provided we could keep clear of the frigate; but once under her guns, and it would be all over with the Blue Bob."

"And yet I have been under a frigate's bows, Tom, with-in half musket shot," said Feaghan, proudly. "Her shot went over and over us, but they were bad marksmen, and

except a rope or two stranded, and some dozen holes in the sails, I clawed off uninjured. And pray how did you go on?"

"Arter all we could say," rejoined the boatswain, "Muster Rapartee wouldn't bring her to the wind; he said 'she had beat her enemies before by running, and she should beat 'em again.'—But Muster Rapartee warn't yer honour, to watch every heave and set of her bows, and to keep her steady in her course. He didn't know so much of the ways of the craft as yer honour, and consequently he acted a very foolish part in bearing down right slap into their teeth, when he might have got clear off to windard in a few hours, and, mayhap, not never seen no more on 'em. Howsomever, away we went almost right afore it, and the people began to grumble, and then to threaten; and at last he towld 'em to bring the cutter close at it. The squaresels were lowered, and the sheets hauled in, in no time; but, just as we began to creep from 'em, the full effects of straining the poor creatur in the gale became onparent, and we found her mast-head badly sprung just under the eyes of the shrouds, and it kept twisting round at every heave, so that we expected to see the whole a wreck, without the slightest hope of getting away. How it held so long is my wonder!"

"It was a good stick, too," said Feaghan, mournfully; "but nothing can stand against the wear and tear of a heavy sea and a strong wind."

"Especially when there was no necessity for it, yer honour," observed the boatswain. "Howsomever, we got up some handspikes, and tried to fish it as well as we could, and shifted some of the blocks below—but all was of no use; down it came, after drawing away from 'em for about three hours; and had it been only an hour or two later when darkness spread itself over the ocean, they might have passed us by without seeing us. As it was, there we laid a complete wreck, to be gazed at by the enemy, then out about two miles, dead to looard. But whether to looard or to windard was no matter now, we'd only a bare pole standing, without a rope-yarn to kiver its nakedness, and every part of the decks was strewed with the sails and gear. I saw it was a done job, and there was no use in staying to be taken, if so be as there was any chance of escape, so Peterson and I lowers down the cocktail from the after-davits without being observed, and, sliding over the taffrail, we got clear off, and pulled away right in the wind's eye.

"Presently Muster Rapartee caught sight of us, and hailed for us to come back; but we couldn't agree to it at no price, so he orders up the muskets and began peppering away at the cocktail, whilst some of the men were lifting the

galley clear of the wreck, and trying to launch her. Just as we were rising on a sea, so that the open boat became exposed, a musket-ball grazed Muster Peterson's ankle, and knocked a plug-hole through the bottom; but we soon stopped the leak, and then stretched out again with all our strength. The galley was at last got out—but they broke her back in launching her, so that she would scarcely float; still she was soon filled with hands, though we had no fear of her catching us, and soon afterwards we saw her go down."

"Poor fellows!" said Feaghan, "they deserved a better fate—braver lads never engaged in the trade—and, except a little wildness, that was easily subdued, many of them were civilized beings compared with the rough cast of their country. Did they all perish?"

"No, sir," responded old Tom, "for when we saw 'em struggling in the water, we pulled back again, and saved three—all that remained out of fourteen. Again Muster Rapartee fired at us, and, not content with the muskets, he got the six-pounders to bear—but, though the shot danced past us, they never touched; and, having now four good hands and a cockswain, we soon widened our distance, and began to make sure of getting off, when an unlucky shot struck us just under the counter, killed one of the men, and we were soon striking out for our lives."

"The villain!" exclaimed Feaghan, with vehemence, "the black-hearted villain; what good could your capture do for him?"

"Not none in the world, yer honour," answered the veteran; "ownly I suppose he thought all hands ought to be tarred with the same brush. Happily for us, howsomever, the boat didn't sink, so that we were able to cling to her sides, and buoy ourselves up with the oars. Well, sir, there I was, as happy as a cat without claws and a bull-dog in her wake. And there laid the craft I loved, soon to be a prey for the Philistines. But I was mistaken, sir, for whilst I was looking at the poor thing, ready to make a child of myself at the thoughts of parting, a sudden blaze of light shot up in the air—there was a noise like thunder—the waters became convulsed—spars and limbs, and headless bodies, and burning sails, and many other gredients, all went aloft together, and then descended into the ocean in a thousand different directions, hissing and smoking as they fell; then the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever. The Blue Bob had gone down, and the creatur that, an hour before, had looked so beautiful and brave, was buried beneath that element she loved to sport in, whilst a black cloud of smoke, like a funeral pall, hung over her place of intarment."

"Do you think that it occurred by accident or by design,

Tom?" inquired Feaghan, much moved at the earnestness of the old man.

"It's onpossible for me to say, sir," answered Graves, in a tone of melancholy sadness; "mayhap they warn't over careful with the cartridges—"

"Or, perhaps O'Rafferty, in desperation, determined not to fall into the hands of those from whom he expected no mercy, fired the magazine himself," observed Feaghan.

"It might be so, sir," returned the boatswain, "but I'm ignorant which way it was done, and so is Muster Peterson. The Dolphin picked us up, and mayhap there was some others saved from the craft, as I seed the frigate's boat out; but I rather think not, the thing was so sudden. As I towld you already, the Dolphin picked us up, and then, after speaking the frigate, bore up for Bantry Bay. I believe you knows the rest."

"Peterson, I suppose, knows the persons with whom he left the boy?" said the outlaw, inquiringly.

"I should think so, sir," answered the boatswain. "I could find it out easy enough, if I was ashore in the city; but I ar'n't much head-piece to recollect outlandish names."

"And now, Tom, what do you mean to do with yourself?" asked Feaghan; "you'll not go back to Ireland just yet, I presume?"

"Not for this day or two, yer honour," replied old Tom, laughing, "though the owner, I hope, will make all square in regard of the wages." Feaghan smiled. "I shall go and clap my owld woman alongside, and lay in a stock of sleep to last me for the next six months."

"A letter from me would find you, old boy, if directed to Folkstone?" inquired the outlaw.

"Why, for the matter o' that, I dare say it would, sir," responded the veteran; "but then I hopes you'll send somebody to read it, for I never could make out written hand."

"Oh, there'll be no danger of your not finding out the meaning, Graves," urged Feaghan. "I may get another craft, or a hundred things may happen in which I can serve you, and, rely upon it, I will never forget we have been ship-mates. But the watch is out, old boy,—good night!"

Greatly to the disappointment of the outlaw, who hoped they should be obliged to put into a western port, the wind continued fair up the Channel. They took in their pilot off Dungeness, and proceeded for the Thames, and the first shore the smugglers touched was the landing-place at Execution Dock. This, they ascertained from the waterman who landed them, in answer to their inquiry as to what part of London it was. Feaghan gave his subordinates a comprehensive look, but it served them for a joke, when, seated in a

snug parlour, at a public-house, they were taking a parting glass.

Peterson declared his intention of returning to his native isle directly, but gave the outlaw very clear directions as to where he would find young Hamilton. Tom Graves started for Folkstone; and Feaghan, having procured cash for some good bills he had, belonging to Mr. Cornelius, removed to the West-end, previously to taking his departure for Bordeaux. At length a vessel direct, for the Garonne, was advertised; he bargained for his passage—embarked in the course of a few days—and by the expiration of the week, landed at this opulent, though far from splendid city. Without loss of time, he hastened to the street, according to the direction he had received, when a *gens-d'armes* arrested his steps, and demanded his passport. This was a requisite it had never entered into his mind to obtain, for when captain of a vessel it was unnecessary; he was accordingly unprovided with the document, and, as strong jealousies were then existing in the south of France, he was taken before the mayor, who committed him to prison till he could be sent out of the country.

In vain Feaghan pleaded in his own behalf, and told a narrative of the real circumstances that had brought him to Bordeaux; he was, in their estimation, either an Englishman or an American, imbued with a revolutionary and republican spirit, because he was destitute of passport. In vain the outlaw endeavoured to get some one to proceed to the house of Madame Brienot (the person with whom Hamilton had been left,) and inquire for the child: no one dared to offend the authorities, and the money he offered for the purpose was construed into an attempt at bribery, and he was confined more closely than ever. The schooner he had come in was ready to sail again, and the disappointed, vexed, and dispirited smuggler was compelled to re-embark for England, without obtaining the slightest information of the object for which he had undertaken the voyage.

The schooner quitted the Garonne with a fair wind, but the weather was of that portentous character that indicated a gale. Although running close along-shore, the land could be but very dimly seen, and at length the haze was so dense that it was necessary to haul farther out to keep clear of the rocks off Sable d'Olonne, (the Barges,) and to run outside the Isle* d'Oye. Feaghan was well acquainted with every part of the coast, and he more than once or twice suggested

* Generally printed Isle Dieu on the English charts, and thus the "island of Goose" is transformed into "God's isle"—"Ile d'Oye" being the correct name given by the French.

to the master of the schooner (a stubborn north countryman) the propriety of getting a good offing, lest the gale, which threatened to come from the westward, should embay them with the whole weight of the Atlantic on their back. The master, however, was offended at the outlaw's interference—told him to "mind his own concerns," and persisted in his course.

The evening was dark and gloomy, and the schooner, with but little wind, was enshrouded in a thick fog, that seemed to cling to her rigging and sails with a pertinacity that did not fail to make a due impression on the superstitious minds of her crew. The heavy swell came rolling in, indicating that there had been or still was raging, a strong gale to the westward, which had not yet reached the bight of the bay. The craft, however, was considered a good sea-boat, and she was very fairly manned.

During the first watch the wind shifted to west-north-west; but light, with occasional puffs that by their peculiar angry sound, conveyed a warning to the seamen there was no possibility of mistaking. The master was informed by his mate of the change, and was promptly on deck, and got a cast of the lead, but found no ground at eighty fathoms. Judging by this that they must be well out from the land, he continued on the larboard tack, imagining that as the tide was setting to the northward, he should thus make a weatherly board. The lead was kept going at intervals of a quarter of an hour (the schooner having but little way;) but still no bottom, even with a hundred fathoms.

At midnight a sudden squall that nearly laid the vessel on her beam-ends, came like a fierce herald spurring with hot haste to announce the approach of the gale. Feaghan was prompt in rendering his assistance; the sails were reduced or taken in, and every moment increased the fury of the storm. The swell no longer moved lazily in undulating waves—sometimes, as if aroused from stupor, curling their heads with mimic foam;—they now dashed with raging wildness, impetuously tossing their hoary crests in air, as if defying the mighty power that rushed howling over them with a war-whoop of desolation.

The exertions of his passenger somewhat softened the asperity of the schooner's master, and he deigned to ask Feaghan several questions concerning the coast, though the outlaw had studiously avoided every thing that could lead the other to suspect his real character. Yet the few words he had uttered by way of recommendation, were sufficient to impart to a seaman a conviction that Feaghan was pretty well acquainted with that part of the world. But, still con-

ceitedly confident in his own resources, the north countryman determined to be guided solely by his own judgment.

"Whereabouts do you imagine us to be?" inquired he of the smuggler; "we must be well out from the land, as we had no sounding in a hundred fathoms at the last cast."

"That's no criterion of your distance from the shore," returned Feaghan, "for right in the fair way into Basque roads, between the Chasseron light and the Baleine tower, is one hundred and twenty fathoms."

"It is not so on my chart," said the master; and they descended into the cabin, where he produced a book of old maps, known by the name of "the Quarter Waggoner;" scarcely a rock, or a shoal, or a sounding, being laid down correct. "You see," said he, pointing to the spot, "there's no such depth of water here."

"I do see," returned Feaghan; "but I also know that it is incorrect. With such a haze as this, you cannot see your way to run back again. As it is, we are setting bodily in with the flood tide for Basque Roads, and by keeping her away we shall soon be enabled to get under shelter."

"I have a different opinion," returned the other; "but will get another cast of the lead;" and they returned to the deck.

The deep-sea line was passed along, and the lead hove. "Watch—watch—watch!" went the men, as the line came taut to their hands; but instead of a hundred fathom running off the reel, the ground was struck in forty-five.

"We are now well in the passage," said Feaghan, "and she'll drift in, in spite of you."

"Then I'm blown if she shall!" muttered the master, and instantly ordered the hands out to wear her round.

The manœuvre was accomplished; but the gale came down heavier, till they could carry no other canvass than the fore-sail, with the bonnet off, a storm fore-staysail, and a main try-sail, under which, being heavily laden, she made no head-way, but bagged down bodily to leeward, shoaling her water every hour.

A dubious glimmering of approaching day began to mingle with the reflection from the white foam of the waters, when a blazing light became visible close to them, and the next instant the schooner struck heavily abaft, and knocked away her rudder; all hands were instantly on deck, expecting immediate death, and terrific was the scene as the breakers rolled over, and nearly buried the vessel beneath the ponderous mass of waters that fell upon her deck: but she still continued to float, though bulwarks, booms, boats, and every thing moveable were washed away. She did not, however,

strike again—the panic subsided, and as the master had slunk below directly after the shock, Feaghan issued directions to man the pumps, and free her from the water she had shipped, whilst others took in the foressail and fore-stay-sail; he knew by the light they had struck upon the extreme point of Oleron, and the gale having come round to the north-west, the only chance was a long drift, and the tide now setting out of Basque Roads.

Happily she did not leak much, and by dint of hard pumping she was freed from water, and kept free, and though dragging along shore, every wave driving her nearer in, yet he did not wholly despair of saving the people, should the gale abate.

The vessel being pretty snug again, the master came on deck, and once more resumed authority; but the manner in which he had been employed whilst below was speedily made evident by the rolling of his eyes and the thick utterance of his speech,—he was brutally drunk.

"Who has shortened sail?" exclaimed he, addressing the mate in as loud and threatening a voice as he could command,—“How dare you, sir, take in the canvass without my orders!”

"There were superior orders to yours," returned the mate, in a tone and manner of defiance: "orders there were no disobeying, unless you wanted to make the schooner your coffin."

"And whose orders may they be, you vagabone?" demanded the master highly exasperated, and approaching the mate in a menacing attitude.

"The orders of Heaven," responded the subordinate,—“would you had the sails blowed out of the bolt-ropes?—Besides, when one man quits his station, it's time for another to take it."

"It was at my recommendation the mate shortened sail," said Feaghan. "There's great difficulty, and much greater danger, in balancing a vessel's canvass, for, after falling off the wind and gathering way, she is likely to have her bows beat in, in coming-to again, against the sea. Still if the men will but work hard, by lashing the main-boom, the jib-boom, and the maintop-mast together, we may contrive something of a rudder, and keep her away for the Garonne."

"And what pilot will there be to take us in?" inquired the master, with contempt.

"Will you place the craft in my hands?" said Feaghan, with considerable sternness; "I know every channel as well as the priest knows the way to his own parish church."

"I have always found great talkers to be little doers," muttered the master scornfully; then turning to where the

steersman ought to have been, he vociferously exclaimed,—“Keep her away, and get the head-sails upon her!—starboard, you lubber, do!”

Notwithstanding the distressed condition in which the vessel was, this ridiculous command (the vessel being destitute of a rudder) produced a burst of laughter from the crew.

“It’s not starboard—it’s port we want just now,” said the mate, “and I’m—— if we don’t try for it, if the passenger will only take command out of hands that ar’n’t fit for it. What do you say, lads?—this is no time to flinch.”

The men had all gathered aft during the foregoing controversy; even the pumps were deserted, whilst Feaghan was holding on by the main-sheet block, and with the practised eye of a seaman, was examining, as the vessel raised her stern, in what state her stern-post was, and calculating the probability of steering her by the main-boom alone. The language of the mate inflamed the passion of the master to an ungovernable pitch of fury, and the men replying to the appeal that they were “ready to obey the orders of a sober man,” maddened him still more. He cursed and raved, but there was nothing for him to lay hold of for the purpose of inflicting summary punishment, as the sea had swept every thing away.

“Mutiny! mutiny, by ——!” shouted he, striking his hands vehemently together. “You rascally scoundrels, you shall bring up at Execution Dock every soul of you.—You shall hang in chains in Blackwall Reach, and die like dogs:” he made an attempt to go down the companion ladder, but fell from nearly the top to the bottom.

“He means mischief,” said the mate; “shut the companion hatch, and fasten it. And now, my lads, I’ve every reason to believe our passenger knows which are the aft-most braces in an admiral’s ship. Will you, all hands, follow my example, and obey him? At all events, till we find as we can do better ourselves.

This proposition was immediately agreed to, and a request submitted to Feaghan, to take charge of the vessel, every one promising implicit obedience to his orders. The outlaw smiled, and hesitated; at last, he said, “I consent, but you will find me a rough hand to deal with—remember it is your own seeking. Now away to the pumps.”

It must not be supposed that all this passed in a tranquillity resembling that of a quiet parlour ashore. No; the gale whistled fearfully through the rigging, and howled aloft, whilst the sea roared and raged below. The noise was almost deafening, and those who spoke had to raise their voices to a pitch above the storm, though the wind, descending out

of the trysail, kept the words from being instantaneously wafted away to leeward.

The pumps were readily manned, and the mate, with a party of hands, got the anchors clear for letting go, and hauled up a range of both cables along the deck—the main boom was then launched over the stern, the jaws being secured by means of a stout hawser, that passed under the counters, and the ends brought inboard; guys were placed at half-way of the length, and at the extremity of each rove through a block lashed upon the boom, so as to afford a very fair purchase, and thus the spar extended right away from the stern-post. The very first trial proved its utility; and had the weather been more moderate, would have served the purpose till they got into the Garonne. As it was, however, they did not dare to strain it too much, and every sea made it quiver.

The foresail and forestaysail were once more set, and they enjoyed the satisfaction of finding that they deepened their water, and were slowly drawing off the land, while their temporary rudder acted beyond their most sanguine expectations. The countenances of the men were once more animated and cheerful. They were ordered to get hasty refreshment, as Feaghan proposed to run for the Garonne; the mate descended the companion-ladder, but immediately appeared on deck again, his face pale and agitated, for he had found the master, lying in the same spot where he had fallen, a breathless corpse.

"Do not let the people know any thing of the matter," said Feaghan: "it will, perhaps, excite superstitious fears, and——"

The mate shook his head. "He said he was a doomed man, when we first left our moorings in the Thames—and I knew it would be so, for the cat had been foul of his stores the night before, and, in the heat of his passion, he hove her overboard. I fear there's a curse upon us, and concealment can be of no use."

The outlaw saw that remonstrances would be useless; nevertheless, he commanded the mate peremptorily to keep the master's death from the knowledge of the crew; and now the very man who had been the first to place himself under Feaghan's orders, was also the first to resist his authority. By the master's death he succeeded to the command, and trusting that the principal danger was passed, he longed to exercise the power this new office conferred upon him. The authoritative order of Feaghan sounded harshly to him, and he answered, "Who the devil set you up as skipper here? I shall act as I please."

"Not till the men have recalled their confidence from me,"

exclaimed Feaghan, proudly. "Ask them; I'm ready to resign the command in an instant."

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Barber's Clerk; you're a bit of a Jonah, or you wouldn't have been bundled so quick out of Bordeaux," retorted the mate, angrily; "my men shall henceforth obey me, and me only."

"Let them say as much to my hearing, and I'm content," responded Feaghan; "and as for your taunt, mark me, fellow!"—and he assumed one of his terrible looks—"I have kicked fifty better men than ever stood in your shoes before I'd my breakfast, in the morning."

Part of the crew were attending the guys during the discussion; but as the parties were well forward, they could only make out that something was wrong, without being able to ascertain the cause. In a short time the other hands came up, and the mate informed them that the master was dead—that he now took upon himself the command, but had been resisted in his duty by the passenger, who had insulted him, and wanted to usurp the sole authority."

"My lads," said Feaghan, "it seems that the strife of the elements is not sufficient to call every man to his station, but that human passions must also have contention, and whilst the angry breath of the Almighty is on the waters, the puny voices of his creatures must be heard in quarrels with each other. This ought not to be; and as from you I received my command, so I will not yield it up, but into your hands. If your new master—how he came so, he must himself be the best to explain—but I'm saying, if your new master can save you, let him do so; if not, then trust to me; and though it is not in mortal power to command success, yet nothing shall be wanting on my part to place you in safety."

This long, and to them learned, harangue was listened to with earnest attention: but, without replying, they all went aft, clinging to the ropes that had been secured to the stanchions by way of rails. The mate soon joined them, and they continued in consultation, whilst Feaghan ascended the fore-rigging to look away to leeward along the land, that he might try and make out the beacons of the river, that forms the eastern boundary to the isle of Olleron, or the river Seudre, a narrow creek running into the main. The principal object he was desirous of accomplishing, was, if practicable, to get the schooner into one of these places, should it be found preferable to going for the Garonne. Whilst thus engaged, he beheld a tremendous broken sea, rushing with vengeance towards them, and he clung convulsively to the shrouds.

Again it rose with still mightier power, curling its huge

head, and roaring, as in its haste its summit cascaded like an impetuous torrent, leaving behind a bubbling and a hissing foam.

A third time it lifted its enormous mountain of water close to the vessel's bows—the men were too deeply engaged in debate to be conscious of its approach—Feaghan shouted, but his voice was borne away to leeward unheard—it struck the schooner—the shock made her masts tremble like reeds,—the decks were completely buried, not a vestige of them was to be seen—the waves, to the height of several feet, made a clear breach over her. Feaghan gave himself up for lost, but the stout vessel once more righted—and, raising herself from the threatened grave, seemed trembling at the horrible fate she had so lately escaped. But not a soul was visible where, only a minute before, the mate and twelve stout men were holding eager consultation. There was a struggling in the white foam to leeward—here and there a head was raised, and some strong swimmer plied his sinewy arms with unavailing energy—the main boom had snapped in two, and one was grasping the shattered spar with the clutch of despair—the trysail and the foresail were rent to ribands—the vessel had been forced to bear up by the weight of the billows—the forestaysail had no counterbalancing power abaft, and accelerated her motion—she was soon careering before the wind—the drowning wretches were left to perish, and Feaghan alone remained of all the gallant spirits that had quitted the Garonne, the morning previous.

For some time the outlaw remained in the rigging, his energies, in a great measure, paralyzed at the awful spectacle he had witnessed—he then descended to the deck to obtain food and brandy; but the cabin was full, the dead body of the master was washing to and fro—a shuddering sickness came over him—he experienced a dreadful feeling of loneliness on the deck, and therefore again took his station in the shrouds aloft, and watched the wild course of the schooner, which, unrestrained by the hand of man, rushed onward in her devious track, and, as if maddened by the storm, pursued her own impetuous way. Every moment brought her nearer to the land, upon which the sea was breaking to a dreadful height—she struck, and reeled upon her side, as the receding wave recoiled on the one approaching. Again she was lifted up and borne farther in—then her crashing timbers fell heavily on the beach—her masts went by the board—she rolled over and over—and in less than half an hour not a vestige of her was to be seen.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A negro has a soul, an' please your honour," said the corporal, doubtingly.

"I am not much versed, corporal," said my uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me."

STEERNA.

BUT it is now necessary to resume the dropped thread of our narrative attached to Hamilton, and first of all, it would be as well to give a brief account of the individual to whose care he had been intrusted.

In one of the small dwellings that contrast so strangely with the large and magnificent warehouses abutting upon the quay where the river Garonne first washes the city of Bordeaux, lodged Madame Brienot, upon a second floor, her window commanding a pretty prospect of the vine-clad hills upon the opposite shore, and a long sweep of the downward course of the stream, that carried off all the impurities of this opulent mart, except such as, in its vagaries or disgust, it offensively deposited upon the banks on either side to offer putrid exhalations to the sun.

Madame Brienot was a native of the island of San Domingo, and in early life must have been very beautiful. She was the reputed daughter of European parents, but in point of fact, her father was a Spaniard, and her mother a coloured woman, whom he actually had the hardihood,—the daring hardihood,—to make his wife. This marriage, however, exposed him to the contumely and revilings of his neighbours, and as his wife was not allowed to sit in the presence of white people, even in his own house, he had the alternative of cutting all his old acquaintances, or seeing the partner of his heart dishonoured and degraded.

He was not long in making up his mind, and soon after the birth of a daughter he embarked for his native land,

where he hoped the taint of blood and colour would pass unknown, and consequently unnoticed. But this he found was not to be the case, so he retired to the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where, in a small neat château, he lived in blessed retirement and educated his child. Madeline was indeed a lovely girl, with all the pride of the Spaniard blended with the vivacity of the Frenchwoman. As she grew up, she became the admiration of the gallant youths of Bordeaux, and at a fitting age was married to a young officer, of small fortune, but the representative of an ancient family, which had in former days borne exalted titles, and inhabited splendid palaces. But property must fail where double the amount of income is expended every year, and the young Marquis de ——— found himself at the age of eighteen, with scarcely any other resource than his commission as a lieutenant, and a small annual stipend from the royal purse; he therefore wisely dropped his title, and assumed the family name, Brienot.

Unexceptionable in character, handsome in person, Don Juan Pinziero would not reject him on account of his poverty; the Don had wealth enough, derived from his West India estates, and the affectionate Brienot was united to the beautiful Madeline, on condition that the former resumed his title. This was a bold stroke of policy in the Spaniard, for he hoped, as the Marchioness de ———, his child would never be remembered as having,—by how many descents was unknown,—the dark blood of the negro race within her veins.

But human foresight and human precaution are oftentimes baffled by the decrees of fate. Man fancies his schemes are immaculate in the wisdom that planned them; he raises what he conceives to be an adamant barrier against misfortune, and he dies full of confidence that no attack can injure the structure he has raised. Alas! how very often does almost the last breath that departs his body destroy the whole, and the toil of years is crumbled with electric-like force to dust. Don Juan departed this life, and his body was interred with much pomp at his native place in Spain; the donna did not long survive him, and the young Marquis and Marchioness took possession of the chateau, and lived for some time in the enjoyment of every thing that could render existence desirable.

A storm, however, was literally gathering against them, for a hurricane in one night devastated their estates in Saint Domingo; and, as they had not lived very frugally at home, they became involved in embarrassment and difficulties, and the Marquis resolved to embark with his wife for the colony, to see what could be rescued from the wreck. Once more

sinking his title, they arrived at the island in safety; but to his great mortification, he found the marriage between Don Juan and his partner was doubted, and that, although a still farther remove had taken place, his beautiful Madeline was still considered to have negro blood in her veins, and therefore was not eligible to the society of pure whites; whilst a relation of Don Juan, taking advantage of all the circumstances, had put in a claim, and obtained possession of the estates, which the courts ultimately awarded to him.

Now it was shrewdly suspected, that this very relative had destroyed the evidences necessary to prove the legitimacy of Madeline, and having been for many years a resident on the island, had been able to influence the judges in the cause. Whether this was true or not, the Marquis and Marchioness found themselves reduced almost to penury. He was glad to accept of a minor appointment in the colony, till he should be enabled to obtain something more advantageous; and as his wife was excluded from female society, he sent her back to Bordeaux, to dispose of their effects in that neighbourhood, purposing, as soon as he could obtain leave of absence, to re-join her in France.

Alas! that time never came; for shortly after Madeline's departure he sickened and died, and a month after her arrival at Bordeaux the afflicting news was brought to her that she was a widow. Thus was she left in a state bordering upon destitution, for the sale of the chateau would scarcely do more than pay the creditors. The young and lovely Madeline shrunk from the world, and was just kept above actual want by a small pension from the royal purse. Several suitors, both honourable and dishonourable, presented themselves; but she refused all, out of respect to the memory of her husband; and though by title and rank a Marchioness, yet she contented herself with the lodgings above named as Madame Brienot.

Kind, affable, and comely, she was universally respected, and every one was ready to perform an act of attention to the widow, so that she slipped over the roughs of life with greater ease and comfort than could have been expected, considering the circumstances in which she was placed. Thus years glided away—her rooms were the *beau ideal* of neatness and taste, as far as her extremely limited means would extend; nor were there wanting many who made her presents of numerous articles to please the eye, although her Spanish pride would have revolted at the offer of pecuniary aid.

Such was Madame Brienot, when, looking out of her window on to the quay, she had seen Peterson and Tom Graves, with little Hammy between them, making anxious inquiries

of the by-standers, who shook their heads, as if unable to reply in the affirmative. Now Madame Brienot, although no gossip, yet possessed the usual inquisitiveness of all Eve's daughters, and longed to know what it was that the two seamen were asking about,—and really there was some excuse for it; the noble-looking boy, with his fine flaxen curls and full blue eyes,—the apparent seriousness of the men, and the constant palsied negative that met their questions—Madame Brienot could not resist it; she slipped on her bonnet, and armed with a fan, of formidable dimensions, dangling on her left arm, she sallied forth, without, however, exciting suspicion as to her real object, just as the seamen and their charge was approaching towards the door.

Neither Peterson nor Tom Graves would probably have mustered up resolution enough to address her had she not gazed upon the boy with a smile which instantly made prize of the hearts of both; and Peterson, removing his hat with all the politeness of a Frenchman, inquired whether she could direct him to some person with whom he might leave the *garçon* for a few weeks, till they sailed.

The widow looked at the boy, his countenance pleased her, and after a few inquiries she invited them to her lodgings, where she became mistress of his story, as far as the second mate and the boatswain thought proper to state the circumstances connected with what they knew of his history. Hamilton seemed to make himself very comfortable with the *bon bons* which were supplied to him by a young girl, who formed the whole of the widow's establishment, and eventually she consented to take charge of the boy for the time required. There was some difficulty about terms, as Madame Brienot declined all arrangements by way of payment; it was purely philanthropical on her part, and the tars took their leave, full of gratitude, Peterson intrusting ten bright British guineas to madame's care for the use of the lad.

Frequent visits were paid during the stay of the cutter, and neither the second mate nor the boatswain ever went empty-handed; but when Feaghan did not appear, according to their expectations, and O'Rafferty returned to take the command, they were obliged to use more caution, and Peterson deposited the captain's writing-desk and other private property with the lady, so as to be secure from the mate's rapacity. The suddenness of their sailing prevented the removal of Hamilton, or, in fact, any farther communication on the subject; but Madame B. having ascertained that the writing desk contained a considerable sum of money, with securities and papers of value, made no doubt

that she should very soon be visited by the right claimant to the child.

Days, weeks passed on, and still madame's expectations were not realized; but, in the mean time, she had become attached to Hamilton, whose playfulness cheated her of many solitary hours, and whose ready attention to her commands gratified her pride. They very soon began to understand each other, for the lad, having no one near him who could speak English, was compelled to catch up the French in self-defence, and what with the widow and her factotum, together with the occasional visitors, Hamilton became a tolerable proficient in the new tongue.

It was shortly after Feaghan's unsuccessful voyage to Bordeaux that madame received letters from Saint Domingo, informing her of the demise of the cruel relative who had deprived them of their estates, and that he had, as an act of justice for past persecution, left her his sole heiress to wealth and estates far superior to all that she had lost; but that her presence would be required in the island to render her title to the property perfectly clear. At the same time she received instructions to draw, to any reasonable amount, upon a mercantile house which had received extensive remittances on account of the estates.

The widow's equanimity of temper was far more tried by this accession of fortune than it had been by the deprivation of it; she saw at once the great debt of gratitude that was due to her many friends, who for years had cherished and comforted her under misfortunes, and she feared that her returns would not be adequate to express, in a substantial manner, the bounteous feeling of her heart. Whilst poor, she had but little to think of, and still less anxiety; but now she had suddenly become rich (for she had ascertained the correctness of every thing that had been communicated to her,) cares and solicitude crowded upon her mind, and she could scarcely find interval for those social enjoyments which were so precious to her heart.

Preparations for the voyage were promptly made, and she determined, if no one appeared to reclaim him previously to the period of the ship sailing, Hamilton should accompany her, and as this was literally the case, the youngster was once more tossing on the billows as they flew across the Atlantic; nor was the time lost, for his kind patroness employed every leisure moment in instructing him in her native language, which eventually became so natural to the child, that he entirely abandoned the English, as incomprehensible to those about him.

A month's run with fine weather brought them to Port au

Prince, then partially rising from the ashes of an earthquake, and Madame Brienot immediately repaired to her principal estate, situated in one of the most delightful parts of this fertile island. Every thing had been rendered so clear in the disposal of the property, that not the slightest difficulty or opposition occurred to possession; and though Hamilton could not at first reconcile himself to the appearance of the negroes, yet habit soon rendered him accustomed to it, and he became a great favourite amongst them; for, unlike the young creoles, he had not been taught to consider the slaves as mere blocks, on whom they might inflict torture without fear of retaliation. The heat affected him, and every one was ready to fan and keep him cool whilst he slept, whilst Madame Brienot experienced a degree of renovation at being upon her native soil.

One of the first acts of the widow, was to send to Europe for a splendid monument, to be erected over the grave of her deceased husband, setting forth his titles and excellent qualities; she then inquired particularly for those who had been his friends, and all received some substantial mark of grateful remembrance. She next inspected the wants of her slaves, and extended every possible indulgence towards them. In point of fact, few of the West Indian islands were in a worse state of demoralization than San Domingo. The whites lived in careless voluptuousness, indulging in vice and immorality; and the negroes, imitating the example of their owners, were bound by no restraint, except the fear of detection, which was sure to bring a heavy punishment, inflicted with remorseless cruelty.

But there was also a third party, distinct from the other two—the free people of colour, who looked upon the slaves with the same unmeasured feelings of contempt and disdain that they themselves (the mulattoes) experienced from the whites. But the slaves were involved in the grossest ignorance, and wretchedly poor, whilst many of the free people of colour were well educated and wealthy. The slaves knew nothing beyond the labour of their own colony, whilst the leaders amongst the mulattoes had visited France and England, where, having plenty of money at command, they were welcomed in polished society, and their children admitted to the best schools for instruction. Great, indeed, was the change on their return to their island estates. Cut off from all communication with the whites, who viewed them as a debased and degraded caste, they were deprived of all participation in the government of their country, for though they possessed some of the best and most extensive plantations in the colony, they were not considered eligible

to the exercise of the franchise, and were excluded from every office, whatever its nature or description.

Nor were females exempt, for even Madame Brienot had the bar of exclusion issued against her from the moment she landed at Port au Prince; and the lady who had been the delight of civilized associations at Bordeaux, was in San Domingo shut out from all intercourse with the whites, as a being far below their notice, for she had the taint of negro blood in her veins. Still, upon her own domain, she was looked up to by the slaves as a sort of feudal chief, whilst the individuals who were placed in the same awkward circumstances as herself, placed great reliance on her shrewdness of intellect and the clearness of her judgment.

It could not be supposed that, whilst disorganization was rapidly spreading itself through France, the colonies could be deterred from taking part in the controversies, and even contests of the day. The influences of republicanism were becoming widely diffused on the French division of San Domingo; but whilst many whites continued firm royalists to the very last gasp, the principal portion of the white settlers had imbibed the spirit of the various clubs at Paris, and were arrayed against each other. The mulattoes narrowly watched the proceedings that were going on, and, as people who knew and felt their position, they steadily pursued their own course. They were well aware that neither in numerical strength nor in personal courage they were any way equal to their opponents, and therefore they contented themselves with making demands upon the government of France, in which they were powerfully aided by a society in Paris, entitled "*Ami des Noirs*;" and though now and then, in the assumption of unrecognized rights, squabbles and even skirmishes took place between the parties, yet nothing of any material importance was done till the revolutionists in the mother country, grown desperate in their undertakings, and determined to annihilate their opponents, called in to their aid that mighty popular torrent which swept away every law, both human and divine, and, in its monstrous convulsion, engulfed humanity and social order in one common ruin, and ultimately destroyed the very men who had first set the impetuous rush in motion.

It was in the early part of Robespierre's popularity that the decree passed which enacted "that the people of colour resident in the French colonies, should be allowed the privileges of French citizens, enabling them not only to vote in the choice of representatives, but also that they should be eligible to seats both in the parochial and colonial assemblies." This was resisted by the whites, who felt indignant that persons who had hitherto been considered as

mere national property by the government, and of no repute, should at once be placed upon a level with themselves. The mulattoes, on the other hand, were resolutely bent on obtaining and enjoying the conceded privilege, and, fearing that their own strength was not sufficient to accomplish the purpose, they instigated the slaves to revolt, and thus similar scenes to those witnessed in France, threatened the colonists of San Domingo.

At first, the slaves were unwilling to join the mulattoes, for they feared that the change of masters would to them be productive of more injury than benefit; for the free people of colour were far more rigid and severe over their slaves than the whites—and, in fact, this invariably occurred throughout the whole of the West Indies. To incite them to revolt, however, freedom and plunder were offered, and it was not long before the temptation succeeded. The slaves rose, and devastation, bloodshed, and cruelty marked their progress. Having been kept in a state of barbarism, without any ameliorating feelings to soften the savage ferocity of the brute in their nature, they at once perpetrated crimes of the most horrible description, laying waste the plantations, burning the houses, and murdering the whites, while the females were reserved to suffer the worst of debasement previously to being slain.

Having thus given a brief sketch of events, as connected with the history of the colony, we will again return to young Hammy, whose name had become gallicised into Ami; and as no surname had ever been given (for no one in the cutter, not even the child himself, was acquainted with it,) his kind patroness gave him her own, and thenceforward he was styled "Ami de Brienot."

Beautifully, as well as healthfully situated on the summit of a lofty eminence, was the residence of the widow, having on the descent, near its base, her rich plantation, "Solitaire." The building was light and elegant—each of the sides was shaded by a handsome verandha, bordered by flowers and fruits, that crept through the trellessed work, and excluded the scorching rays of the sun, whilst the cool air of heaven found a ready admission. Here the palmetto flourished in all its gigantic grandeur, amid the constant verdure of a tropical climate. The view of the southward commanded a prospect of Jaquemel, with its fertile plain, and an extensive range over the Carribean Sea, mostly sleeping in its intense blue, with here and there a white sail on its glossy surface. To the northward, the eye rested on the town and bay of Port au Prince, with the island of Gonaives to the left, and Leogane, with its extensive and fertile plains, to the right. To the westward, laid the long and mountainous peninsula,

extending to Cape Tiburon; to the eastward, the land was also mountains, raising their lofty heads into the very heavens, whilst intersecting hills and verdant valleys manifested the extreme care and labour of man. The bright blue green of the sugar-cane contrasted prettily with the darker cotton trees and coffee-plants, whilst the brilliant yellow flower and bursting bulbs in its pure whiteness on the former, or the flower and red berry on the latter, gave relief to the whole.

All that luxury, or a sense of comfort and coolness, could devise, was arranged within the dwelling. The houses of the domestic negroes were erected in a situation to be concealed amidst the bright foliage that every where presented itself; the residences of the overseers and field negroes, with all the appurtenances of cookery, hospital, stores, mills, &c. were about one-third up the eminence, and formed a pretty break in the downward scenery.

Here, then, young Hammy was located, and a man of colour, who had been to Europe, and was tolerably capable of undertaking the task, became his instructor: not in the character of a tutor it is true, for the laws of the colony prohibited any but whites undertaking such an office, and no white could be supposed to stoop to the degradation of becoming a teacher in a family of a person of colour. But my reader may naturally conjecture that, as I have said the widow retained evidences of having formerly been a beauty, there could not have been much darkness on her skin. The conjecture is correct; she was remarkably fair; the colour was in the blood, which no removes, however distant from the first, could ever obliterate. Calumny—ever rife to injure reputation—had reported Hamilton to be her son, and this was pretty generally believed, not only amongst the planters but even on her own estates; nor was it much to be wondered at, when the truly maternal care and tenderness she at all times evinced towards him is taken into consideration.

The youngster had an entire establishment to himself; a groom, a head-nurse, servants of both sexes; and it was no uncommon thing to hear a drawling negro voice exclaim—"Jean, go and peka Saam to tell Jacques to call Quaco to the young massa!—hearee!"

To perform this, Jean would probably pass Jacques or Quaco in seeking for Sam, but it would have been entirely out of negroe routine to intimate one word to them, except through the proper messenger, as desired; and thus, Quaco, who might have been summoned instantly, was usually half an hour before he made his appearance, with a—"Wharra him young inassa want?"

Quaco was an old negro, who had not only visited several of the other West-India islands, but his early days had been

passed as a slave amongst the English in Jamaica; he had also been some time in England, with his former master, where he might have remained a free man; but returning to the island, he was again a slave, though his owner placed so much confidence in him that he made him captain of one of his sloop-built drooghers, which gave him an opportunity of seeing much of the other islands. Unfortunately, his vessel had been wrecked off Cape Tiburun, and he alone escaped to the shore, where he was seized as a runaway slave, kept some time in confinement, and then sold to a Spanish planter to pay the expenses. In the course of time he was purchased by the late proprietor of Solitaire, and ultimately became house-steward at the residence.

Now though Quaco could speak—that is, could mutilate—both Spanish and French, he had chosen, when any thing displeased him, to grumble and to swear in English. Whether there was any thing of an affinitive character between English and grumbling, or whether the full-mouthed utterance of a hearty “d——” gave greater relief to the stomach than a mere “Sacre!” it is hardly necessary here to discuss: Quaco invariably used the French language in his ordinary duties—sporting the Spanish when he wanted to be a grandee, and rapped out unmercifully in English when a disposition prevailed to become a downright blackguard—the more especially as he could have it all his own way: for as no one understood him, so no one could answer him in his angry moods, and the fit of passion was the sooner over.

It happened, shortly after the landing of Madame Brienot, that Quaco was summoned to her presence, and reprimanded for a neglect of duty on the part of some of the younger slaves.

“Madame,” returned he, with an obsequious bow, “la faute n’est pas mienne,” and then muttered to himself, “Em d—— blaack nigger.”

Hamilton caught the broken words, for he was standing close to him, but said nothing. “Well, Quaco,” uttered his mistress, “I shall look to you for the management of these things, and hope there will be no occasion to complain again.”

The negro bowed most politely as he uttered, “Au plaisir, madame,” but there was a grimness of look about his visage that plainly evinced he was far from pleased. He then retired from the room, followed by Hamilton, who overheard him muttering to himself, “Em daam cowcumber-shin rascal!—Mon Dieu! but dey get jolly fum fum for dis!” He then shouted, “Monsieur Jacques! ayez la bonté de venir ici, s’il vous plait!” adding, in a lower key, “Yer daam debbil babby for makee me missee tink me no sabby eberty ting

for you!" Again he shouted, "Monsieur Saam! dépêchez-vous donc—un brave garçon, sans doute!" Once more his voice fell—"cus you black libber for all day long!"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Jacques, cautiously looking in at the doorway to ascertain the mood of the old man, before he ventured to approach within assailable distance—"Que dites vous, monsieur."

"Que dites vous, monsieur," repeated Quaco, spitefully, well knowing, from former experience, that Jacques was too wary to be caught: "Que dites vous," he reiterated, whilst he advanced upon the young negro as he retreated backwards; "arretez vous la!—yer daam monkey-face, lib-in-bush, white-libber nigger's nigger!"

This was quite enough for Jacques; he was well aware that the storm was rising, and, therefore, to use a nautical phrase, he made a grand "stern-board" towards the flight of steps that led from the verandha to the garden below. At this point Quaco made a sudden spring to catch the youth, previously to his descent, and actually achieved his object at the very moment that Sam had attained the summit in his ascent; the consequence was, that Jacques, impelled by the additional stimulus of Quaco, stumbled over Sam, and all three went rolling head over heels to the bottom, roaring and hallooing with all their might. The attitude, however, was not very great, so that no injury, beyond a thorough shaking, was sustained by the fall. But Quaco had now got both culprits in his clutches, and though he could not let go one to thump the other, yet he knocked their heads together with all his force, exclaiming, "Darra for you!—yer daam bajain-born, crab-for-n'yam, suck'em-goat niggers—eh? Yer nebber mind n'oder time, Monsieur Jacques—no! D'un autre côté, Monsieur Saam. Mettre quelque chose dans votre tete, mon ami!—Cus you rogue-heart, for nebber do what genelman tell you!—faire des singeries, eh? Darra den, ye haang-gallows, plaintain-tieving, sopy-drinking coquin—me one daam rascale for you!"

All the time Quaco was very foolishly knocking their pates against each other, with very little effect; for, as a negro's head is the least vulnerable part of his body, the punishment was scarcely felt, and the moment they escaped from his clutches, they testified their sense of it by changing their loud yells to uncontrollable laughter, as Quaco re-ascended the steps, down which he had gone so much against his inclination. The noise, however, brought out Madame Brienot, who warmly inquired, "qui fait cette grand-bruit-la?"

"Les esclaves, Madame!" returned Quaco, pointing to the two offenders, who could scarcely suppress their mirth,

even in the presence of the mistress; "voyez vous, Madame—Em' daam scorpion for nebber hab respect for old head!"

"J'ai toujours vous dit ne frappez pas!" exclaimed Madame, angrily, and shaking her hand at the steward.

"Oui, Madame," returned the obsequious Quaco; "mais on ne peut pas subvenir a tout sans chatiment:—cus you for—" the old man stopped, for Hamilton, who had witnessed the whole, explained it in favour of Quaco, and Madame retreated to her apartment.

"Mille graces, Monsieur Ami," said the old man, addressing Hamilton. "Plus d'une fois vous avez rendu votre faveur. Je suis roué de fatigue."

Hamilton's ears had tingled with delight at the sound of his native tongue, however imperfectly spoken. It was the first time he had heard it since he parted with old Tom Graves, and in an instant it revived associations and recollections that had, in a considerable measure, faded away. This it was that made him defend Quaco before the widow, for there was now a link of connexion that bound him to the old man; and when the latter complained of his fatigue, the kind-hearted lad immediately uttered, in English—"Shall I get you some sangaree, daddy?"

"Eh, Garamercie, wharra dat?" shrieked the old man, as he started back, and his staring eyes were fixed upon the boy. "Yeu French piccaninny for missy, peak-a me in buckra tongue."

"No, Quaco, I am not French piccaninny, as you-call me," responded Hamilton, somewhat offended; "nor is Madame Brienot my parent;" he then added sorrowfully—"I never had a mother."

"Well, dis baang ebery ting!" uttered the negro with evident delight and satisfaction;—"young massa peak-a me in me natib tongue. Eh, Garamercie!—me so glad!" and the old man, notwithstanding he had just been complaining of fatigue, cut a hundred fantastic capers about the ante-room.

From that moment Hamilton and the steward were almost inseparable; and though the only recollections of the former's infantile years led him back to the latter portion of the time he was with Mrs. Jones, yet he remembered the fine tall old gentleman, who used to pat his head and bring him sweetmeats, and the number of elegant carriages and smart ladies who used to visit his nurse. Of his own name he knew nothing, except that by which he had been called, "Hammy," now changed to "Amy," the pronunciation being nearly similar. The scenes on board the cutter, together with some of the actors, particularly the dog "Neptune," were too fresh and too vivid to be easily forgotten,

and whilst conversing with old Quaco many reminiscences would cast their sun-light or their shadow over his mind. Of his sister Ellen, he cherished the most distinct idea, nor was Ned Jones oblivious to his memory; but his mind was not sufficiently matured—his days in the world had been too few to allow of his reasoning upon events that had occurred.

Years rolled on—the convulsion commenced that shook all social order to its basis, and ultimately wrested the French portion of the colony from the dominion of France. Madame Brienot, happy in her delightful retirement, had shunned rather than courted society; for though her very nature and disposition were nourished by the milk of human kindness, yet she could not avoid feeling a distaste to the association with mulattoes, whilst her heart swelled with a justifiable resentment at the treatment she had received from the whites. It has been said that there can be no loneliness with a refined education—books—the arts—the sciences, afford the sweetest companionship, and driving away *ennui* and melancholy. Yet what can compensate for that sacred communion of kindred spirits—that delightful intercourse of friendly and affectionate hearts, which, maugre the cold cheerlessness of worldly business, shed their enlivening beams upon the path of human life, to lighten it with smiles, and to cherish all the kindly feelings of Christian love and charity. Without doubt, Madame Brienot was happy, for she had mental resources, that the worldling can know nothing of; she was punctual in her religious duties—had a conscience void of offence to God and man; yet her wishes often lingered for her comfortable apartments, however humble, on the quay, at Bordeaux, and for the conversation of those many friends who had cherished her in the period of adversity.

Nevertheless, in imparting instruction to Hamilton, she found occupation for many an hour that would probably have otherwise been tedious, whilst the progress and docility of the grateful boy were such as endeared him more powerfully to his patroness. She would have returned to France, but the distracted state of that country offered no inducement, whilst the tenure of estates in the colony became every day more and more precarious, as the contests between the whites and the coloured people continued. Often were the delightful plains of the Cul de Sac stained with the blood of the rival parties, and the smoke of burning houses wasted itself among the mountains. To quit the colony would nearly amount to a tacit resignation of all her property; and though she had no relation to whom she could bequeath whatever might be disposable at her decease, yet

her thoughts reverted to her young *protégé* as her heir, and she deemed it most prudent to remain for the present where she was.

Historical writers have expressed something like wonder at the degree of apathy which existed amongst the slaves, whilst the whites and the mulattoes were contending in deadly strife; but it was not altogether apathy, a change of masters from white to black would be to them only productive of greater misery, and sterner servitude, and the more acute among them clearly foresaw that by keeping aloof they would thereafter be enabled to give weight to either one party or the other, as the price of their freedom; especially as the British squadron occasionally paraded itself near the island, as if desirous of gaining a footing, on which to plant the imperial flag of England.

Hamilton frequently interrogated old Quaco upon the subject of these quarrels, as the foes met and carried on their destructive warfare in the plains beneath them; but all he could glean from the steward was a mysterious shake of the head, and " 'Em daam rogue for cut one anoder troat; n'em mind, massa, when dey gone dead, dere be more room for we."

Ogé, a native of San Domingo, who had been educated in France, a strict disciple of the hateful Robespierre, and for whom the society of *Ami des Noirs* had purchased a lieutenant-colonel's commission in one of the German States, to give him a military character, paid the forfeit of his rebellion by being broken on the wheel, after betraying his accomplices, under a promise that mercy should be extended towards him. The man was hurried away to a horrible death, which he met with pusillanimity and cowardice. This breach of faith stirred up the impassioned feelings of the mulattoes to more deadly hatred and revenge; for though they had been partially defeated, yet they collected again in a formidable body.

It was shortly after this, that the slaves in the north, encouraged by the mulattoes with the promise of freedom, suddenly burst into open revolt. The horrible details of rapine, devastation, and bloodshed which marked their progress, would shock humanity to peruse. Efforts were used to stay the revolt: but the whites were defeated, and the victorious rebels, after losing thousands of their brethren, mustered in the plains of the Cul de Sac, with the intention of making an attack on Port au Prince.

The slaves in the neighbourhood would not at first join the revolt, at least to any considerable extent; nor was there more than six or seven hundred of the worst characters, that ever united themselves to the maulauders. Only

a very few abandoned their mistress at the Solitaire, and she hoped to escape from the mischief that had so universally overwhelmed many of her neighbours. Quaco, however, shook his head, and declared, "Neber go for trust 'em blaack nigger rascal."

The steward's general knowledge, as well as being able to read and write, would have rendered him a valuable acquisition to the rebels, who vainly endeavoured to get him amongst them as one of their leaders; but, besides not being over fond of fighting, he put no reliance on their promises, and refused to trust them: at the same time he used his strenuous exertions to persuade his brethren on the estate to keep neuter and attend to their duties.

The principal portion of the force in the Cul de Sac was composed of mulattoes, who, finding that the negroes did not join them, contemplated revenge. Several of the neighbouring planters, whose estates had been devastated, had not time to reach Port au Prince, and knew not where to fly with their families. Some of these found shelter with Madame Brienot, and many who had studiously avoided all intercourse with the widow, on account of her creole blood, were now glad to solicit food to appease the cravings of hunger. But the generous woman forgot her insults in their distress, and not only supplied their wants, but admitted them into her house.

The steward had foreseen the consequences of this humanity, and procured arms to defend the place, should it be attacked, whilst sentinals were nightly posted to give notice of the approach of an enemy. Hamilton was now in his thirteenth year, a bold, resolute lad, whom Quaco consulted on all occasions, and then followed his own plans in such a way as made it appear that they emanated from the boy.

"I do not think they will attack us," said Hamilton, one evening, to a fine little girl about his own age, the daughter of one of the planters; "but if they do, Eulalie—I'll defend you to the last."

"Pauvre petit," returned the spoiled child, "and what can you do against such monsters? they will eat you alive."

"Neber, Missy," responded the steward; "him hab big heart and old head—no for suck a guava-jelly spoil him teet; he bite hard for true."

"You are always speaking up for Monsieur Ami," exclaimed the girl; "but you are all niggers alike, and there's no believing you."

"Em no nigger dere for my young massa, missy," returned Quaco, angrily; "him skin more fair dan yourn—no possible for tell who you daddy in dis country; my young massa for me born in England."

"I won't believe it, Quaco," screamed the girl, "you tell me lies; and if you was at Santa Martha, my pa should give you the whip!"

"He neber hab noder whip a' Santa Martha, missy," drily responded the steward, he whip too much—"but checking himself from the asperity with which he had spoken, he added—"Nem mind, me massa English for all dat."

"Are you English, now, Ami?" asked the girl, petulantly, "or do you only say so because you don't want to obey me?"

"I am English—born in England—at least, I think so," returned Hamilton; but I will do any thing you wish or request me to do."

"Then you are not a thorough true white," answered the girl, "or you would only do what you pleased."

"And I shall do what pleases me, when I serve you, Eulalie," uttered the boy with feelings of honest pride.

"Dere, missy, wharra you tink now!" inquired Quaco, as his dim eyes were lighted up with unusual gratification. "Darra English all ober—darra country for me, neber lib like crab in a bush, or like a raat in a cane patch. Ebery ting someting good in England; and dere nigger be born de genelman, in a white craavat and top boot!"

"You only say these things to vex me," persevered the girl; and then calling to her brother, she said, "Come here, Henri; now isn't Ami a mulatto?"

"Certainly he is," responded the brother, a youth of fourteen, pale and emaciated through over-indulgence; "certainly he is; I wonder he presumes to sit down in the presence of a white lady."

"I would stand with pleasure, to gratify Miss Eulalie," said Hamilton, "not because she is a *white* lady, but because she is a female, and we are bound to love and defend them."

The youth curled his nose and lip with contempt, as he uttered, "A pretty lover and defender truly—go, sir, fetch me my hat, and consider yourself honoured by waiting on me."

Hamilton hesitated as his pride revolted against the command, and he was about to give a peremptory refusal; but better feelings came over him, and he was going to fetch the hat, when Quaco shouted in English, "Tan lily bit, massa, me go for him cocoa-nut case;" and the disdainful black soon re-appeared with the hat, which he presented to the youth.

"That's right, old baboon visage," exclaimed Henri, as he maliciously kicked the steward's shins. "Go! get one plaster."

The rage of Quaco was vented in words, but not so with Hamilton—he grasped the youth by the collar, and shook him vehemently, whilst both he and his sister seemed paralyzed by terror. “You are a guest under the roof of my benefactress,” exclaimed the excited lad, “or I would teach you what it is to feel pain yourself, by inflicting proper punishment. Henceforward I look upon you as a poltroon and a coward.”

“Eh! my Garamercie, massa,” said Quaco; “he no wonder for nigger ’volt and turn a evolution spose get such usage.”

“What is this noise, Henri,” exclaimed a lady, entering the room in affright; “you should remember you are not at Santa Martha.”

“We know it and feel it, mawma,” drawled Eulalie, as she ran crying to her mother. “Henri did but just touch the old nigger, and Ami wanted to beat him for it.”

The lady’s face reddened with anger as she exclaimed, “The cruel brutes—oh! my dear children, when shall we be in safety?”

“Now touch me if you dare,” shouted Henri, with vindictive spite, as he aimed another kick at the steward; but Hamilton was too quick for him, and darting forward, he caught him by the heel, and sent him sprawling on his back.

No thirsty tiger let loose upon its prey, could pounce with greater fury than the lady did upon poor Hamilton; but the exertion overpowered her animal spirits, and she fell upon the floor in strong hysterics. Eulalie and her brother indulged themselves in shrieking “Murder!” but offered no assistance whatever to their fallen mother, nor did they indeed know what to do, as they had never been accustomed to think or to act for themselves; but Hamilton unhesitatingly stooped down and rendered what aid he could, whilst Quaco ran to the sideboard for a goblet of water, but by mistake snatched up a decanter of port wine, which he emptied over her face.

The screaming brought the lady’s husband, who not having recovered from the horrible spectacles he had witnessed, was still under the influence of alarm, and when he saw his wife prostrate, and her dress apparently saturated with blood, and a negro kneeling over her—his mind was instantly filled with terrific images: darting forward, he caught old Quaco by the neck and threw him backward, whilst the children came clinging round their father’s knees, still vociferating “Murder! murder!”

“She is in a fit,” said Hamilton, as he rose up. “I will hasten to Madame Brienot, and summon the servants.” This he immediately performed, at the same time relating

to the widow every incident that had occurred. The lady was at length restored, and conveyed to her bed, where the children cowered near her; and the husband sought, in vain, to induce the kind hostess to inflict punishment on Hamilton or Quaco, who, when by themselves, laughed heartily over the adventure, though the waste of the wine went sadly against the steward's conscience.

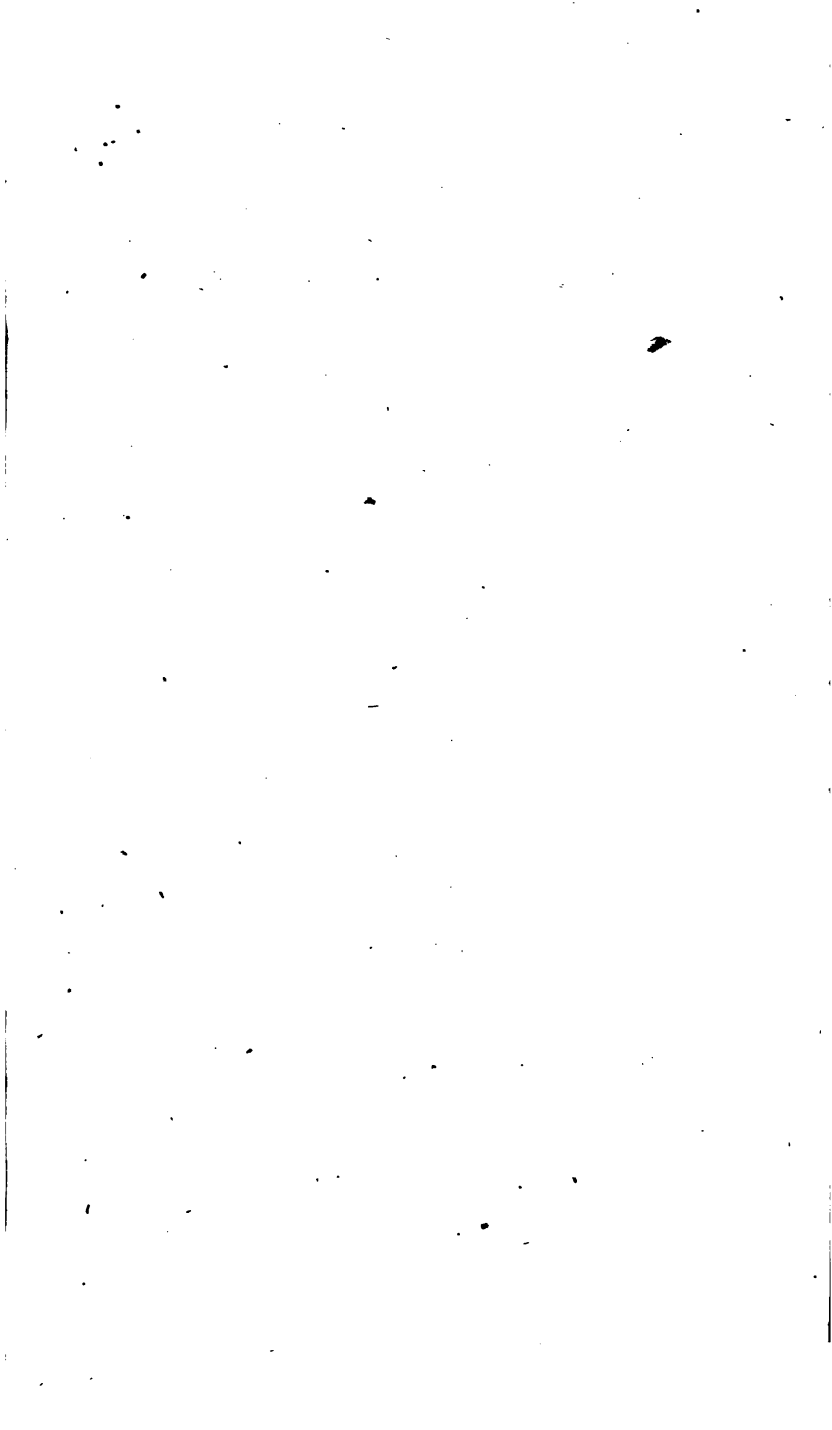
Evening was closing in, when the youth, accompanied by Quaco, rode round the grounds, to see that the sentries were properly posted, as there had visibly been some stir amongst the negroes in the plain during the afternoon. He spoke kindly and encouragingly to the slaves, exhorted them to resistance, should any attack take place, and received assurances that they would act faithfully and boldly to the last. Nor was it long before they gave positive proofs of their sincerity; for scarcely had the youngster sat down to make his report to Madame, when a discharge of musketry, in the cotton grounds, gave intimation of the approach of the enemy, who had eluded the vigilance of those upon the watch—or, what is more probable, had contrived to steal up during the day, and conceal themselves amongst the trees. The negro at the gates had detected them and fired, and drew upon himself a volley in return.

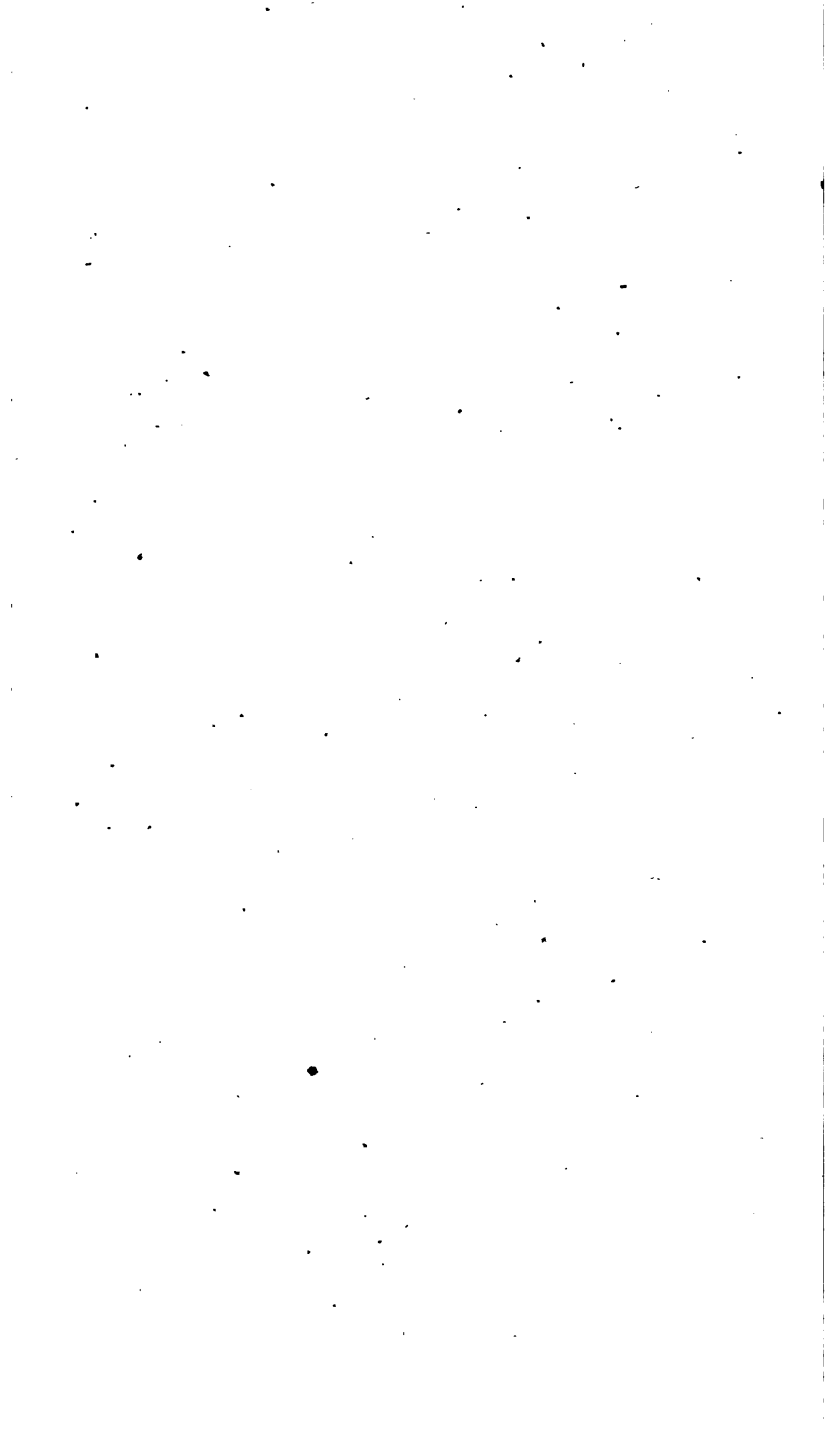
All was now terror and dismay amongst the inmates of the house, who huddled together in the hall, in a state of distraction. Madame Brienot was cool and collected, as she vainly strove to appease the minds of her guests, and urged the men to resistance, whilst Hamilton collected all kinds of offensive weapons to place in their hands. To Henri he offered one of his own pistols: but the terrified youth shrunk back and clung round the neck of his "mawma," who shuddered and recoiled at the idea of her darling handling so dangerous a warlike instrument.

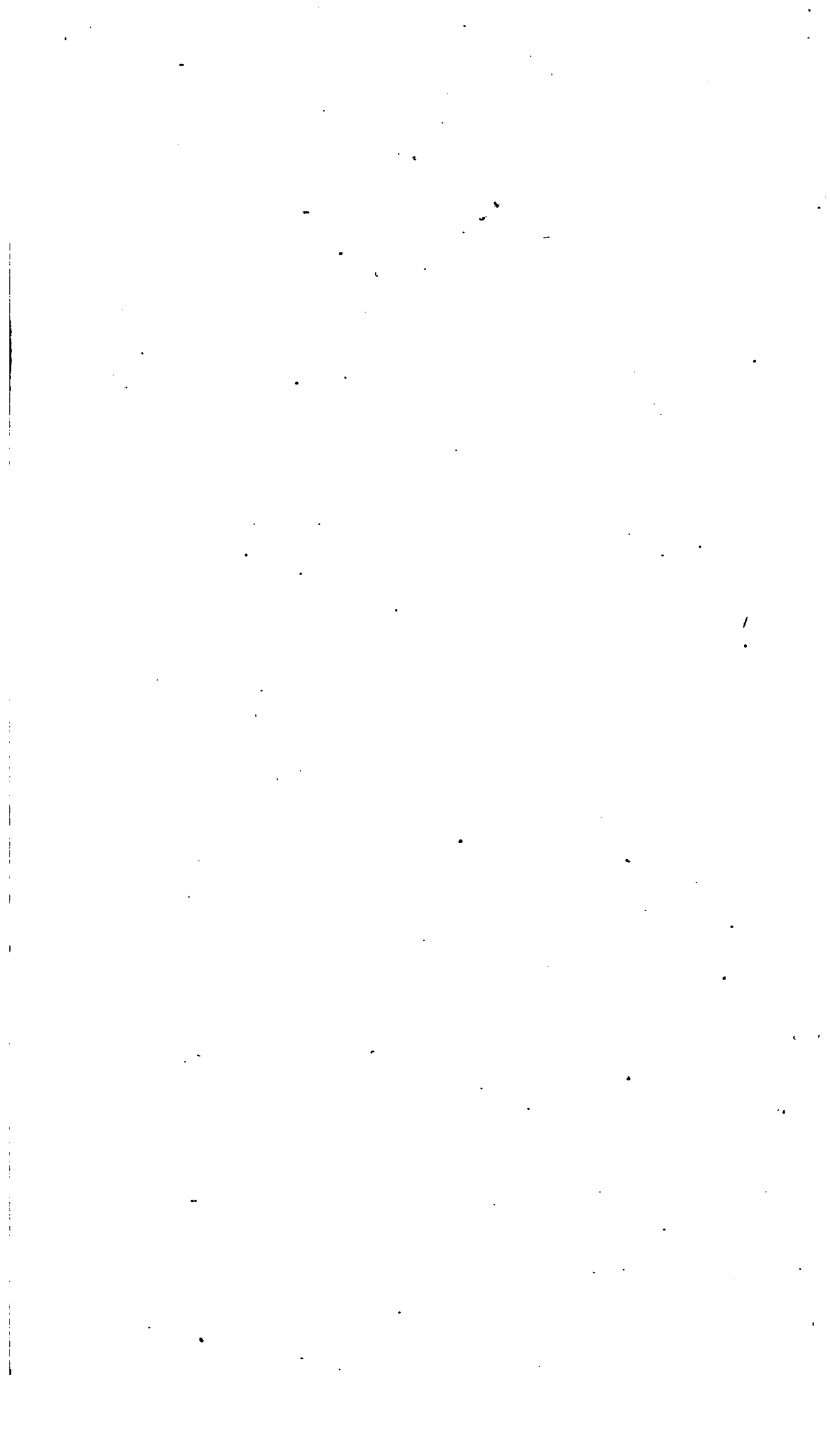
"Em daam for Jacksonapes coward, Monsieur Ami," said Quaco, in English; "Garamercie me massa no tan for darra piccaninny babby—nigger sal hab him bum-by for make pepper pot."

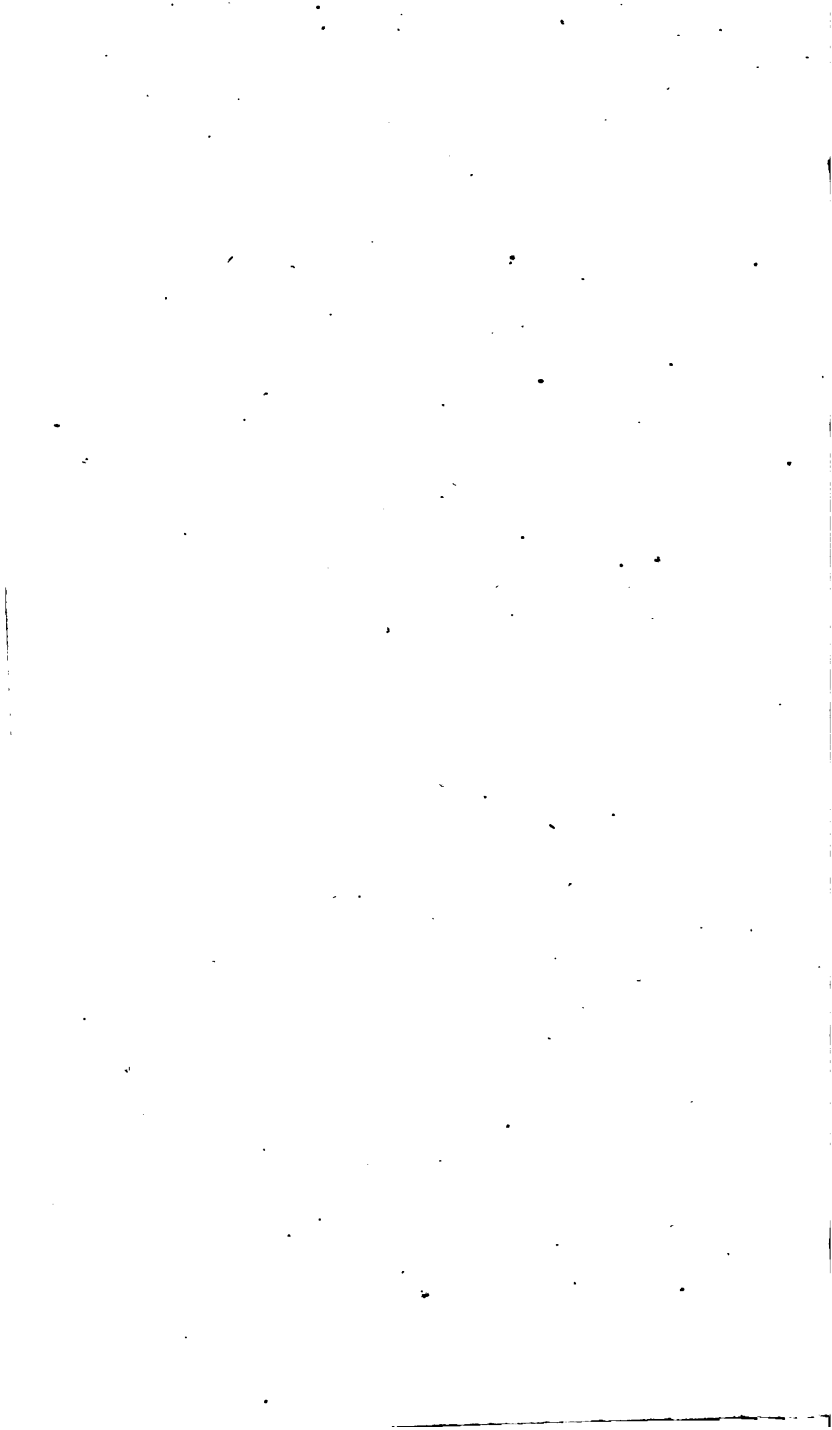
The assailants approached nigher to the dwelling, when the domestic slaves, each armed with his musket, and having the whites amongst them, took post in the bush, that screened their huts from being seen from the residence—but as the results were of a meritorious character, they are certainly deserving of a fresh chapter.











This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

